THE VOICE OF THANKSGIVING

That I may publish with the Voice of Thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.—*Psalm 26:7*

PREPARED BY

D. B. Towner, Mus. Doc.

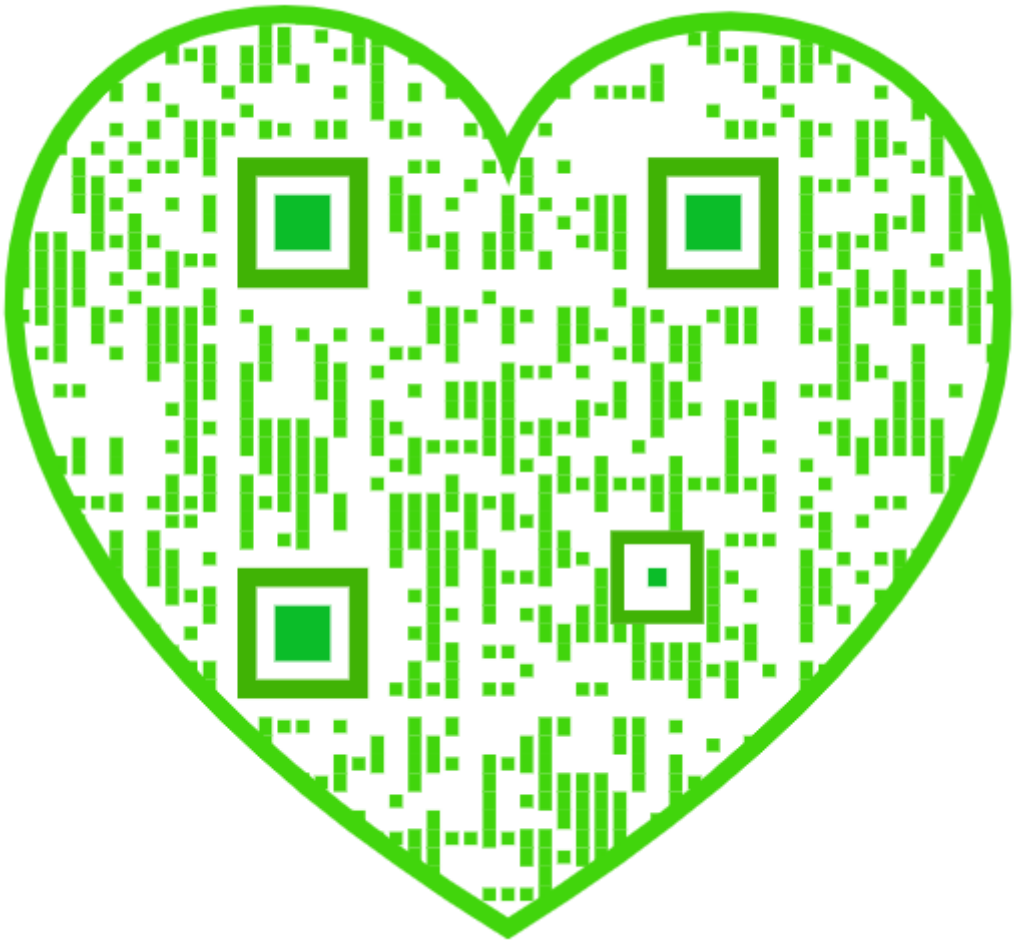
Director of the Music Course of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

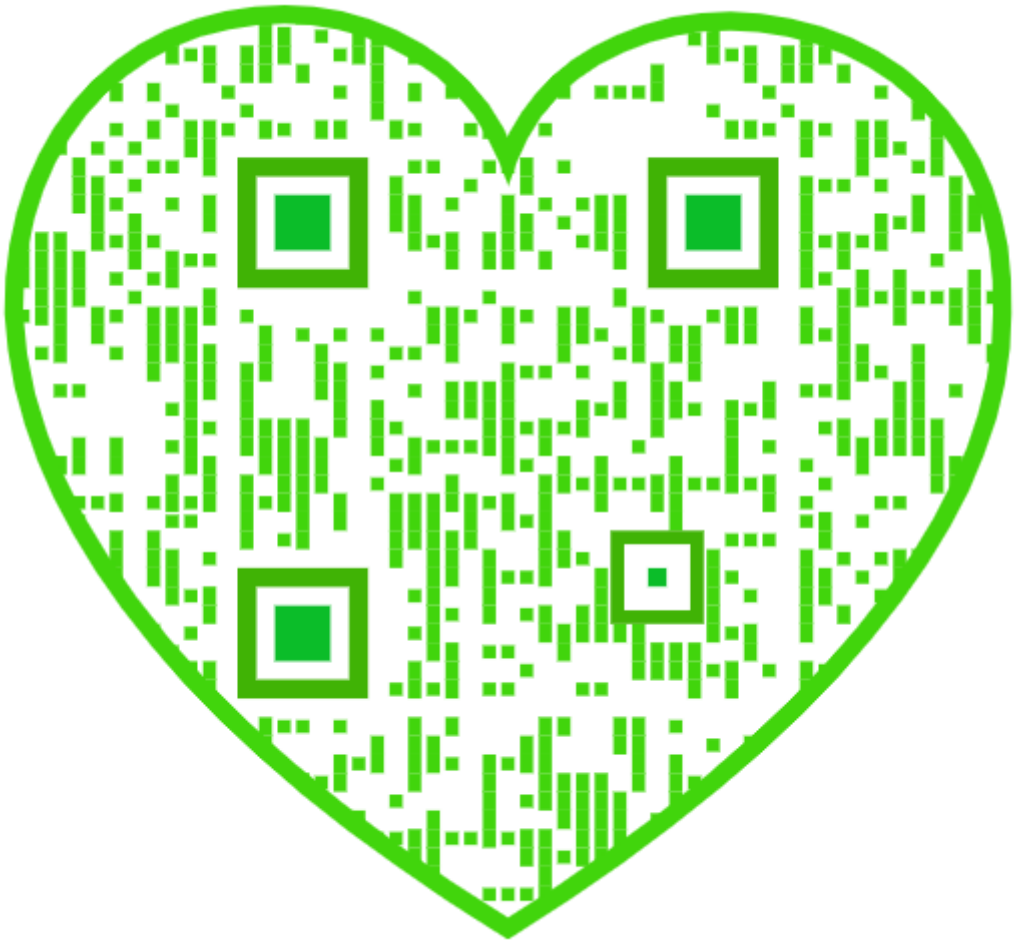
Regular Edition: Large size, full cloth, 50 cents per copy, postpaid; $4.80 per dozen, $40.00 per hundred, transportation extra.

Economy Edition: Small size, limp cloth, 30 cents per copy, post paid; $22.50 per hundred, transportation extra.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York, 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago, 125 N. Wabash Avenue
Toronto London Edinburgh





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INTRODUCTION

The Moody Bible Institute has long wanted a Hymn Book such as "The Voice of Thanksgiving." It is a generous collection of hymns hallowed by association with the past, and yet it contains many new ones of the kind that moisten the eye, revive the spiritual life of God's children, and bring conviction and salvation to the lost and erring. The title is suggested by the beautiful 26th Psalm, where David expresses his attachment to God's house and the worship of His holy name, saying in the translation of Bishop Horsley,—"I wash my hands in innocency, and ever am about Thy altar, O! Jehovah, to listen to the voice of thanksgiving, and to recite all Thy wondrous deeds."

A book to meet the needs of the hundreds of students from all parts of the world who pass through this Institute each year, and where church and gospel music has always been an outstanding feature of its curriculum, ought to possess merits commending it to a wide circle. We believe it will grow speedily in favor wherever it is known and carry a blessing wherever it goes.

JAMES M. GRAY.

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE.

1 Go Forward, Christian Soldier.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true,
2. Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe;
3. Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace - ful rest,
The Lord Him - self thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
Far more are o'er thee watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know.
Till Sa - tan's host is van - quished, And heav'n is all pos - sessed;
His love fore - tells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour - ly need;
Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain, Cease not to watch and pray;
Till Christ Him-self shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by,
He can, with bread of heav - en, Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
Heed not the treach-'rous voi - ces That lure thy soul a - stray.
And wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.

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John III. 16.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. In all the gos - pel of God's grace, Is there a word more sweet
2. Why should we ev - er har - bor doubt, Or shrink in trem - bling fear,
3. How can we an - y lon - ger live In for - mer ways of sin,
4. Where is the soul of vi - sion large Who loves the hu - man race?
Than that, with glad and ho - ly joy, In cho - rus we re - peat?
Why rath - er not in con - fi - dence The Throne of Grace draw near?
When heav'n-ly pow'r is ours, to make And keep us pure with - in?
Let him pro - claim wher-e'er he goes This mes - sage of free grace.
CHORUS.
For God so loved the world that He gave His Son, His on - ly be-got-ten
For God so loved the world,
Son, That who-so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should not per-ish, should not
per - ish, But have ev - er-last - ing life, Ev - er-last - - ing life.
Should have ev - er - last - ing life.

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3 What a Gospel!

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Noth-ing has*‖:been left:‖ to do,
2. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Bringing news of ‖: vic-t'ry :‖ won,
3. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Here each wear-y ‖: la - den:‖ breast,
4. It is fin-ished; what a gos-pel! Je - sus died ‖: to save :‖ your soul,
But to take with grate-ful glad-ness What the Sav-iour did for you.
Tell-ing us of peace and par-don Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
That ac-cepts God's gracious of-fer, En-ters in-to per-fect rest.
Have you tak-en His sal-va-tion? Have you let Him make you whole?
CHORUS.
It is fin-ished; Hal-le-lu-jah! It is fin-ished, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Christ the work has full-y done; Hal-le-lu-jah! All who will may
have their par-don Thro' the blood of God's own Son.

* Repeat for Alto and Tenor only.

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4 There's Victory in My Soul!

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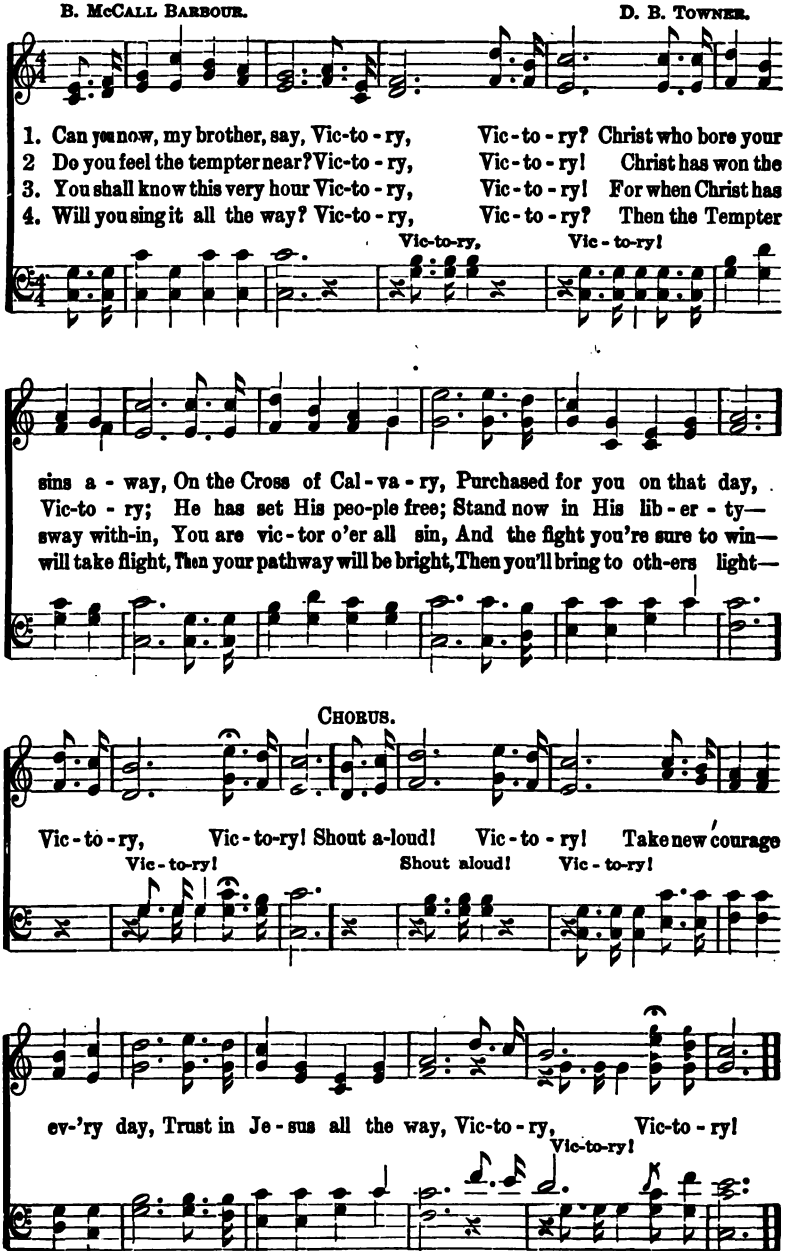
JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The bur - den of my fear and sin On Christ by faith I roll,
2. I know there is a test for me, A bat - tle to be won,
3. E'en death it - self I do not fear, Since Christ hath borne its sting,
4. On bat - tle fields of long a - go When Is - rael drew the sword,
And now I have His peace with - in, And vic - t'ry in my soul.
But God be-stows the vic - to - ry Ere yet it is be - gun.
While faith re-gards His com - ing near His crown with Him to bring.
'Twas not her strength o'er-came the foe, But trust - ing in the Lord.
CHORUS.
There's vic-to-ry in my soul, Vic-to-ry in my soul!
vic - to - ry in my soul, vic - to - ry in my soul!
I grasp the prom-is - es by faith— There's vic - to - ry in my soul!
prom - is - es by faith—

5 Victory!

B. McCALL BARBOUR. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Can you now, my brother, say, Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry? Christ who bore your
2 Do you feel the tempter near? Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Christ has won the
3. You shall know this very hour Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! For when Christ has
4. Will you sing it all the way? Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry? Then the Tempter
Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry!
sins a-way, On the Cross of Cal-va-ry, Purchased for you on that day,
Vic-to-ry; He has set His peo-ple free; Stand now in His lib-er-ty—
sway with-in, You are vic-tor o'er all sin, And the fight you're sure to win—
will take flight, Then your pathway will be bright, Then you'll bring to oth-ers light—
CHORUS.
Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Shout a-loud! Vic-to-ry! Take new courage
Vic-to-ry! Shout aloud! Vic-to-ry!
ev-'ry day, Trust in Je-sus all the way, Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry!
Vic-to-ry!

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6 My Father Watches Over Me.

W. C. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO, OR UNISON.
1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be, . . . Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care, . . . He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den, . . . On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shadows deep, . . . But O, the Shep-herd
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure-ly He . . Re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly
rit.
CHORUS.
Fa-ther watches o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me, ... On moun-tain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On moun-tain bleak or on the
sea; . . . . . Tho' bil-lows roll, ... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; tho' bil-lows roll, He

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My Father Watches Over Me.

7 Under His Care.

F. R. HAVERGAL. GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. God will take care of you all thro' the day; He who has loved you so
2. God will take care of you all thro' the night, Holding thy hand, He so
3. God will take care of you all thro' the year, Crowning each day with His
keeps you from ill; Wak - ing or rest - ing, at work or at play,
ten - der - ly keeps; Dark-ness to Him is the same as the light;
kind - ness and love, Send - ing you bless-ings and shield-ing from fear,
CHORUS.
He will be with you and watching you still, Un-der His care,
He nev - er slum-bers and He nev - er sleeps.
Leading you on to that bright home a - bove.
Un - der His
Un - der His care, Safe - ly I'm dwell-ing while un - der His care.
care, His care,

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8 Redeeming Love.

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E. E. Hewitt. D. B. Towner.

1. At the cross, our sins con-fess-ing, Hum-bly we would look a-bove,
2. Love that sent the might-y Sav-iour, Cares for all our dai-ly needs;
3. When the beams of joy are glow-ing, 'T is His good-ness they pro-claim;
4. Bless-ed faith, the bil-lows breasting, Faith that sees His face a-bove;
Seek-ing ev-'ry prom-ised bless-ing Purchased by re-deem-ing love.
Hap-py in His ten-der fa-vor, Let us fol-low where He leads.
When the win-try winds are blow-ing, Love Di-vine a-bides the same.
Glad the soul on Je-sus rest-ing, Saved by His re-deem-ing love.
Chorus.
Love be-yond all hu-man meas-ure, Source of ev-'ry last-ing pleas-ure,
Hope of nev-er-fail-ing treas-ure, Sing, O sing re-deem-ing love!

O What Grace.

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E. O. S. E. O. SELLERS.

1. All the world in dark-ness lay, Sin's dark night had ban-ished day;
2. See Him now up-on the cross, Crowned with thorns for sin-ners lost,
3. Yet the sor-rows that He bore, Smit-ten, wound-ed, bleed-ing, sore,
4. O the grace His cross be-stows, Nev-er-end-ing, deep-er flows;

Till He came, E-ter-nal Light, Scatt'ring gloom, dis-pel-ling night.
See His side, His feet, His hands, See the mob that round Him stands!
These, a-las! were but a part Of the load that broke His heart!
'Tis His grace that pur-ges sin, And that gives me peace with-in.

CHORUS.

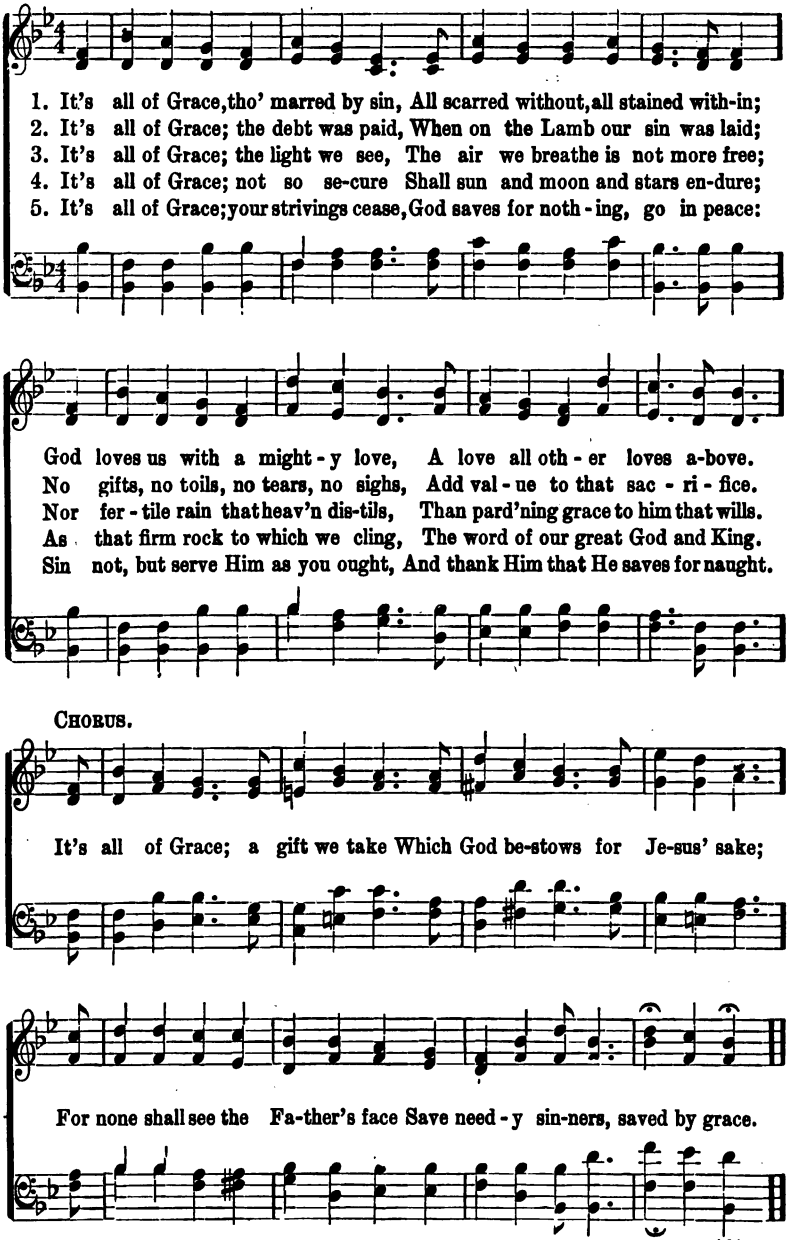
O what grace, won-drous grace, Grace that took . .
O what grace, won-drous grace, Grace that took

a-way my sin! . . . . O what grace, won-drous
a-way my sin, a-way my sin! O what grace,

grace, Grace that gives . . me peace with-in! . . . .
wondrous grace, Grace that gives me, grace that gives me peace with-in!

10 It's All of Grace.

J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1. It's all of Grace, tho' marred by sin, All scarred without, all stained with-in;
2. It's all of Grace; the debt was paid, When on the Lamb our sin was laid;
3. It's all of Grace; the light we see, The air we breathe is not more free;
4. It's all of Grace; not so se-cure Shall sun and moon and stars en-dure;
5. It's all of Grace; your strivings cease, God saves for noth-ing, go in peace:
God loves us with a might-y love, A love all oth-er loves a-bove.
No gifts, no toils, no tears, no sighs, Add val-ue to that sac-ri-fice.
Nor fer-tile rain that heav'n dis-tils, Than pard'ning grace to him that wills.
As that firm rock to which we cling, The word of our great God and King.
Sin not, but serve Him as you ought, And thank Him that He saves for naught.
Chorus.
It's all of Grace; a gift we take Which God be-stows for Je-sus' sake;
For none shall see the Fa-ther's face Save need-y sin-ners, saved by grace.

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11 Jesus, the Crucified.

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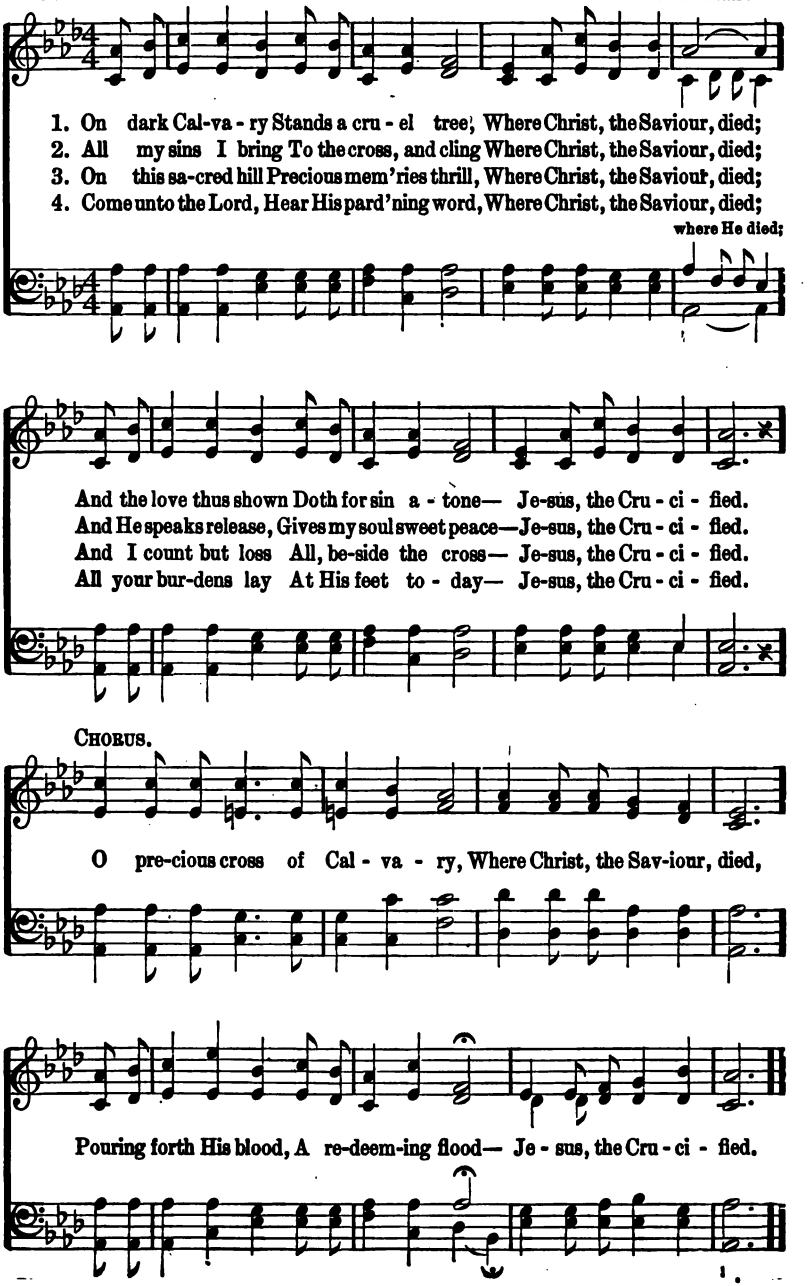
H. D. SPEAR. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. On dark Cal-va - ry Stands a cru - el tree; Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
2. All my sins I bring To the cross, and cling Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
3. On this sa-cred hill Precious mem'ries thrill, Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
4. Come unto the Lord, Hear His pard'ning word, Where Christ, the Saviour, died;
where He died;
And the love thus shown Doth for sin a - tone— Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
And He speaks release, Gives my soul sweet peace—Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
And I count but loss All, be-side the cross— Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
All your bur-dens lay At His feet to - day— Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
CHORUS.
O pre-cious cross of Cal - va - ry, Where Christ, the Sav-iour, died,
Pouring forth His blood, A re-deem-ing flood— Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

12 Who is the King of Glory?

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JAMES M GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift up your heads ye gates e - ter - nal, The King of Glo - ry en - ters in,
2. 'Tis He who this round world hath founded, And stablished it up - on the flood;
3. Who shall approach His ho - ly mountain, Or stand with-in His ho - ly place?
4. The eye of faith e'en now dis-cern-eth The King up - on His Father's Throne,
As-cend - ing to the Throne su - per-nal, The Con-quer-or of death and sin?
And Sa-tan's hosts He hath con-found-ed When on the cross He shed His blood.
E'en he who bath'd in Calvary's fountain, Hath been redeem'd by heaven's grace.
And waits the hour when He re - turn - eth To take the king-dom for His own.
CHORUS.
Who is the King of Glo - ry? He who o - ver-came our en - e - my;
Who took our place at judgment bar, And made His cross the Vic-tor's
car;—He is the King of Glo - ry! He is the King of Glo - ry!

13 It is Well with My Soul.

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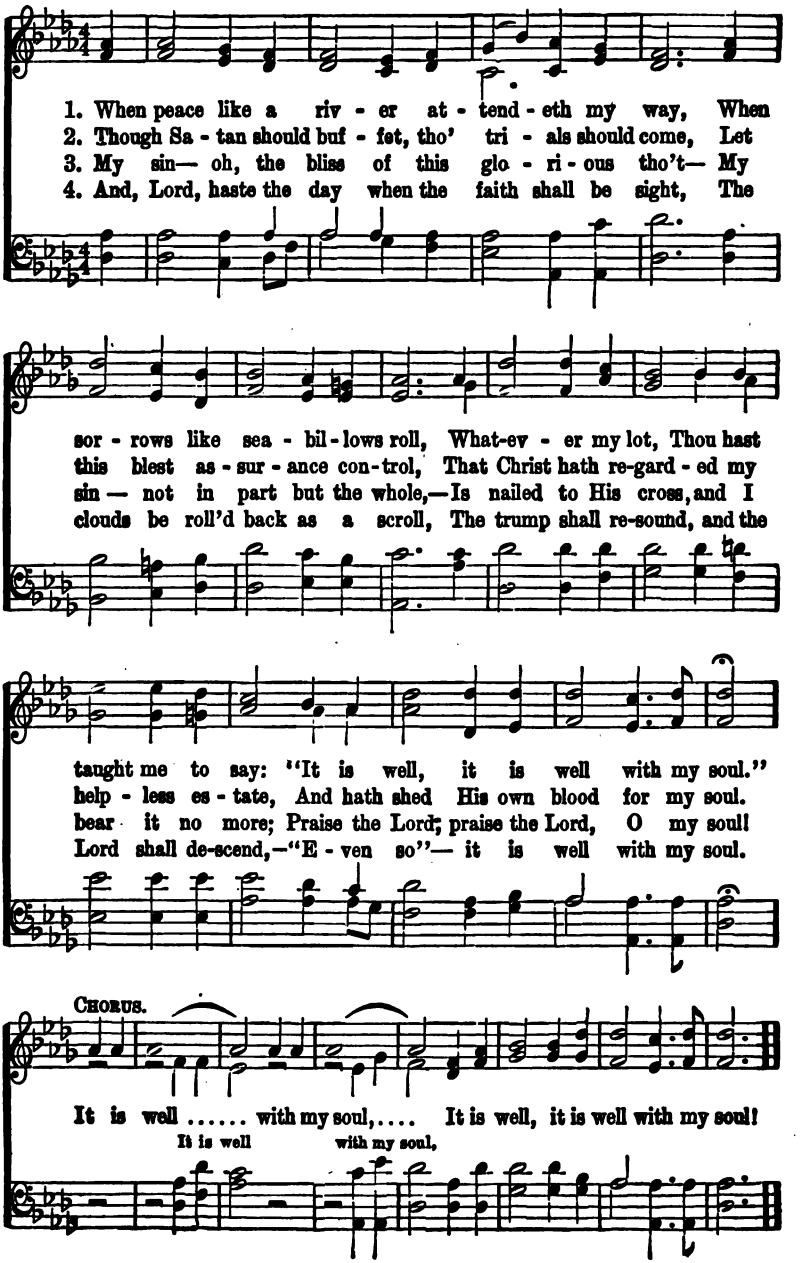
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole,—Is nailed to His cross, and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the
taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord; praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall de-scend,—"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well ..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul!
It is well
with my soul,

14 I Shall Be Ready.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I shall be read - y to wel - come the Sav - iour, I may be-
2. I shall be read - y, for Him I have trust - ed, Us - ing the
3. Shall His re - turn - ing, to you mean a bless - ing? Or will you
4. Reign-ing with Him, He has prom - ised to make me Heir un - to
hold Him de - scend from on high; Clothed in His gar-ments of
tal - ents com - mit - ted to me; Things I once loved, from my
trem - ble and fall down with fear? How will He find you, de-
God and joint-heir with His Son; All should be well when He
heav - en - ly splen-dor, O what a day when the King shall draw nigh.
heart have de - part - ed, Liv - ing in Je - sus, my soul is made free.
ny - ing, con-fess - ing? Seek Him, be - liev - ing, while yet He is near.
comes back to take me, Rul - er and Lord of the world He has won.
Chorus.
I shall be read-y when Je - sus comes, When He comes, when He comes;
I shall be read-y when Je - sus comes, When Jesus comes back for His own.

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15

Only a Sinner.

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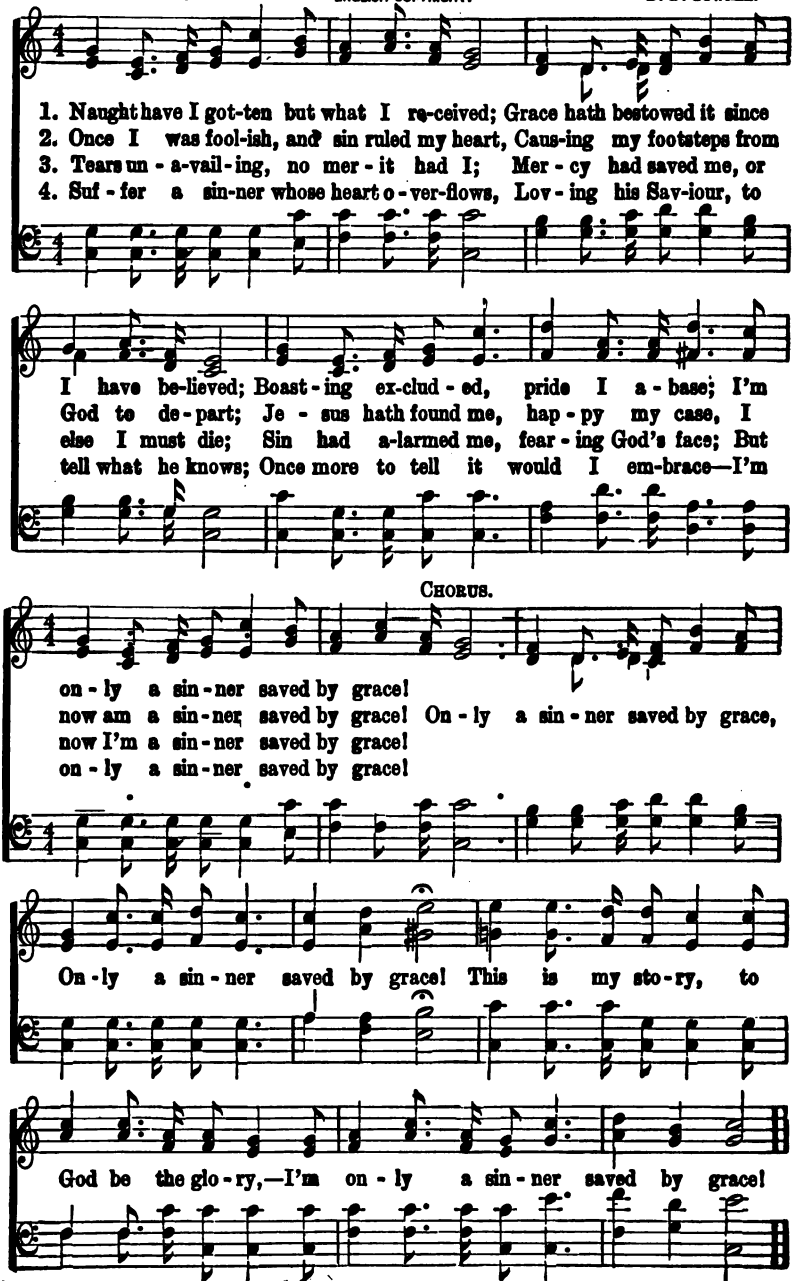
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a-vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin-ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav-iour, to
I have be-lieved; Boast - ing ex-clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—I'm
CHORUS.
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
now am a sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace,
now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

16 Christian Fellowship Song.

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JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. One with the Lord, and bound to one an - oth - er, Joined by our faith to
2. By blood redeemed, and heirs of God's sal-va - tion, Called by His Son to
3. Blend-ed our tears as for each oth - er car - ing, Min-gled our prayers, each
Christ the el - der Broth - er, Blest is our fel - low-ship, ev - er grow-ing
toil in ev - 'ry na - tion, Far in the har-vest field reap - ing we may
oth - er's bur-dens bear - ing, Shar - ing the prom-is - es, e - ven an - gels
fond - er, Prom-ise of the bet - ter things in glo - ry o - ver yon - der!
wan - der, La-den with the gold-en grain we'll meet in glo - ry yon - der!
pon - der, Man-sions are a-wait-ing us in glo - ry o - ver yon - der!
CHORUS.
Glo - ry o - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der, When Je - sus comes in
glo - ry o - ver yon - der,
1
2
glo - ry, We shall part no more, We shall part no more.

17 His Blood Was Shed For Me.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. My sin it was that laid the rod On Him who from the
2. Nor beam was in His eye, nor mote; Nor laid to Him was
3. I pierced those sa - cred hands and feet That nev - er touched nor
4. That sponge of vin - e - gar and gall I hand - ed Him up-
law was free; And the e - ter - nal Son of God Re-
an - y blame: And yet His cheeks for me they smote—The
walked in sin; I broke the heart that on - ly beat The
on the reed; And when de - ri - sion mocked His call My
CHORUS.
ceived the stripes once due to me.
cheeks that nev - er blushed for shame. And yet His blood was
souls of sin - ful men to win.
tongue was guilt - y of the deed.
shed for me, To be of sin the doub - le cure: And balm there
flows from Cal - v'ry's tree That heals my guilt and makes me pure.

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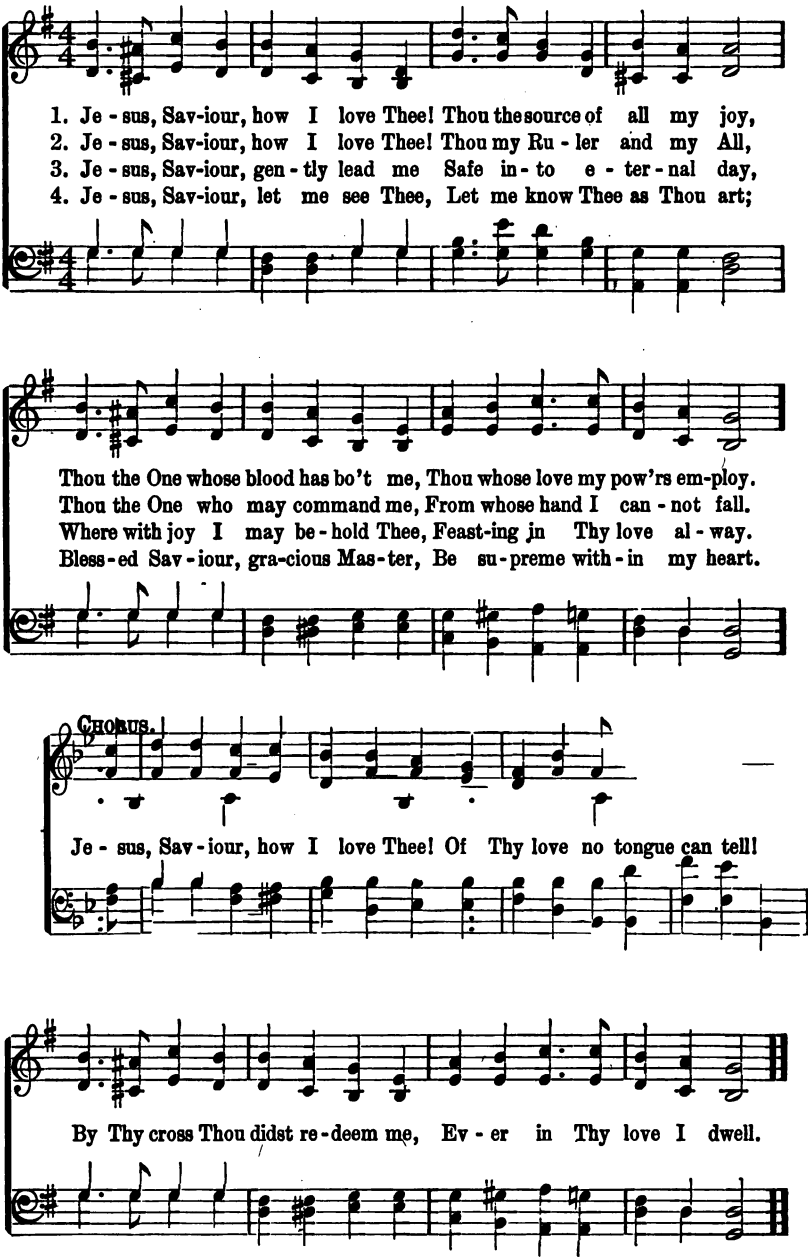
18 My Heart's Love.

JOHN FAWCETT LARWILL. E. O. SELLERS.


1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, how I love Thee! Thou the source of all my joy,
2. Je - sus, Sav-iour, how I love Thee! Thou my Ru - ler and my All,
3. Je - sus, Sav-iour, gen - tly lead me Safe in - to e - ter - nal day,
4. Je - sus, Sav-iour, let me see Thee, Let me know Thee as Thou art;
Thou the One whose blood has bo't me, Thou whose love my pow'rs em-ploy.
Thou the One who may command me, From whose hand I can - not fall.
Where with joy I may be - hold Thee, Feast-ing in Thy love al - way.
Bless-ed Sav - iour, gra-cious Mas-ter, Be su-preme with - in my heart.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Sav - iour, how I love Thee! Of Thy love no tongue can tell!
By Thy cross Thou didst re-deem me, Ev - er in Thy love I dwell.

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19 He is Caring for Me.

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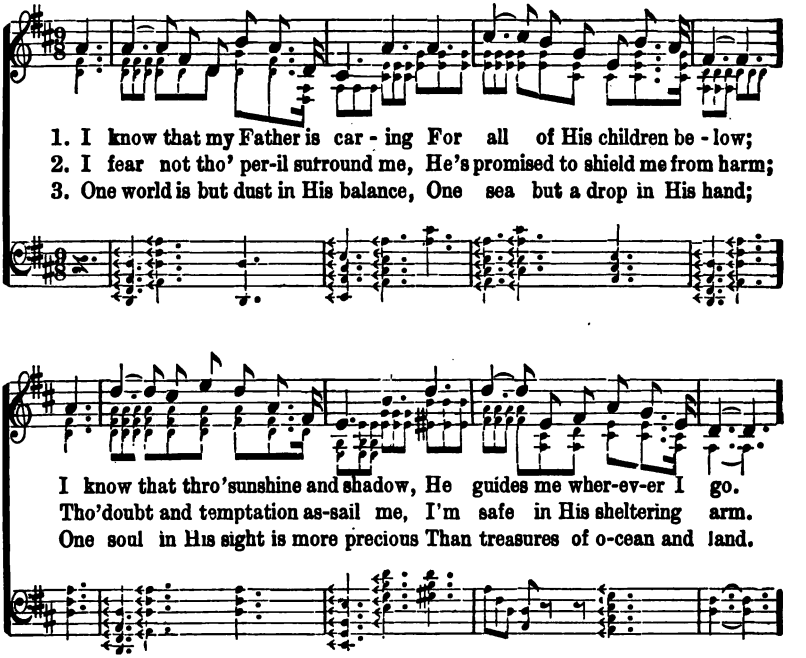
HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I know that my Father is car - ing For all of His children be - low;
2. I fear not tho' per-il surround me, He's promised to shield me from harm;
3. One world is but dust in His balance, One sea but a drop in His hand;
I know that thro'sunshine and shadow, He guides me wher-ev-er I go.
Tho'doubt and temptation as-sail me, I'm safe in His sheltering arm.
One soul in His sight is more precious Than treasures of o-cean and land.
CHORUS.
I trust Him thro'all of life's journey, For clear - ly the way He can see;
ad lib.
I hold to His hand in the darkness; I know He is car-ing for me.

20 Jesus Will be There!

INA DULEY OGDON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I do not fear to tread the path that dark-ly lies be-fore,
2. When sor-rows come, thro' all my tears, my Sav-iour I shall see,
3. And so I calm-ly go to meet the tri-als of the way,
I know the One in whom I trust, I prove Him o'er and o'er;
O'er thorn-y vale, and rock-y steep, His arms will shel-ter me;
With hope and cour-age born of Him there's vic-t'ry thro' the day;
I know there will not be a cross for me a-lone to bear,
He will be strength for ev-'ry need, with grace be-yond com-pare,
Like sing-ing bird or bloom-ing flow'r, I need not have a care,
For He has prom-ised to be with me,— Je-sus will be there!
And so my faith has full as-sur-ance, Je-sus will be there!
To-day, to-mor-row and for-ev-er, Je-sus will be there!
CHORUS.
Je-sus will be there! Je-sus will be there! He knows the cross is

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Jesus Will be There!

21 God Will Give His Children Peace.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.
Theme suggested by an unknown author.

1. Like sweet mu - sic soft - ly break - ing On the troub-led dream-er's sleep,
2. Far a - bove the din and striv - ing Of life's wide and rest - less sea,
3. All my doubts and questions still - ing, All the fears that press the soul,
4. When the day has reached its twi - light, And my bark its ha - ven nears,
Comes the prom - ise down from heav - en God will all His chil - dren keep.
Thro' the sing - ing and the sob-bing Comes this mes-sage sweet to me.
Tell - ing of a love un - chang-ing Does this ech - o ev - er roll.
Still the prom - ise lives un - brok-en In the glad e - ter - nal years.
REFRAIN.
"Per-fect peace, per-fect peace, God will give His chil-dren peace."
Perfect peace, perfect peace.

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I'm a Pilgrim.

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MARY DANA SHINDLER. GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry but a night;
Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er is the light;
There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing; O my long-ing heart is there;
Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y, I long have wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.
CHORUS.
I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;....
I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;
ad lib.

23 He's a Friend of Mine.

J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth of ev-'ry mine
2. The sil-ver moon, the gold-en sun, The count-less stars that shine,
3. He dai-ly spreads a glo-rious feast, And at His ta-ble dine
4. And when He comes in bright ar-ray, And leads the conquering line,
Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
Are His a-lone, yes, ev-'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
The whole cre-a-tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
It will be glo-ry then to say, And He's a Friend of mine.
Chorus.
Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;
Since all is Christ's, and Christ is mine, Why should I have a
care? For Je-sus is a Friend of mine....

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Till We Get Home.

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E. O. S. E. O. SELLERS.

1. Thro' toil and sor - row, thro' pain and strife, Thro' days of bless-ing
2. Tho' oft the jour-ney seem dark and drear, And rough the path-way
3. He will not suf - fer us to be tried More than we're a - ble,
4. All thro' the jour - ney of life be - low, His bless - ed Spir - it
and all thro' life, His Word is faith - ful: wher-e'er we roam
we trav - el here, Still He is lead - ing wher-e'er we roam,
and will pro - vide A way more bless - ed for us who roam,—
He will be - stow, And won-drous glo - ry is yet to come
CHORUS.
He will be with us till we get home. 1,2,3. Till we get home,
His pow'r will keep us till we get home.
His pres-ence with us till we get home.
Aft - er the strug - gle, when we get home. 4. When we get home,
till we get home, He will be with us till we get home!
when we get home, And won-drous glo - ry when we get home!
get home!

25 No One Can Help You But Jesus.

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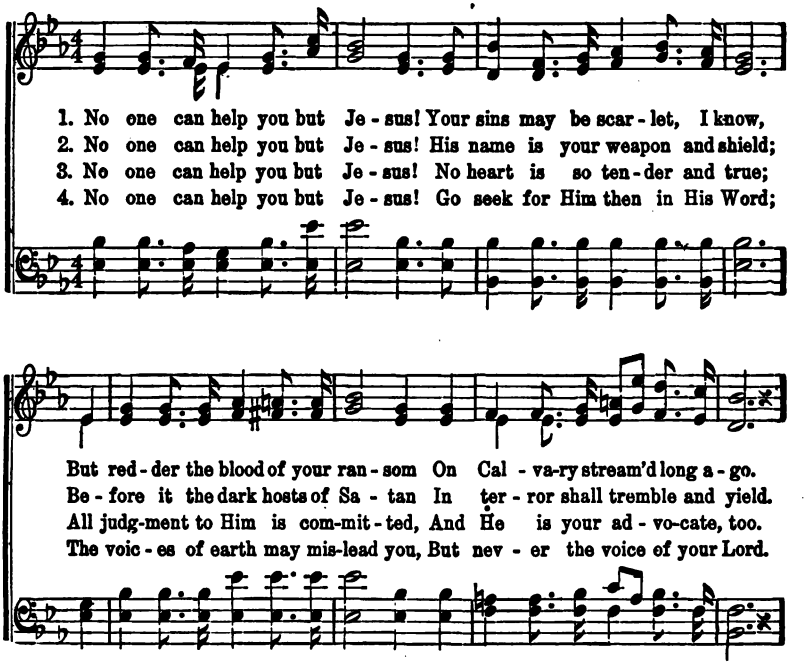
A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.


1. No one can help you but Je - sus! Your sins may be scar - let, I know,
2. No one can help you but Je - sus! His name is your weapon and shield;
3. No one can help you but Je - sus! No heart is so ten - der and true;
4. No one can help you but Je - sus! Go seek for Him then in His Word;
But red - der the blood of your ran - som On Cal - va-ry stream'd long a - go.
Be - fore it the dark hosts of Sa - tan In ter - ror shall tremble and yield.
All judg-ment to Him is com-mit - ted, And He is your ad - vo-cate, too.
The voic - es of earth may mis-lead you, But nev - er the voice of your Lord.

CHORUS.
No one can help you but Je - sus, For no one but Je - sus knows how;
He sees all the past and the fu - ture, And just what the trouble is now.

Ride On in Majesty.

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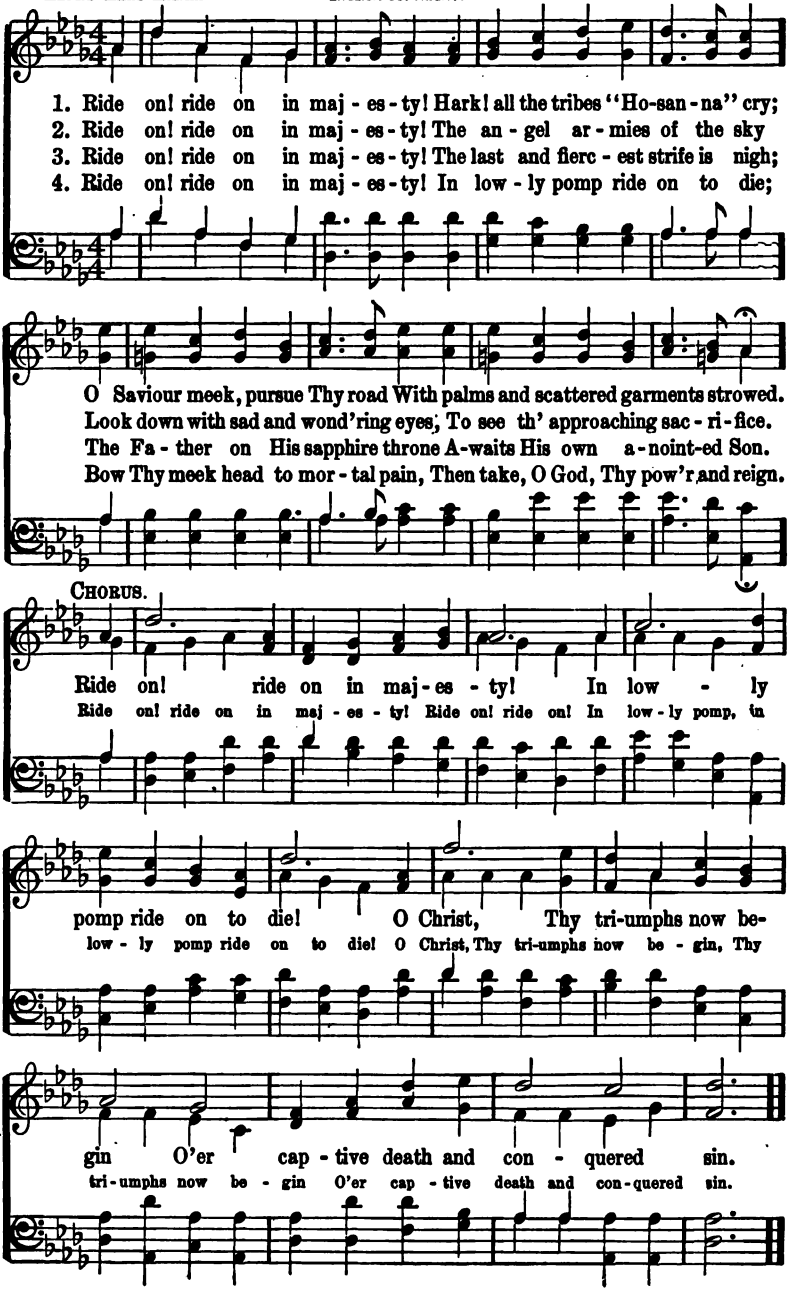
HENRY HART MILMAN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san - na" cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fierc - est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes, To see th' approaching sac - ri - fice.
The Fa - ther on His sapphire throne A-waits His own a - noint-ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.
CHORUS.
Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly
Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Ride on! ride on! In low - ly pomp, in
pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be-
low - ly pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be - gin, Thy
gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
tri-umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con-quered sin.

27 The Wonderful Blood.

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1. I stood in a - maze and won - der, That God should for-give my sin!
2. I stood in per-verse re - bel - lion, De - ny - ing my Lord's con - trol;
3. The blood of my Lord has cleansed me, Day breaks on my soul's dark night;
4. O tell of its pow'r trans-form-ing, Wher - ev - er men yearn for peace;
That e - vil of heart and e - vil of life, Sal - va - tion I
The Sav-iour's sweet call, the Spir - it's low plea, Bro't hope to my
Once foul, now I'm clean, once dead, now I live, Once blind, I have
The err - ing it guides, brings strength to the weak, For sin gives com-
CHORUS.
still may win!
sin - sick soul.
found my sight.
plete re - lease.
'Tis the won-der-ful blood, the blood of my Lord That
pur - ges my sin and cleans - es my soul! 'Tis the won - der - ful blood,
mar - vel - ous flood, That saves me and makes me whole. . .
makes me whole.

28 Look and Live.

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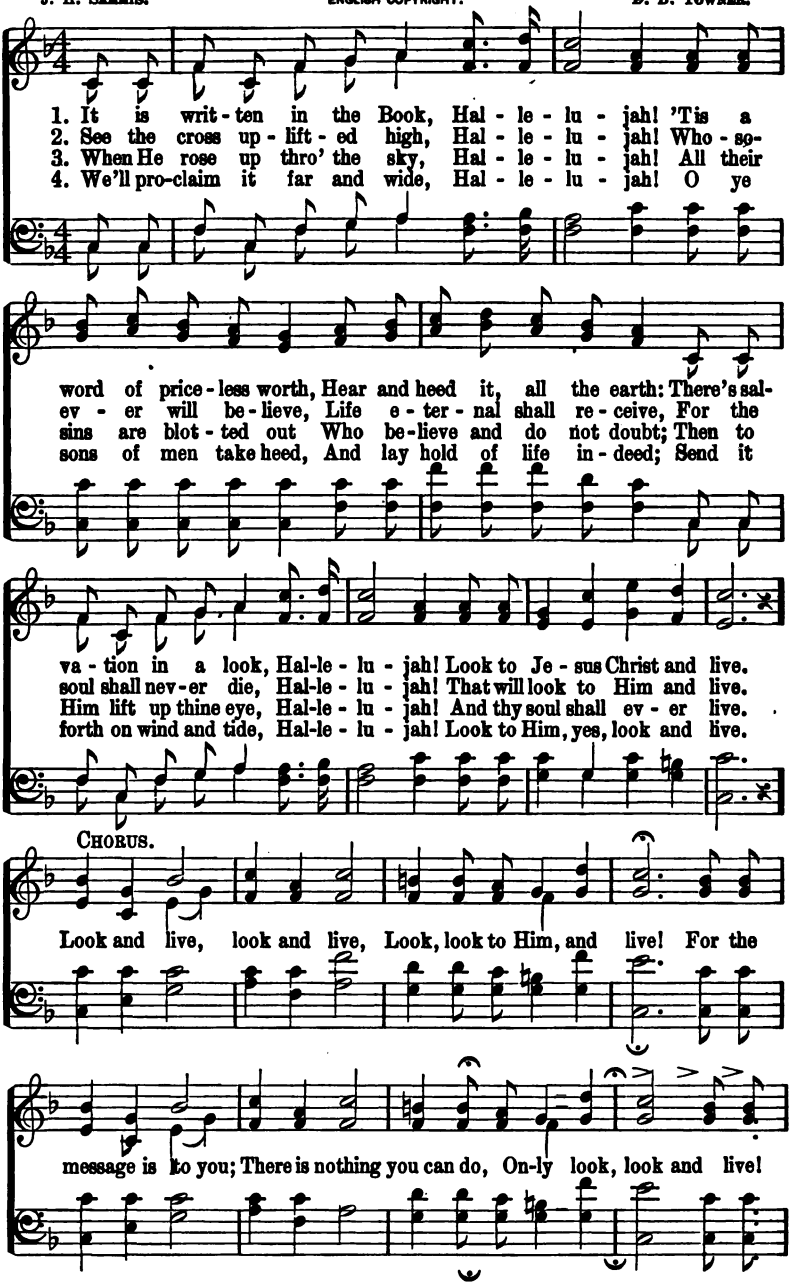
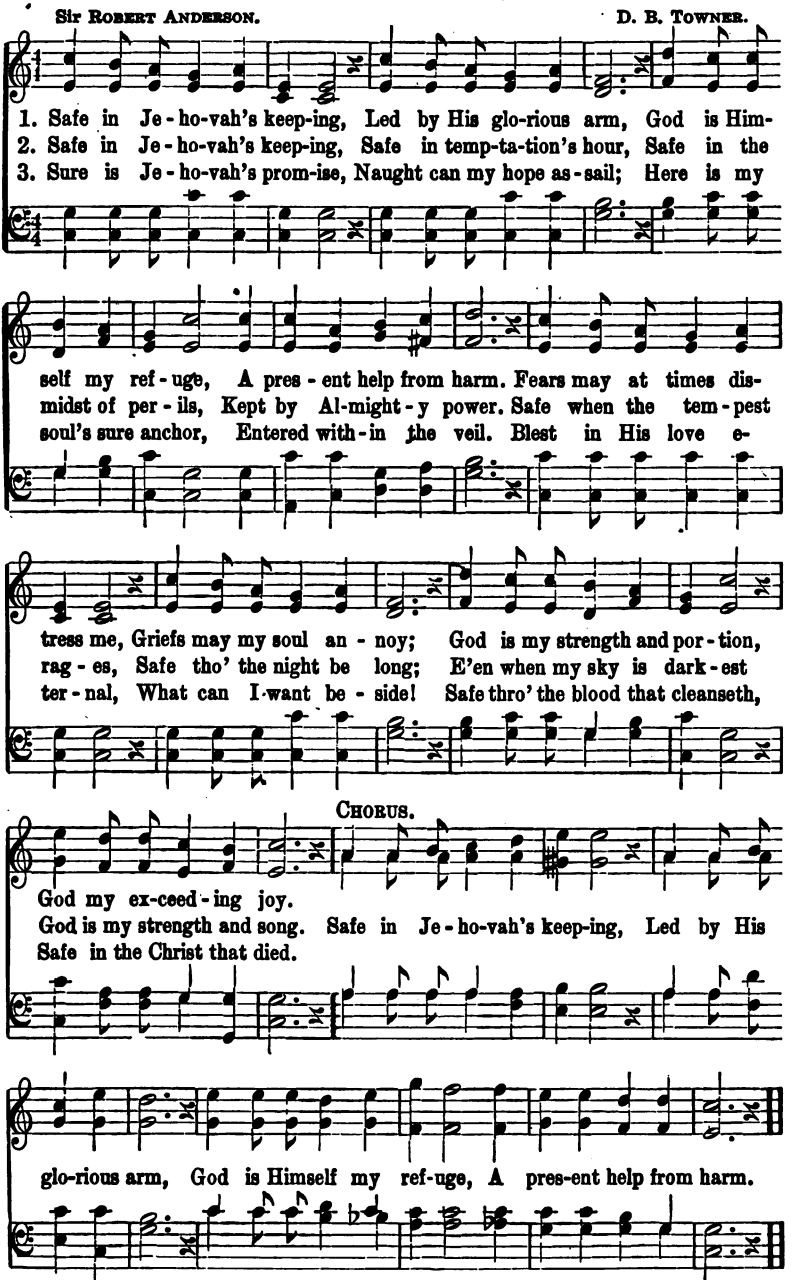
J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. It is writ - ten in the Book, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis a
2. See the cross up - lift - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Who - so-
3. When He rose up thro' the sky, Hal - le - lu - jah! All their
4. We'll pro-claim it far and wide, Hal - le - lu - jah! O ye
word of price - less worth, Hear and heed it, all the earth: There's sal-
ev - er will be - lieve, Life e - ter - nal shall re - ceive, For the
sins are blot - ted out Who be-lieve and do not doubt; Then to
sons of men take heed, And lay hold of life in - deed; Send it
va - tion in a look, Hal-le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus Christ and live.
soul shall nev-er die, Hal-le - lu - jah! That will look to Him and live.
Him lift up thine eye, Hal-le - lu - jah! And thy soul shall ev - er live.
forth on wind and tide, Hal-le - lu - jah! Look to Him, yes, look and live.
CHORUS.
Look and live, look and live, Look, look to Him, and live! For the
message is to you; There is nothing you can do, On-ly look, look and live!

29 Safe in Jehovah's Keeping.

Sir Robert Anderson. D. B. Towner.


1. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Led by His glo-rious arm, God is Him-
2. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Safe in temp-ta-tion's hour, Safe in the
3. Sure is Je-ho-vah's prom-ise, Naught can my hope as-sail; Here is my
self my ref-uge, A pres-ent help from harm. Fears may at times dis-
midst of per-ils, Kept by Al-might-y power. Safe when the tem-pest
soul's sure anchor, Entered with-in the veil. Blest in His love e-
tress me, Griefs may my soul an-noy; God is my strength and por-tion,
rag-es, Safe tho' the night be long; E'en when my sky is dark-est
ter-nal, What can I want be-side! Safe thro' the blood that cleanseth,
Chorus.
God my ex-ceed-ing joy.
God is my strength and song. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Led by His
Safe in the Christ that died.
glo-rious arm, God is Himself my ref-uge, A pres-ent help from harm.

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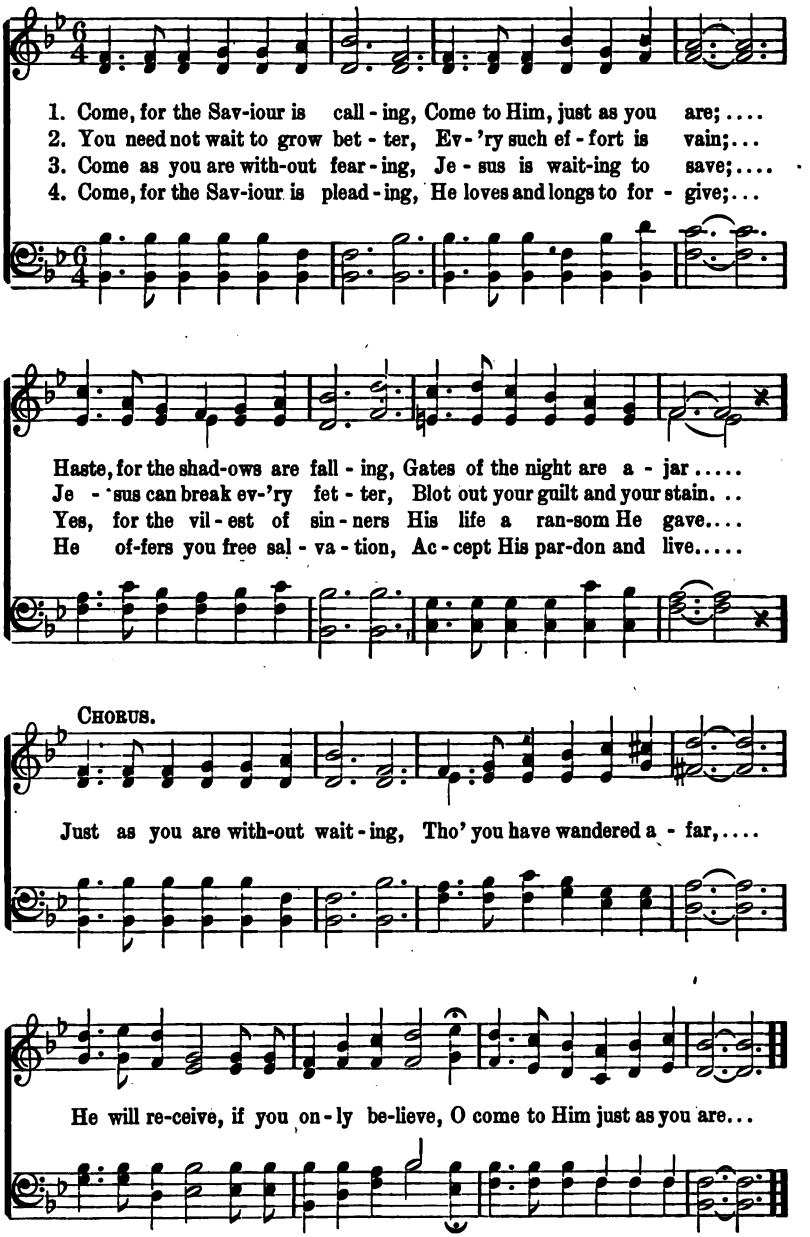
30 Just as You Are.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.
Words arranged.

HOMER A. HAMMONTREE.


1. Come, for the Sav-iour is call - ing, Come to Him, just as you are; ....
2. You need not wait to grow bet - ter, Ev - 'ry such ef - fort is vain;...
3. Come as you are with-out fear - ing, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;....
4. Come, for the Sav-iour is plead - ing, He loves and longs to for - give;...
Haste, for the shad-ows are fall - ing, Gates of the night are a - jar .....
Je - sus can break ev-'ry fet - ter, Blot out your guilt and your stain. ..
Yes, for the vil - est of sin - ners His life a ran-som He gave....
He of-fers you free sal - va - tion, Ac - cept His par-don and live.....
CHORUS.
Just as you are with-out wait - ing, Tho' you have wandered a - far,....
He will re-ceive, if you on - ly be-lieve, O come to Him just as you are...

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31 II Timothy 2: 15.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be up, my soul, and do - ing, Be strong in the Spir-it's might,
2. The shield of truth is o'er Him, His mail is re - sist-less light,
3. If thou, in the day of glo - ry, Would stand in His sight ap - proved,
4. The Word of truth di - vid - ing, With prayer un-to God its source,
A faith - ful work-man show - ing Thy - self in the Mas-ter's sight.
He's not a-shamed be - fore Him, Who han - dles the Word a - right.
Hold fast the old, old sto - ry, And ne'er from the Rock be moved.
Heed not the world's de - rid - ing, Hold straight in the Word thy course.
CHORUS.
Stud - y to show thy-self ap-proved un - to God
ap - proved un - to God,
A work - man that need - eth not to be a - shamed,
Right-ly di - vid - - ing the word of truth.
Right - ly di - vid - ing the word of truth.

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32 Glory All the Way!

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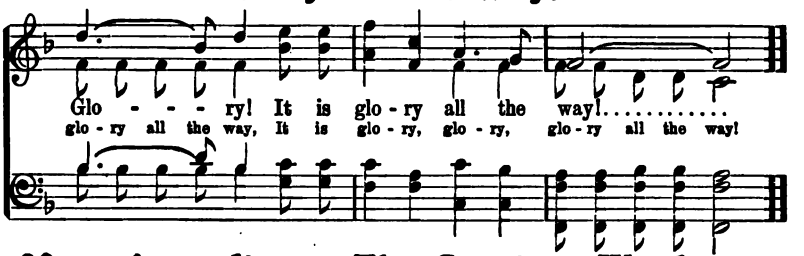
J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

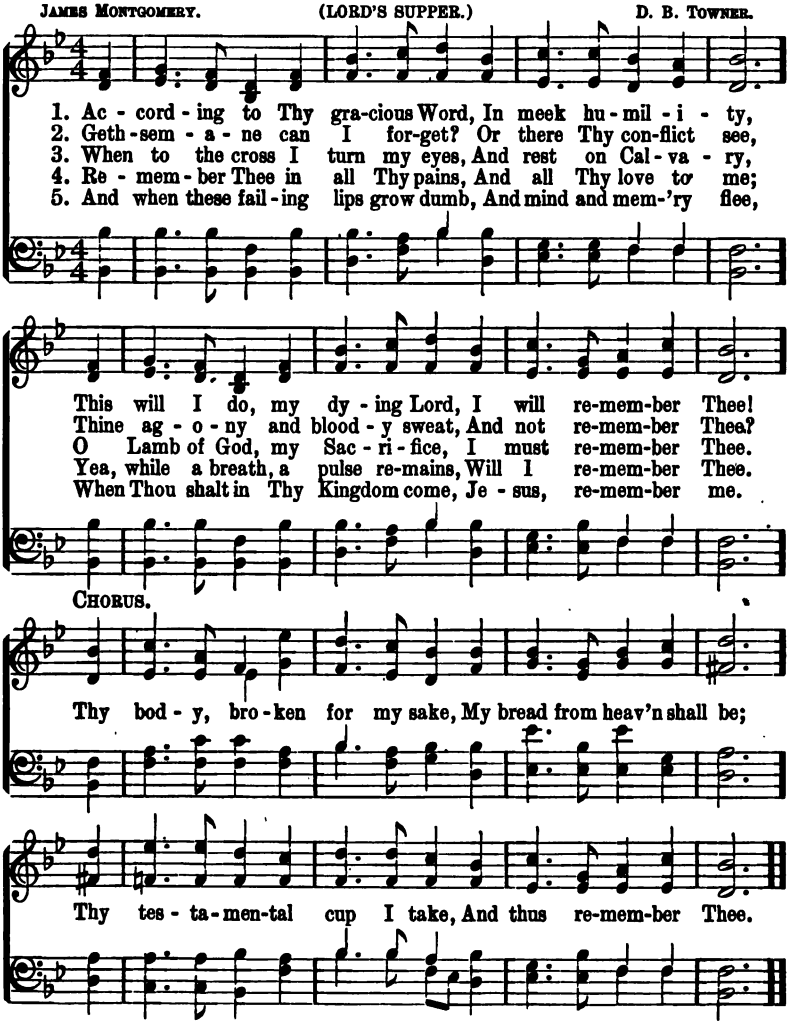
1. Saved by grace a - lone, God's own Word be - liev - ing—It is glo - ry
2. Not a care have I since my Sav - iour car - eth—It is glo - ry
3. Sev-ered from the world, His dear name con - fess - ing—It is glo - ry
4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - iour—It is glo - ry
5. Work-ing day by day, mind - ed that He sees us—It is glo - ry
all the way! Walk-ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing—
all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth—
all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing—
all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
all the way! Watch and wait and pray, Look-ing un - to Je - sus—
CHORUS.
It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
Glo - ry all the way, yes, glo - ry all the way!
It is glo - ry all the way! . . . . . Glo - ry!
It is glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way, yes,

Glory all The Way.



33 According to Thy Gracious Word.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. (LORD'S SUPPER.) D. B. TOWNER.


1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra-cious Word, In meek hu-mil - i - ty,
2. Geth-sem - a - ne can I for-get? Or there Thy con-flict see,
3. When to the cross I turn my eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
4. Re - mem - ber Thee in all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
5. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem-'ry flee,
This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re-mem-ber Thee!
Thine ag - o - ny and blood - y sweat, And not re-mem-ber Thea?
O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice, I must re-mem-ber Thee.
Yea, while a breath, a pulse re-mains, Will I re-mem-ber Thee.
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come, Je - sus, re-mem-ber me.
CHORUS.
Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
Thy tes - ta - men-tal cup I take, And thus re-mem-ber Thee.

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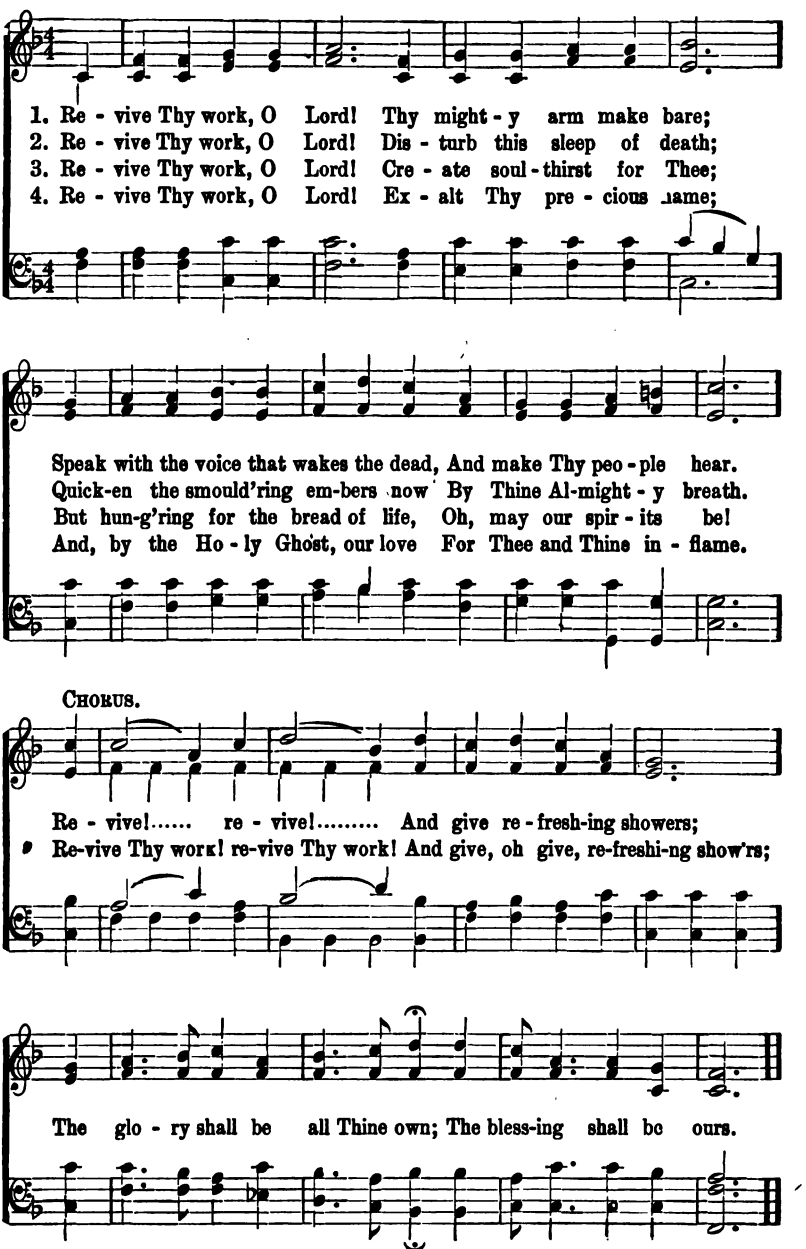
Revive Thy Work.

ALFRED MIDLANE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
Quick-en the smould'ring em-bers now By Thine Al-might - y breath.
But hun-g'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.
CHORUS.
Re - vive!..... re - vive!..... And give re - fresh-ing showers;
Re-vive Thy work! re-vive Thy work! And give, oh give, re-freshi-ng show'rs;
The glo - ry shall be all Thine own; The bless-ing shall be ours.

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O It is Jesus.

Ina Duley Ogdon.
D. B. Towner.
1. On-ly a sin-ner, hum-ble and low, No one to love me,
2. On-ly a sin-ner, sore-ly dis-mayed, Tempted and fall-en,
3. On-ly a sin-ner, wea-ry my feet, Lone-ly my jour-ney,
4. O it is Je-sus, low-ly and meek, Wait-ing for me my
no where to go; Beat-en and driv-en, wretch-ed in-deed,
plead-ing for aid; Dan-gers sur-round me, dark is the night,
where is re-treat? Dy-ing a-far from com-fort-ing love,
par-don to speak; Yes, it is Je-sus, on Him I call,
Chorus.
Who is the Friend to pit-y my need?
Where is the One to guide me a-right? O it is Je-sus!
Who is the Friend my ref-uge to prove?
Je-sus, my joy, my life and my all!
Je-sus a-lone, Dy-ing for me, my sin to a-tone; O it is
ad lib.
Je-sus! there may I go, Je-sus will hear me! Je-sus will know!

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36 He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. My faith temp-ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Sometimes I fal - ter, filled with fear, I can - not see at all,
And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in prayer, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."
CHORUS.
He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall;
He will not let me fall!
He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!

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Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav-iour, 'tis a full sur - ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con - tri - tion At this con - se - cra - ted hour,
3. No with-hold-ing—full con-fess - ion, Pleasures, rich-es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!
Thou my lead - er and de - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be!
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti-tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's power!
Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos - ses-sion, I no more, but Thou in me!
This my rapt - ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore!
Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion—I am His, and He is mine!
CHORUS.
I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!
I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!
All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!

38 O Wonderful Love.

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RHODA B. STARIN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus, It fills my heart with joy;
2. O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus, It cures the sin-sick soul;
3. O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus, We'll tell it o'er and o'er;
O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus Gives peace naught can de-stroy;
O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus Can make the bod-y whole;
O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus, We'll sing from shore to shore.
'T is man-na to my spir-it, 'T is hon-ey to my soul;
It com-forts ev-'ry sor-row, It takes a-way all care;
O take this love of Je-sus, Your heart let Him con-trol;
O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus Brings hap-pi-ness un-told;
O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus Brings bliss be-yond com-pare;
Shout the won-der-ful love of Je-sus While end-less a-ges roll;
O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus Brings hap-pi-ness un-told.
O the won-der-ful love of Je-sus Brings bliss be-yond com-pare.
Shout the won-der-ful love of Je-sus While end-less a-ges roll.

39 May God Depend on You?

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ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

W. C. MARTIN. IRA B. WILSON.

1. In the war - fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,
2. See, they come on sa - ble pin - ions, Come in strong Sa-tan - ic might,—
3. From His throne the Fa - ther sees us; An - gels help us to pre - vail;
When the con - flict, fierce, is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night;
Pow - ers come, and dark do - min-ions, From the re - gions of the night;
And our lead - er true is Je - sus, And we shall not, can-not fail:
God needs peo - ple brave and true: May He then de-pend on you?
God re - quires the brave and true: May He then de-pend on you?
Tri-umph crowns the brave and true,— May the Lord de-pend on you?
peo - - ple brave and true;
CHORUS.
May the Lord . . de-pend on you? . . Loy-al - ty . . is but His due; . . Say, O spir - it, brave and true, That He may de-pend on you.
May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy - al - ty is but His due;
spir - it, brave and true.

Sing Alleluia.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia, sal - va - tion and glo - ry, Hon - or and
2. Mul - ti-tudes yon - der, with joy and re - joic - ing, Join in the
3. Faith-ful and true is the Sov'reign who reign - eth, Lord God om-
4. Ris - en and rul - ing, for - ev - er He liv - eth, Je - sus, the
pow - er to Je - sus be - long; Beth-le - hem's message, and Cal - va - ry's
song of re-demp-tion a - bove; Come, ye be - liev - ers, your grat - i - tude
nip - o - tent, King o - ver all; Bless-ed is he that the king-dom ob-
Vic - tor o'er sin and the grave; Life ev - er - last - ing and glo - ry He
CHORUS.
sto - ry, Wake thro' the a - ges, a ju - bi - lant song.
voic - ing, Pub - lish the news of His won-der - ful love. Sing Al - le-
tain - eth, Bless - ed are they who have an-swered His call.
giv - eth, Trust Him, and praise Him, the Might-y to save.
lu - ia to Je-sus our Lord, Rul-ing a - lone, high on His throne; Hail Him E-
man - u - el, ev - er a-dored, Praise the Re-deem-er, His glo - ry make known.

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41 The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin, The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell - ers in dark-ness with sin-blind - ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav - en, we're told, The Light of the
world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in,
world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide,
world is Je - sus; Go, wash, at His bid-ding, and light will a - rise,
world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold,
Chorus.
The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis
shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me, Once I was
blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

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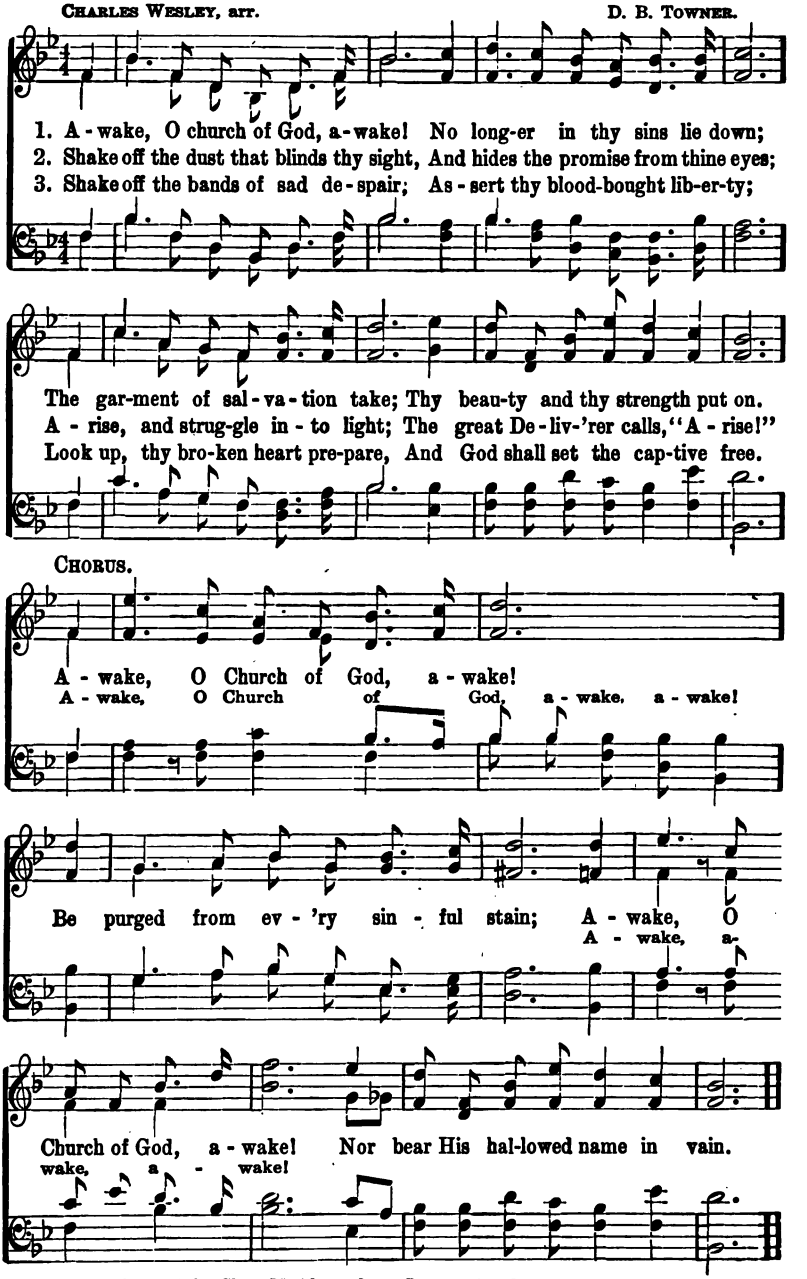
42 Awake! O Church of God, Awake!

CHARLES WESLEY, arr. D. B. TOWNER.


1. A - wake, O church of God, a - wake! No long-er in thy sins lie down;
2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes;
3. Shake off the bands of sad de - spair; As - sert thy blood-bought lib-er-ty;
The gar-ment of sal - va - tion take; Thy beau-ty and thy strength put on.
A - rise, and strug-gle in - to light; The great De - liv-'rer calls, "A - rise!"
Look up, thy bro-ken heart pre-pare, And God shall set the cap-tive free.
CHORUS.
A - wake, O Church of God, a - wake!
A - wake, O Church of God, a - wake, a - wake!
Be purged from ev - 'ry sin - ful stain; A - wake, O
A - wake, a-
Church of God, a - wake! Nor bear His hal-lowed name in vain.
wake, a - wake!

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43 Can the Lord Depend on You?

KATE ULMER. GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. From the vine-yard of the Mas-ter Comes a call for work-ers true;
2. There are souls in darkness wand'ring Far from God and heav'n a-bove,
3. There are troubled hearts to comfort, Souls to cheer who sad-ly mourn,
4. Will you heed the call to serv-ice, Worker with the Lord to be,
Man-y hear but do not an-swer, Can He now de-pend on you?
Wait-ing to be told of Je-sus, And His all-re-deem-ing love.
Weak and struggling ones to suc-cor, Heav-y bur-dens to be borne.
With Him in His joy then shar-ing, Thro'-out all e-ter-ni-ty?
CHORUS.
Can the Lord..... de-pend on you?..... Can the
Oh, can the Lord
de-pend on you?
Lord..... depend on you?..... For the Master has work in His
Oh, can the Lord
de-pend on you?
vine-yard to do, Can the Lord..... de-pend on you?.....
Oh, can the Lord
de-pend on you?

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44 The Hand that was Wounded for Me!

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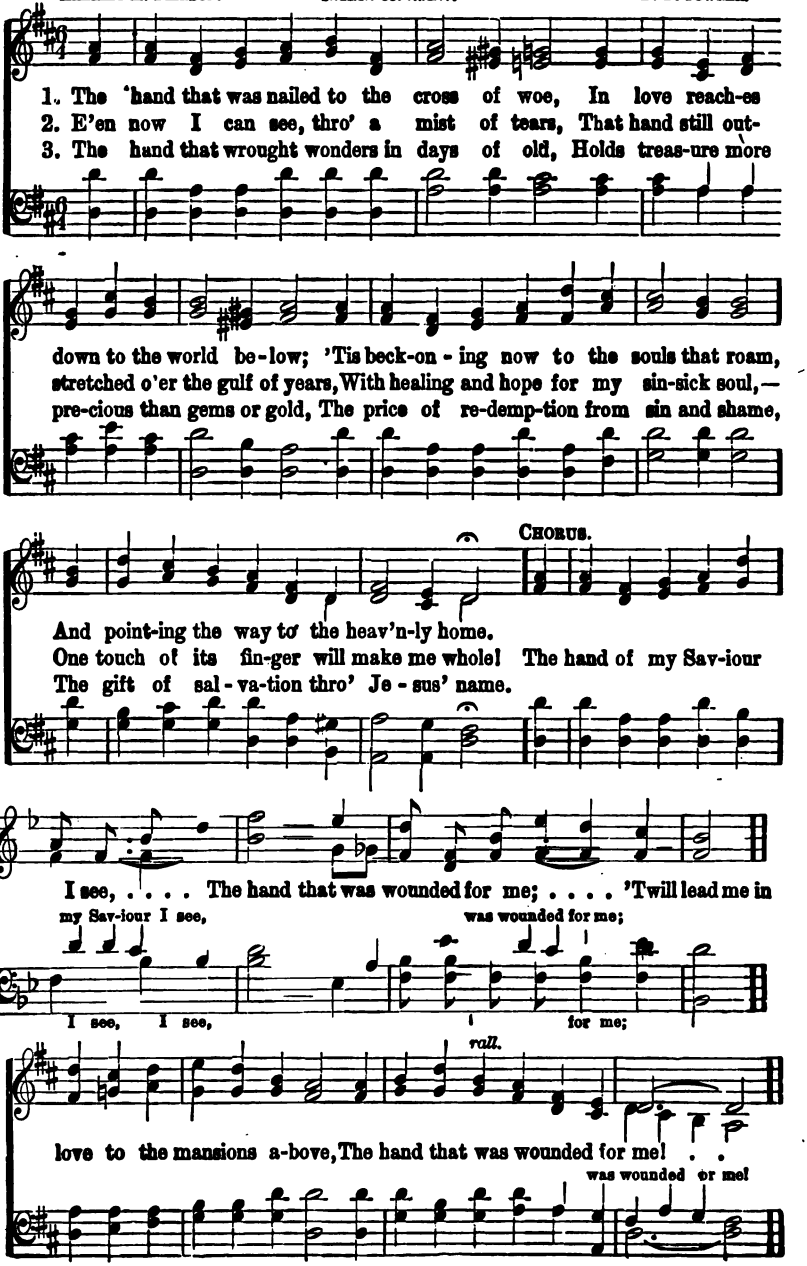
HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The 'hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treas-ure more
down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin-sick soul,—
pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame,
CHORUS.
And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole! The hand of my Sav-iour
The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.
I see, ... The hand that was wounded for me; . . . . 'Twill lead me in
my Sav-iour I see,
was wounded for me;
I see, I see,
for me;
rall.
love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me! . .
was wounded for me!

45 When the Shadows Flee.

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JAMES ROWE. E. O. SELLERS.

1. Smil-ing skies will bend a-bove us, When the shad-ows flee; Hearts now
2. Fet-ters nev-er-more will bind us, When the shad-ows flee; This dark
3. We shall view our home su-per-nal, When the shad-ows flee; We shall
cold a-gain will love us, When the shad-ows flee; We shall lose our care and
vale will be be-kind us, When the shad-ows flee; There will be no tempest
meet our King e-ter-nal, When the shadows flee; There, where death will reach us
sor-row, Troub-le nev-er-more to bor-row, On that blessed, peaceful morrow,
sweeping,—In our loving Father's keeping We shall wake, where none are weeping,
nev-er, There, where naught our hearts shall sever, We shall dwell with Christ forever,
CHORUS.
When the shad-ows flee. With e-ter-nal day be-fore us, And our Sav-iour
rit.
watching o'er us, We shall join the end-less cho-rus, When the shad-ows flee.

46 The Next Step.

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1. I can-not see . . be-yond the mo-ment; To-mor-row's
2. With each temp-ta- - tion, Thou hast prom-ised The grace to
3. For-get-ting all . . . the wear-y fail-ures The sin-ful,
4. The storms that gath- - er round my path-way May hide the
strength comes not to-day; But, bless-ed Lord, I trust Thy
con-quer and to bear; A way of sure es-cape pro-
self-ish past has known, With eyes that look right on-ward
next step from my sight, But faith can walk with God in
CHORUS.
keep-ing For just the next step of my way.
vid-ed From ev-'ry sub-tle, se-cret snare. O Je-sus,
al-way, I will to fol-low Thee a-lone.
dark-ness, And He will guide that step a-right.
keep my next step faithful To paths marked out by God for me! Hold Thou me
up, O might-y Sav-iour! My strength and hope are all in Thee.

47 The Power of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There is in prayer a won-drous pow'r, In-spired of God a-lone;
2. There is in prayer a might-y pow'r, That draws our souls a-bove,
3. There is in prayer a trust-ing pow'r, That keeps us day by day;
4. What-e'er of joy our cup may fill, What-e'er of pain we bear,
That brings to us "The Prince of Peace," And seals our hearts His own.
And makes us one in Christ the Lord, Whom, tho' un-seen, we love.
That clings to Him, our Hope, our All, To Him, the Truth, the Way.
'Tis prayer, still prayer, the Lord com-mands; Let ev-'ry breath be prayer.
CHORUS.
The pow'r of prayer can nev-er fail,..... O'er sin and death it will pre-
nev-er fail,
vail; The pow'r of prayer, when time is past, Will lead us home at last.
will pre-vail;

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48 Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While His hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heaven de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sickness, no
dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad-ness, no dread, and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our
full-ness of glo-ry To re-ceive from the world His own.
blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives His own.
ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives His own.
CHORUS.
O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-
rit.
turneth, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

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49 I am Waiting, Thou art Willing.

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Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, bend - ing low - ly, Bring I Thee my heart and will;
2. Lord, I ask it, hard - ly knowing What this won-drous gift may be;
3. Make me in Thy roy - al pal - ace Ves - sel wor - thy for my King;
4. Prom-ise and command com - bin - ing Doubt to chase and faith to lift;
Cleanse Thou me and make me ho - ly, And with Thine own ful - ness fill.
But Thy mer - cy, ev - er flow - ing, Will its mean - ing let me see.
With Thy good-ness fill my chal - ice From Thy nev - er - fail - ing spring.
Self re-nounc-ing, all re - sign - ing, I would seek this might - y gift.
CHORUS.
Ho - ly Spir - it, Thy in - fill - ing Is the gift for which I pray;
I am wait-ing, Thou art will - ing, Fill me with Thy - self to - day.

50 The Lookout Answers "All is Well."

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RALPH ATKINSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The night is dark, the waves run high, Nor moon or stars in yon-der sky;
2. I sleep up-on the bil-lows crest, Like John up-on the Masters's breast;
3. By grief and sin thy soul op-prest, And all a-round thee in un-rest,
4. No sleep e'er dims our Pi-lot's eyes, He's e'er at-ten-tive to our cries;
5. Rest peace-ful-ly up-on the deep, For Je-sus ev-er-more will keep;

What cheer a-bove the storm-y swell? The Lookout's an-swer, "All is well."
For He my ev-'ry fear doth quell With His good message, "All is well."
How blest to hear the Lookout's bell, And Je-sus call-ing "All is well."
He'll save us from a sin-ner's hell, And cheer our hearts with "All is well."
The word pass on, to oth-ers tell The Lookout's an-swer, "All is well."

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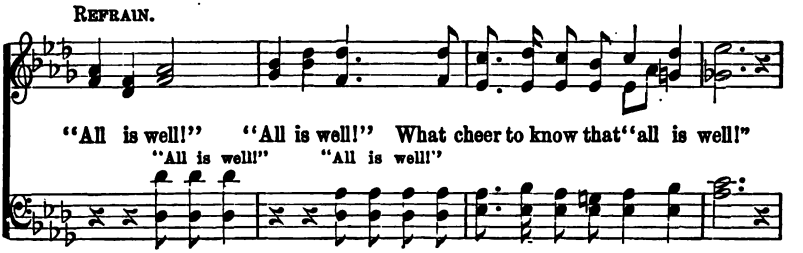
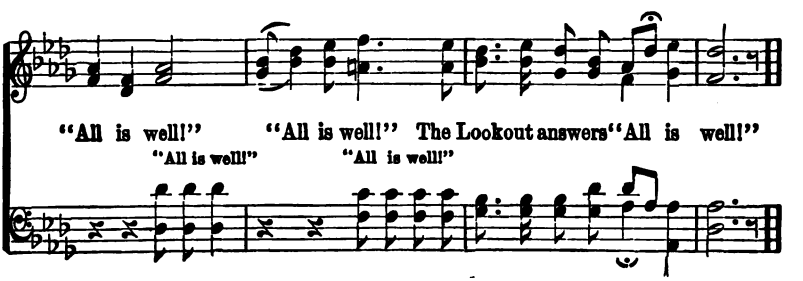


"All is well!" "All is well!" What cheer to know that "all is well!"
"All is well!" "All is well!"



"All is well!" "All is well!" The Lookout answers "All is well!"
"All is well!" "All is well!"

51 Jesus Pleads for Me.

J. SPARROW SIMPSON. E. O. SELLERS.

1. Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied pleads for me, While He is nailed to the
2. Lord, I have left Thee, I have de - nied, Fol-lowed the world in my
3. Lord, I have done it, oh, ask not how, Wo - ven the thorns for Thy
4. Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied, in my stead, Pit - y in - car-nate, for
cru - el tree; Scorned and for-sa - ken, the Sav - iour pleads, Pleads for His
self - ish pride; Lord, I have joined in the hate - ful cry, "Slay Him, a-
tor - tured brow; Yet in Thy pit - y, so bound-less, free, Je - sus the
me has bled; Won-der of won-ders, it e'er must be, Je - sus the
CHORUS.
en - e-mies as He bleeds!
way with Him, cru - ci - fy." Won-der of wonders, oh, how can it be!
Cru-ci - fied, plead for me.
Saviour who pleads for me.
Je - sus my Sav-iour now pleads for me; Won-der of won-ders, oh,
rit.
how can it be! Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied pleads for me.

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Come Home!

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Arr. by JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - far from home, be-set by fear, O stray-ing one, by guilt op-pressed,
2. A - rise, and seek thy Father's face; The feast of love is spread for thee;
3. The homeward path take then to-day; Thou art not left to walk a - lone;
4. Why long-er wait? thou art a son, Thy Father's house should be thy place;
Thy Sav-iour's tender plead-ing hear, He call - eth, "Come to Me, and rest!"
His par - don free, His boundless grace, Are all for Thee; O come and see!
The Spir - it waits to show the way, He safe - ly guides and keeps His own.
Thy birthright claim, O wand'ring one; Re - turn, and see thy Fa-ther's face!
CHORUS.
Come home! thy Saviour calls thee; Come home! no more in darkness roam;
Come home! Come home!
rall.
Come home! thy Father loves thee; Come home! O wayward child, come home!
Come home! come home!

Launch Out.

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
2. O man - y, a - las, on - ly stand on the shore, And
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
4. O let us launch out on this o - cean so broad Where
bound - less and fath-om - less flood: Launch out in the deep, cut a-
gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven-tured its
lin - ger so near to the shore, The surf and the slime that beat
floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; O let us be lost in the
way the shore line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
depths to ex-plore Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
o - ver the strand Sweep o'er them their floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God Till the depths of His full - ness we know.
Chorus.
Launch out..... in - to the deep, O let the shore-line
O launch out
in the deep,
go; Launch out, launch out in the o-cean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.

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54 Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart.

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Adapted by E. O. S. E. O. SELLERS.

1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way,
2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es-tab-lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Saviour and Morning Star,
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid-eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days.
Sal - va-tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.
CHORUS. Ps. 119: 11.
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, . . . That I might not
in my heart,
sin a-gainst Thee; . . . . That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee;
od lib.
I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

55 Saved by the Blood.

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S. J. HENDERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ran-somed from
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The an - gels re-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the
sin and a new work be-gun, Sing praise to the Fa-ther and
joic-ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa-ther, joint-
spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par-don, His
Fa-ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the
praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
own pre-cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
CHORUS.
Saved! . . saved! . . My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone!
Glo-ry, I'm saved! glo-ry, I'm saved!
Saved! . . saved! . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
Glo-ry, I'm saved, glo-ry, I'm saved!

O Friend Without Jesus.

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT.
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D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have a Saviour Who's pleading a-bove; Have you? Have you?
2. I have a Shepherd Who leads all the way; Have you? Have you?
3. I have a Fa-ther, Who hears when I call; Have you? Have you?
4. Who could reject Him, my Sav-iour and King! Will you? Will you?
Have you? Have you?
I have a Saviour Who keeps by His love; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Shepherd Who seeks when I stray; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Father, Who warns ere I fall; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have believ'd Him; His love makes me sing; O friend, I receiv'd Him; Will you?
CHORUS.
My dear lov - ing Sav-iour, my Keep - er, my King, My
bless - ed Re-deem-er, Thy prais - es I sing! Yes, I have a
Mas - ter so gen - tle and true; O friend with-out Je-sus, Have you?

57 Lean on His Arms!

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EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a-long,
2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,
help you a-long; If you will trust His love un-fail-ing He'll
brighten the way; Just fol-low glad-ly where He lead-eth, His
bring ev-'ry care! The bur-den that has seemed so heav-y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer-cy, His
CHORUS.
fill your heart with song.
gen-tle voice o-bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev-er dim. Lean up-on His arms, ful-ly trust-ing in His love;
Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up-on His arms, and all His mer-cies prove; Lean up-on His
arms, look-ing home a-bove; Just lean on the Sav-iour's arms!
arms, ev-er

58 He Died, He Lives, He Comes.

F. E. MARSH. D. B. TOWNER.

1. He died, He died, in love Christ died, For me on Cal-v'ry's tree;
2. He lives, He lives, in grace Christ lives, For me in love He cares;
3. He keeps, He keeps, in pow'r Christ keeps, From self and world and sin;
4. He comes, He comes, for me Christ comes, His prom-ise is se - cure;
My sins are gone, my soul is saved, And now from sin I'm free.
His rod and staff they com - fort me, My load He al - ways bears.
His peace doth guard from all a - larm, I'm safe and glad in Him
"I'll come a - gain," He sure - ly said; By grace I shall en - dure.
CHORUS.
He died for me, He lives for me, He keeps me by His pow'r;
He comes for me, for me He comes, I wait for that glad hour.

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59 O Taste and See.

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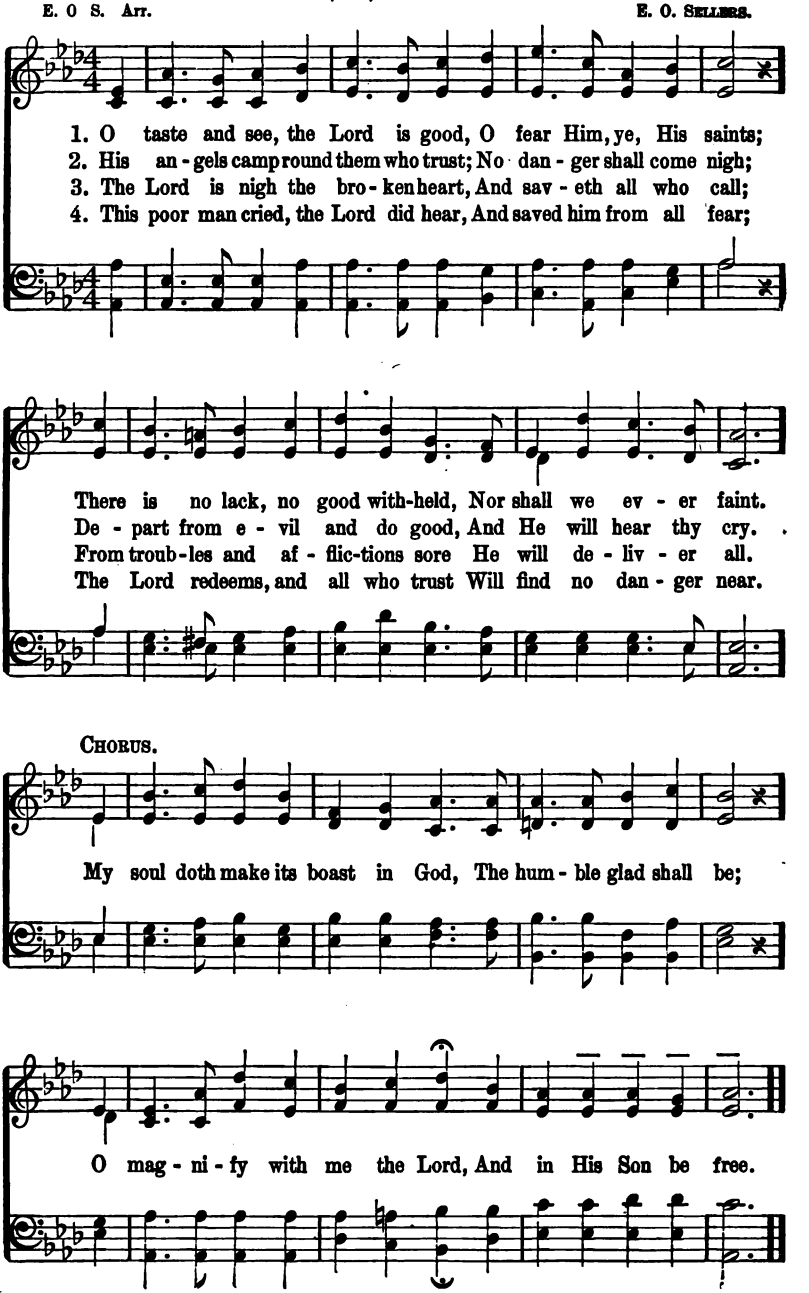
E. O. S. Arr. E. O. Sellers.


1. O taste and see, the Lord is good, O fear Him, ye, His saints;
2. His an - gels camp round them who trust; No dan - ger shall come nigh;
3. The Lord is nigh the bro - ken heart, And sav - eth all who call;
4. This poor man cried, the Lord did hear, And saved him from all fear;
There is no lack, no good with-held, Nor shall we ev - er faint.
De - part from e - vil and do good, And He will hear thy cry.
From troub - les and af - flic-tions sore He will de - liv - er all.
The Lord redeems, and all who trust Will find no dan - ger near.
Chorus.
My soul doth make its boast in God, The hum - ble glad shall be;
O mag - ni - fy with me the Lord, And in His Son be free.

60 Perfect Peace and Rest.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic-
2. Hid - den in the hoi - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall-eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our
to - rious In its bright in-crease; Per-fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er
fol - low, Nev-er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a
di - al By the Sun of Love; We must trust Him full - y, All for
ev - 'ry day; Per-fect, yet it grow - eth Deep-er all the way.
shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him wholly true.
CHORUS.
Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are full - y blest;
rall.
Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

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61 Jesus is All the World to Me.

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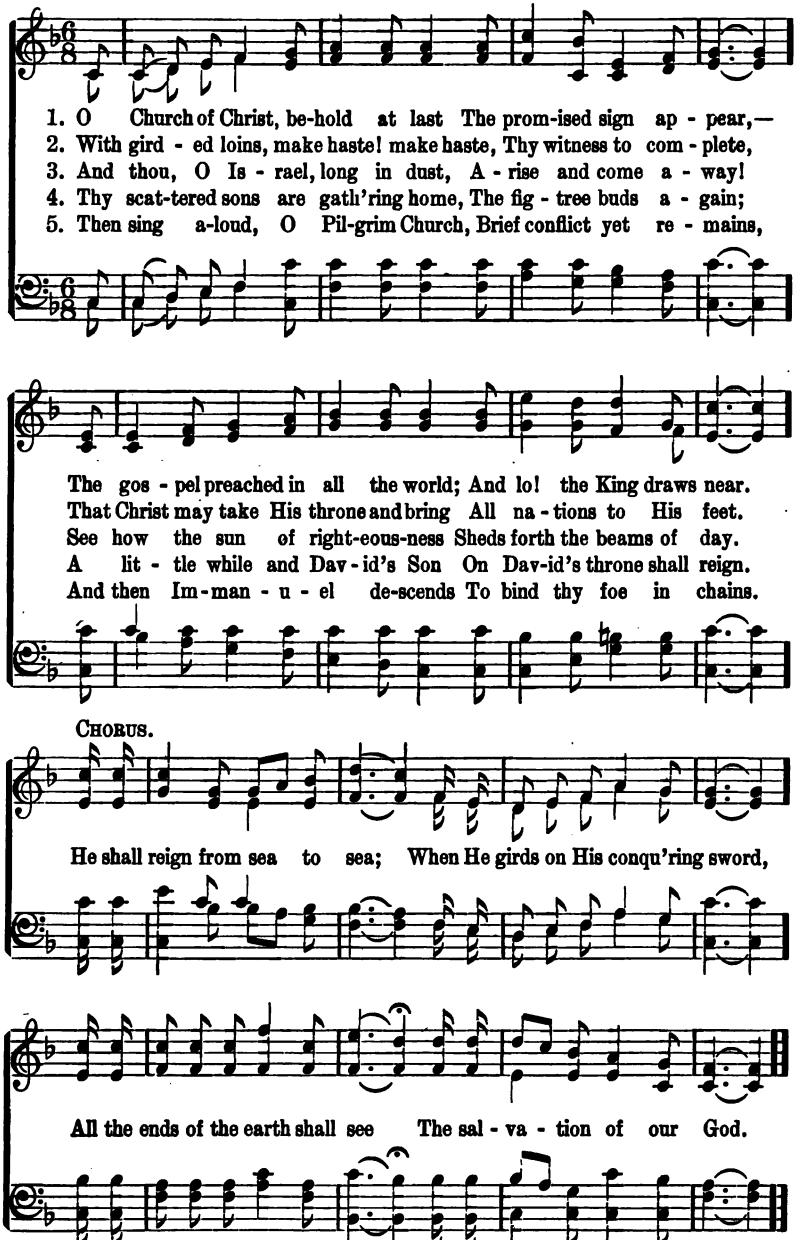
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep-ing His cross with - in my sight;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

62 He Shall Reign from Sea to Sea.

A. J. GORDON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. O Church of Christ, be-hold at last The prom-ised sign ap - pear,—
2. With gird - ed loins, make haste! make haste, Thy witness to com - plete,
3. And thou, O Is - rael, long in dust, A - rise and come a - way!
4. Thy scat-tered sons are gath'ring home, The fig - tree buds a - gain;
5. Then sing a-loud, O Pil-grim Church, Brief conflict yet re - mains,
The gos - pel preached in all the world; And lo! the King draws near.
That Christ may take His throne and bring All na - tions to His feet.
See how the sun of right-eous-ness Sheds forth the beams of day.
A lit - tle while and Dav - id's Son On Dav-id's throne shall reign.
And then Im-man - u - el de-scends To bind thy foe in chains.
CHORUS.
He shall reign from sea to sea; When He girds on His conqu'ring sword,
All the ends of the earth shall see The sal - va - tion of our God.

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63 Hosanna To Our King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Ho - san - na! be the Children's song, To Christ, the chil-dren's King;
2. Ho - san - na! sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain!
3. Ho - san - na! on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly,
His praise to whom our souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.
While loud - er, sweet-er, clear - er still, Woods ech - o to the strain.
Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth, re - ply.
CHORUS.
Ho - san - - - na! ho - san - - - na! Ho - san - na
Ho - san - na to our King! Ho - san - na to our King! Ho - san-na! Ho-
to our King! Ho - san - - na!
san-na! Ho - san-na to our King! Ho - san - na to our King!
ho - san - - - na! Let all the chil - dren sing.
Ho - san - na! ho - san - na!

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64 The Sunshine of His Face.

ALICE ELMORE, arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Cour-age, broth-er, light is break-ing, Let no more thy head be bowed,
2. Cour-age, broth-er, light is break-ing, Tho' thy cross doth weigh thee down,
3. Cour-age, broth-er, light is break-ing, Doubt and un - be - lief shall flee;
For there is a flood of sun - shine Just be - hind the darkening cloud;
Know that there is One who com - eth Faith-ful-ness and love to crown;
Take the prom-ise of sal - va - tion, God is gra-cious, taste and see;
It mat-ters not–the low'ring tempest, How fierce and swift the lightnings chase;
It mat-ters not if road be thorn-y, Or sink-ing sands re - tard thy pace;
It mat-ters not if men are say - ing There is no Sav-iour in thy case;
Je-sus standeth, watch-ing, read-y, To show the sun-shine of His face.
CHORUS.
O, the sun-shine, the sun-shine is for you and for me,....
The sunshine of His face is for you and me.

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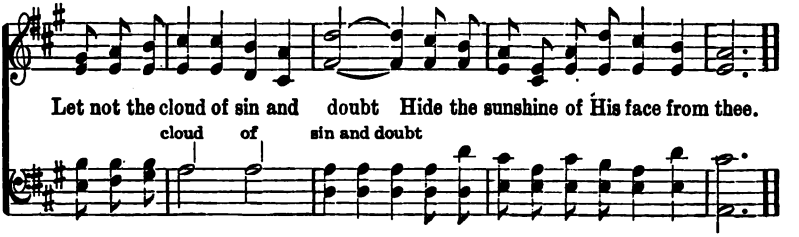
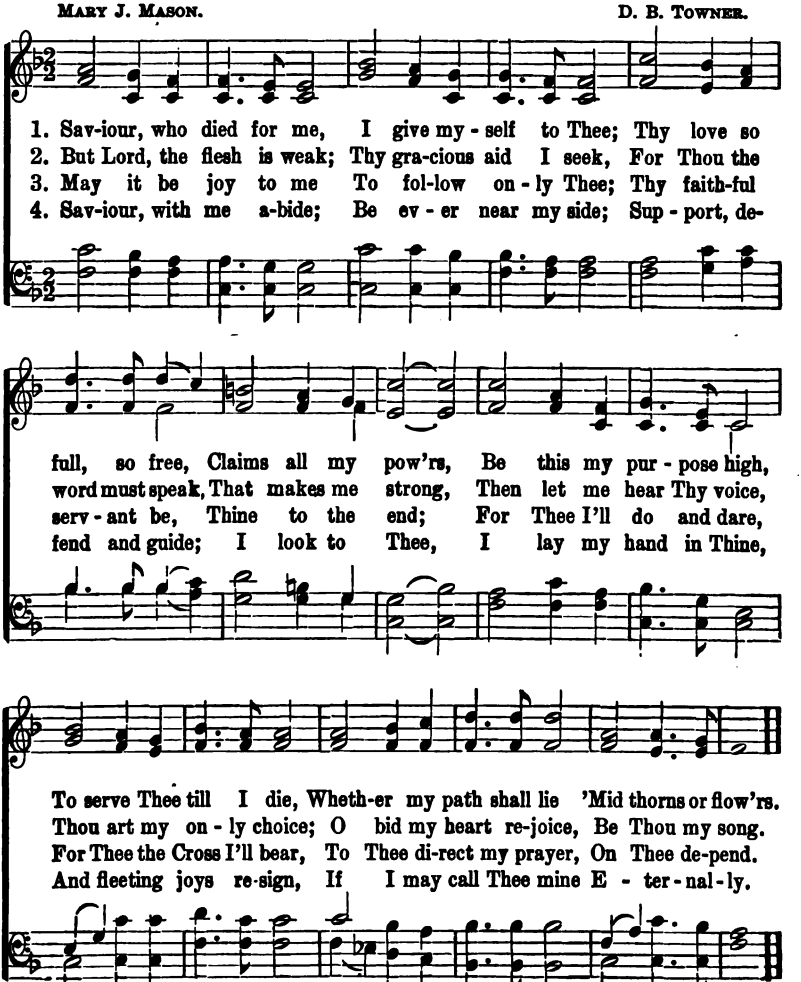
The Sunshine of His Face.



65 I Give Myself to Thee.

MARY J. MASON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Sav-iour, who died for me, I give my - self to Thee; Thy love so
2. But Lord, the flesh is weak; Thy gra-cious aid I seek, For Thou the
3. May it be joy to me To fol-low on - ly Thee; Thy faith-ful
4. Sav-iour, with me a-bide; Be ev - er near my side; Sup - port, de-
full, so free, Claims all my pow'rs, Be this my pur - pose high,
word must speak, That makes me strong, Then let me hear Thy voice,
serv - ant be, Thine to the end; For Thee I'll do and dare,
fend and guide; I look to Thee, I lay my hand in Thine,
To serve Thee till I die, Wheth-er my path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flow'rs.
Thou art my on - ly choice; O bid my heart re-joice, Be Thou my song.
For Thee the Cross I'll bear, To Thee di-rect my prayer, On Thee de-pend.
And fleeting joys re-sign, If I may call Thee mine E - ter - nal - ly.

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66 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or, tem - pest-tost,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
Chorus.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.

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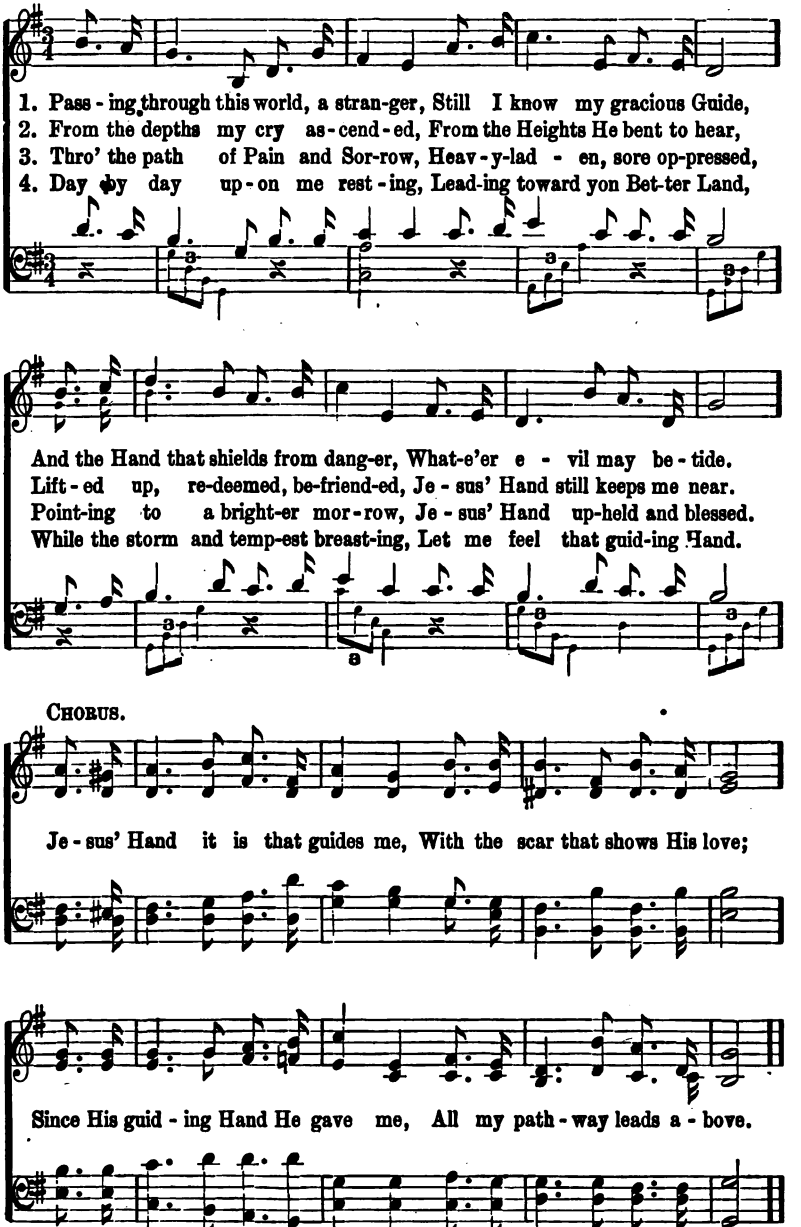
67 My Saviour's Guiding Hand.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Pass - ing through this world, a stran-ger, Still I know my gracious Guide,
2. From the depths my cry as - cend - ed, From the Heights He bent to hear,
3. Thro' the path of Pain and Sor-row, Heav - y-lad - en, sore op-pressed,
4. Day by day up - on me rest - ing, Lead-ing toward yon Bet-ter Land,
And the Hand that shields from dang-er, What-e'er e - vil may be - tide.
Lift - ed up, re-deemed, be-friend-ed, Je - sus' Hand still keeps me near.
Point-ing to a bright-er mor - row, Je - sus' Hand up-held and blessed.
While the storm and temp-est breast-ing, Let me feel that guid-ing Hand.
CHORUS.
Je - sus' Hand it is that guides me, With the scar that shows His love;
Since His guid - ing Hand He gave me, All my path - way leads a - bove.

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68 He Rolls the Sea Away.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. In an-cient days when Is-rael's host In dark-est bond-age lay,
2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp-ta-tions held their sway;
3. Tho' doubts and fears ob-scure my path, With Je-sus I will stay;
4. Dear Je-sus, when in my last hour I face tow'rd realms of day,
The might-y pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a-way.
The Lord spoke peace, and par-don gave, He rolled the sea a-way.
He'll keep me near His lov-ing heart, And roll the sea a-way.
Thy pres-ence then shall pi-lot me, And roll the sea a-way.
CHORUS.
He rolls the sea a-way! He rolls the sea a-way! With
Je-sus ev-er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a-way!

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69 Enter Thou My Heart.

H. D. SPEAR. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Spir - it of re - fin - ing fire, En - ter Thou my heart!
2. Spir - it of re - fin - ing fire, En - ter Thou my heart!
3. Spir - it of re - fin - ing fire, En - ter Thou my heart!
Free from sin, my soul in - spire— En - ter Thou my heart!
Lift me up to some-thing higher, En - ter Thou my heart!
Make me know Thine own de - sire, En - ter Thou my heart!
Fit me for Thine own em-ploy, Cleanse from dross and all al - loy;
Long my soul hath been con-tent, With the things of small in - tent;
Turn my tho'ts from self to Thee, Set my soul from bond - age free;
Let me know Thy pres-ence's joy, En - ter Thou my heart!
Show me that for which I'm meant— En - ter Thou my heart!
Reign and rule in all for me— En - ter Thou my heart!

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70 Worthy is the Lamb.

WILLIAM EVANS. WILLIAM EVANS.

1. O wor - thy is the Lamb, For fall - en sin - ners slain!
2. A Proph - et true is He, God's will He doth fore - tell;
3. Our priest - ly Ad - vo - cate, At God's right hand He stands!
4. All hail our com - ing King, Whose right it is to reign!
O come, let us a - dore, And chant this ho - ly strain.
The Spir - it sev - en - fold In Him doth al - ways dwell.
For us to in - ter - cede, He meets the law's de - mands;
The King and Lord of all, Whose king - dom ne'er shall wane!
Come, bless and mag-ni - fy the Lord, His praise let all make known;
Our ig - no-rance He doth dis - pel, Our doubts and fears re - move;
For us He did from sin re-deem With His most pre-cious blood,
Thy Church, with anx-ious, long-ing heart, A-waits the mid-night cry,
Let ev - 'ry nation, tongue, and tribe, Laud Him who sits up-on the throne.
His word—it is our lamp and guide, Un - til we meet in heav'n a - bove.
To make us heav'n-ly priests and kings, That we may live and reign with God.
"Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes!" at last, Give praise to Him who reigns on high!

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71 He Knows it All!

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Words altered by D. B. T. D. B. Towner.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea-ry way, The end - less striv-ing day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
4. He knows—oh, tho't so full of bliss! For though on earth our joys we miss,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray— He knows it all!
The wounds the world has nev - er seen— He knows it all!
Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink— He knows it all!
We still can bear it, feel - ing this— He knows it all!
He knows it all!
Chorus.
He knows it all, He knows it all,
He knows, He knows it all, He knows, He knows it all,
The bit - ter, wea - ry way— He knows it all!
The bit - ter, wea - ry way— The Sav - iour knows it all!

Fishers of Men.

JAMES M. GRAY. N. B. SARGENT.

1. I hear the words..... that Je-sus spake..... To them of
2. I long to make..... Thy words my own!..... O, Je-sus
3. I'll fol-low on..... with all my heart,..... I'll walk with
4. With-in my heart..... Thy love be-get..... A fish-er-
1. I hear the words
that Je-sus spake
Gal - - i - lee; To fish-er - men..... be-side the
may it be; Thou spakest not..... to them a-
Thee to - day; Tho' vile I am,..... do not de-
man to be; And teach me where..... to cast the
To them of Gal - i - lee;
To fish-er-men
REFRAIN.
lake..... He said: "Come, fol - low Me."
lone,..... But e-ven now to me? "Fol-low Me,
part,..... For-give and cleanse, I pray! "Fol-low Me,
net ..... As when in Gal - - i - lee.
be-side the lake
Fol-low Me!..... Fishers of men hence-forth to be," Ech-o the
Fol-low Me!
words..... from Gal-i-lee;..... Je-sus! I fol - low Thee!
Ech-o the words
from Gal-i-lee;

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73 O Thou God of My Salvation.

THOMAS OLIVERS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re-deem - er from all sin;
2. Tho' un - seen, I love the Sav - iour, He hath bro't sal - va - tion near;
3. While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing, "Glo - ry to the great I Am,"
4. An - gels now are hov-'ring round us, Un - per-ceived a - mong the throng;
Moved by Thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
Man - i - fests His par-d'ning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,
I with them will still be vy - ing—Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Won-d'ring at the love that crowned us, Glad to sing the ho - ly song;
I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y Shall His glo-rious im - age bear,
O how pre-cious, O how pre-cious Is the sound of Je - sus' name!
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be - long!
I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall His glo-rious im - age bear.
O how pre-cious, O how pre-cious Is the sound of Je - sus' name!
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be - long!

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74 Let Him Come.

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JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If an - y man thirst, let him come un - to Me, Let him come! . . Let him
2. If an - y man thirst, let him come un - to Me, Let him come! . . Let him
3. If an - y man thirst, let him come un - to Me, Let him come! . . Let him
4. If an - y man thirst, let him come un - to Me, Let him come! . . Let him
Let him come!
come! Who-ev - er may hear let him come without fear, Let him come! . .
come! Wher-ev - er he dwell, in a pal-ace or cell, Let him come! . .
come! The greater the need let it has-ten his speed, Let him come! . .
come! "When-ev - er he may," is a call for to - day, Let him come! . .
Let Him come!
Let him come!
Let him come! . . Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,
Let him come!
Let him free - ly par - take, and e - ter - nal - ly live; Let him
come! . . Let him come! . . If an - y man thirst, let him come.
Let him come!
Let him come!

75 Triumphant Zion.

P. DODDRIDGE. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Tri-um-phant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and darkness and the dead;
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy va-rious charms be knows:
3. No more shall foes un-clean in - vade, And fill thy hol-lowed walls with dread;
4. God from on high has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ru - in shall re - pair;
Tho' humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
The world thy glo-ries shall con - fess, Decked in the robes of right-eous-ness.
No more shall hell's in-sult-ing host Their vic-t'ry and their sor-rows boast.
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.
CHORUS.
Rise, crowned with light, O Church of Christ, lift up thy head,— Rise in thy
Rise, O Church of Christ, a - rise, Church of Christ, lift up thy head,—
Rise in thy
might from dust and darkness and the dead; Lift up thine eyes—Behold thy
might,— dark-ness and the dead; Lift thy long-ing eyes to heav'n,
ho - ly might,— dust and dark-ness and the dead;
Sav-iour now ap - pears— Glo - rious in pow'r—the Monarch of the years.
See, thy Sav - iour now ap - pears—

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76 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring Gould. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war; With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore, Christ, the Roy - al Mas-ter, Leads a-
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
Je - sus Con-stant will re-main: Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that
voic - es, In the tri-umph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to
gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his ban-ners go.
bod - y we— One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise— And that can - not fail.
Christ the King: This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
Chorus.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
With the
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
cross of

Anywhere with Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with - out Him dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear - est ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
3. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep When the dark'ning shadows round a - bout me creep, Know-ing I shall wak - en nev - er more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can not know; An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

Abide In Me.

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JULIA H. JOHNSTON. M. J. BABBITT.

1. A - bide in Me!—'tis Je-sus' voice; O cease thy fruit-less quest;—
2. The peace which like a riv - er flows, The joy that is di - vine,
3. At last, thro' yonder shin-ing gate, My glo - ry thou shalt see,
In Me, be-liev-ing souls, re-joice, And en - ter in - to rest.
The bless - ed-ness that love be-stows, Shall be for-ev - er thine.
And there, in mansions that a - wait, Thou shalt a - bide with Me.
CHORUS.
A - bide in Me, ... thy hid - ing place, ... From sin and
A - bide in Me, thy hid - ing place,
bur - - den free; . . . . . And thine shall be. . . . . .
From sin and bur - den free, from bur - den free; And thine shall be
my boundless grace; . . . . . O soul, a - bide . . . . . in Me.
my boundless grace; O soul, a - bide in Me.

Step by Step.

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JENNIE WILSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I need not ask what time will bring While to my Sav - iour's hand I cling; A song of trust my soul can sing, For
2. I need not fear tho' dark the way, For Je - sus close to me doth stay; Un - til the dawn of per - fect day Still
3. Oft on my path falls gold - en light, And bloom - ing flow - ers greet my sight; My Sav - iour's love makes all scenes bright, And
4. I shall not have to go a - lone From earth in - to the realms un - known; My Lord doth ne'er for - sake His own, And
CHORUS.
step by step He will lead me. Step by step to the
glo - ry land, My Sav - iour guides with a lov - ing hand; I
go to dwell with the bloodwash'd band, And step by step He will lead me.

80 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

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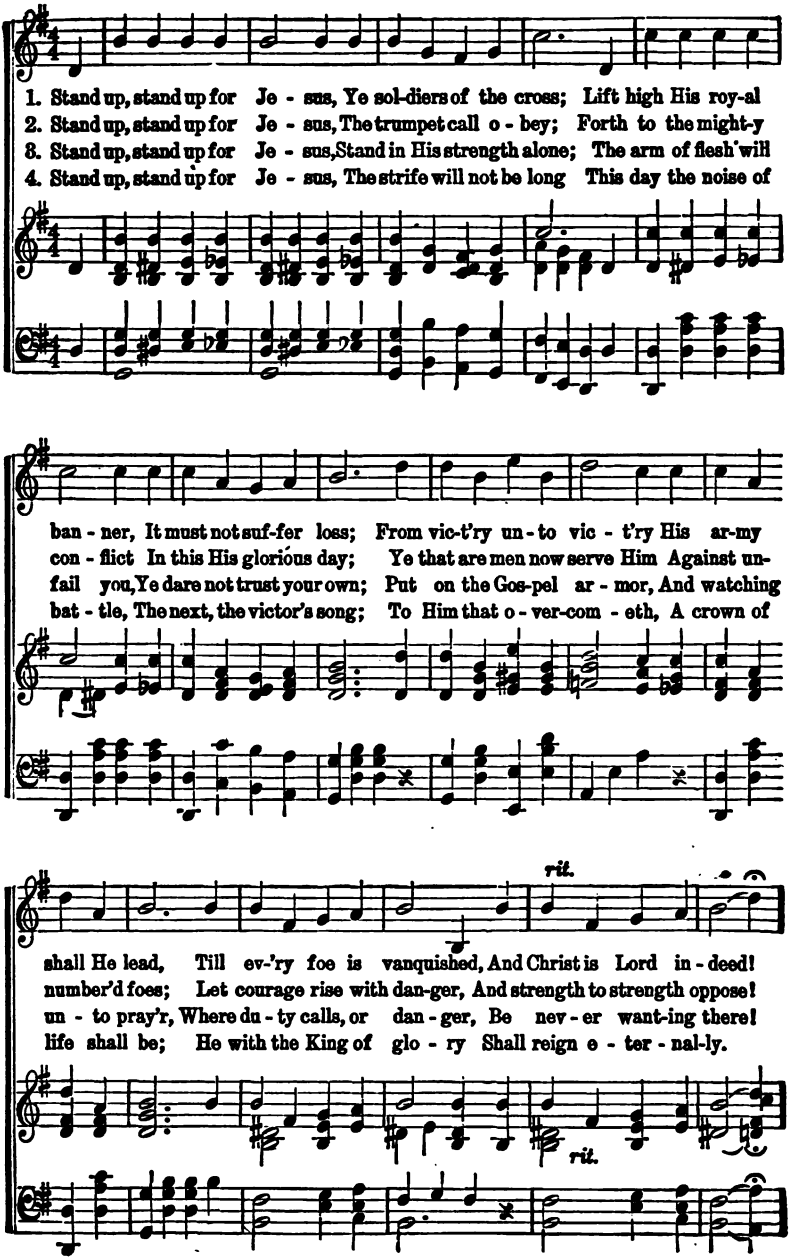
GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long This day the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar-my
con - flict In this His glorious day; Ye that are men now serve Him Against un-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the Gos-pel ar - mor, And watching
bat - tle, The next, the victor's song; To Him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of
rit.
shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed!
number'd foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose!
un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there!
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal-ly.
rit.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

CHORUS.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss!

81 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

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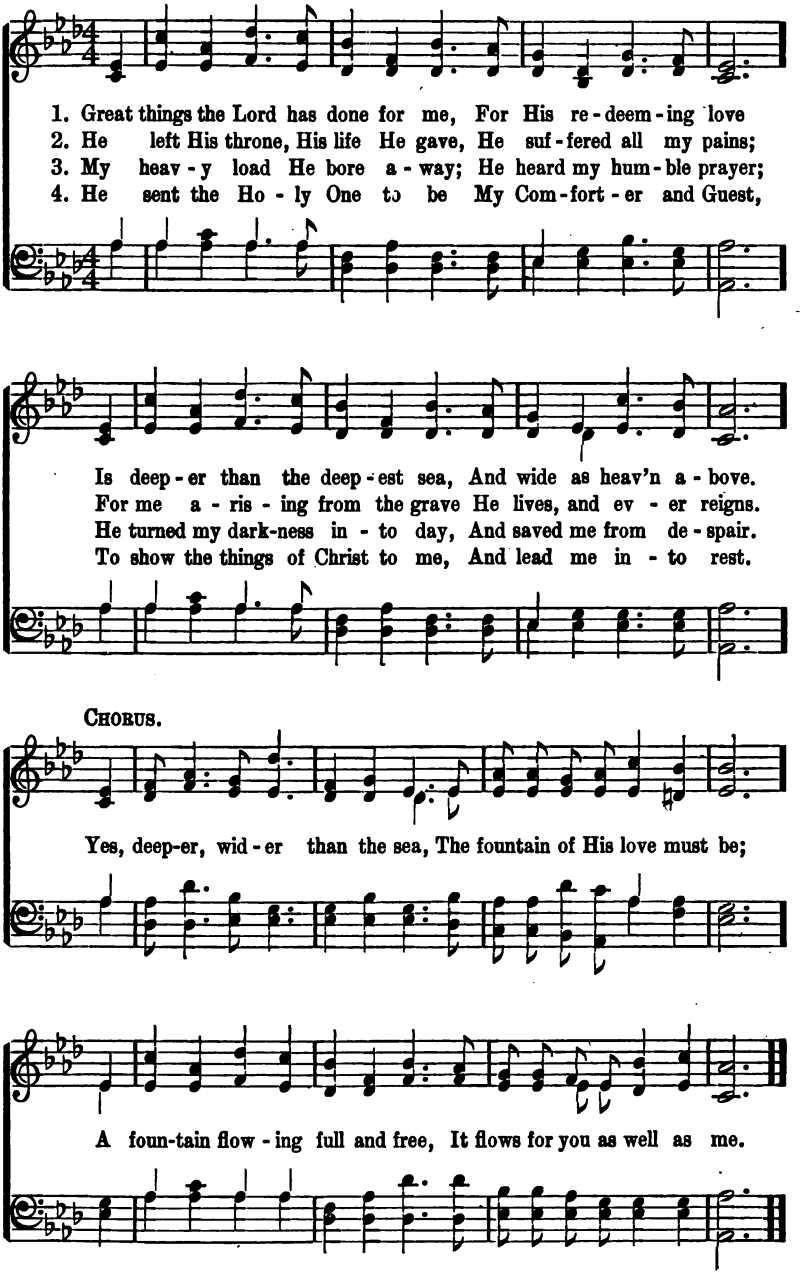
MARY A. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my Peace, My All in all!

82 For You as Well as Me.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Great things the Lord has done for me, For His re-deem-ing love
2. He left His throne, His life He gave, He suf-fered all my pains;
3. My heav-y load He bore a-way; He heard my hum-ble prayer;
4. He sent the Ho-ly One to be My Com-fort-er and Guest,
Is deep-er than the deep-est sea, And wide as heav'n a-bove.
For me a-ris-ing from the grave He lives, and ev-er reigns.
He turned my dark-ness in-to day, And saved me from de-spair.
To show the things of Christ to me, And lead me in-to rest.
CHORUS.
Yes, deep-er, wid-er than the sea, The fountain of His love must be;
A foun-tain flow-ing full and free, It flows for you as well as me.

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83 Wonderful Peace.

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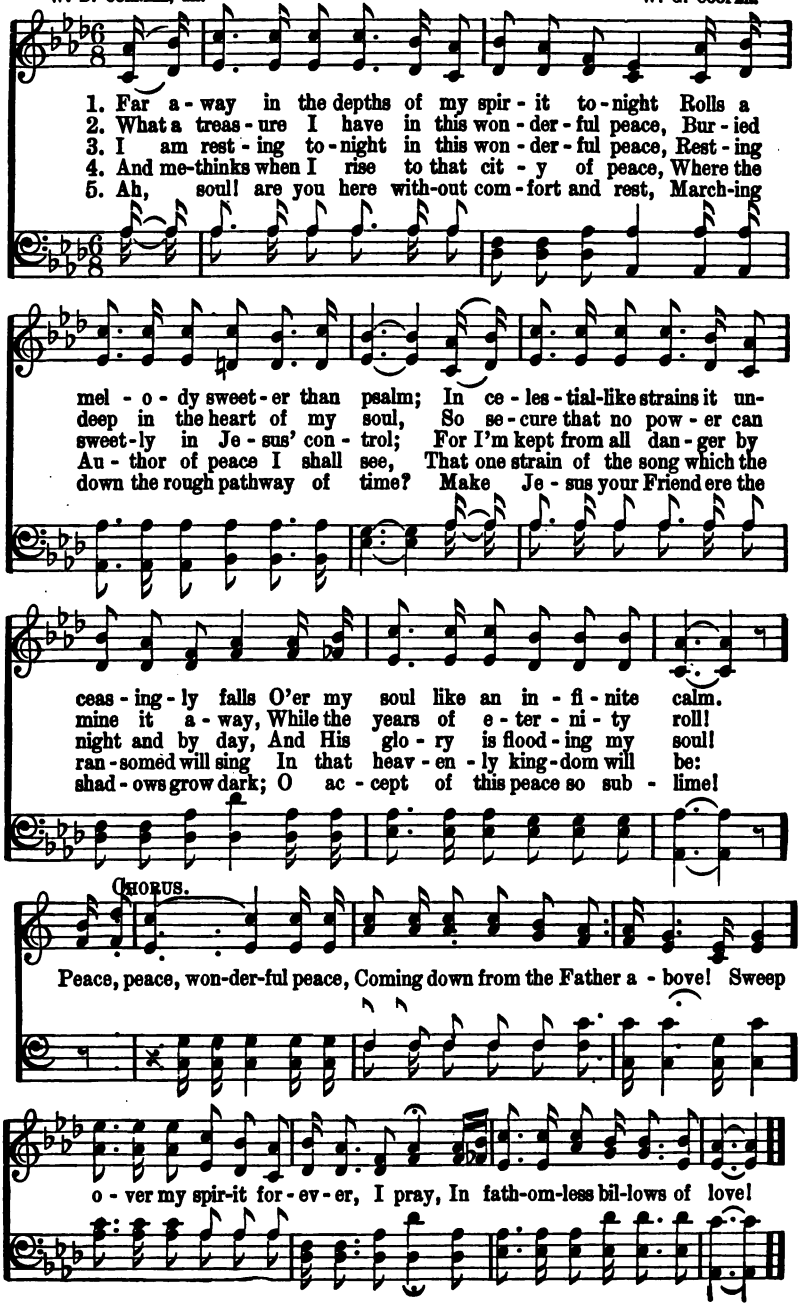
W. D. CORNELL, alt. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit-y of peace, Where the
5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com-fort and rest, March-ing
mel-o-dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-les-tial-like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul, So se-cure that no pow-er can
sweet-ly in Je-sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je-sus your Friend ere the
ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul!
ran-somed will sing In that heav-en-ly king-dom will be:
shad-ows grow dark; O ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime!
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove! Sweep
o-ver my spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love!

84 He is Coming Again.

M. J. C. MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.

1. Lift up your heads, Pil-grims a-wear-y, See day's ap-proach Now
2. Dark was the night, Sin warred a-gainst us; Heav-y the load Of
3. O bless-ed hope! O bliss-ful prom-ise! Fill-ing our hearts With
4. E-ven so, come, Pre-cious Lord Je-sus; Cre-a-tion waits Re-
crim-son the sky: Night shad-ows flee, And your Be-lov-ed, A-
sor-row we bore: But now we see Signs of His com-ing; Our
rap-ture di-vine. O day of days! Hail thy ap-pear-ing! Thy
demption to see. Caught up in clouds, Soon we shall meet Thee; O
CHORUS.
wait-ed with long-ing, At last draw-eth nigh.
hearts glow with-in us, Joy's cup run-neth o'er! He is com-ing a-
tran-scend-ent glo-ry For-ev-er shall shine.
bless-ed as-sur-ance, For-ev-er with Thee!
gain, He is com-ing a-gain, The ver-y same Je-sus, Re
ject-ed of men. He is com-ing a-gain, He is com-ing a-gain,

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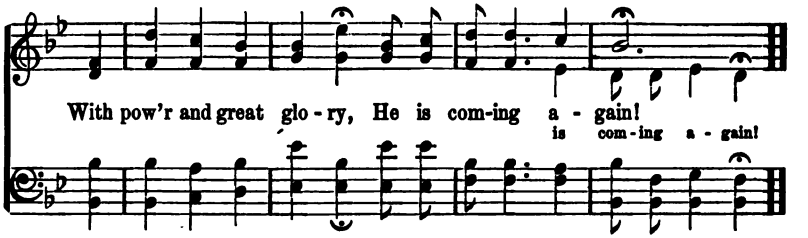
He is Coming Again.



85 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er.
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

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86 Speak Just a Word!

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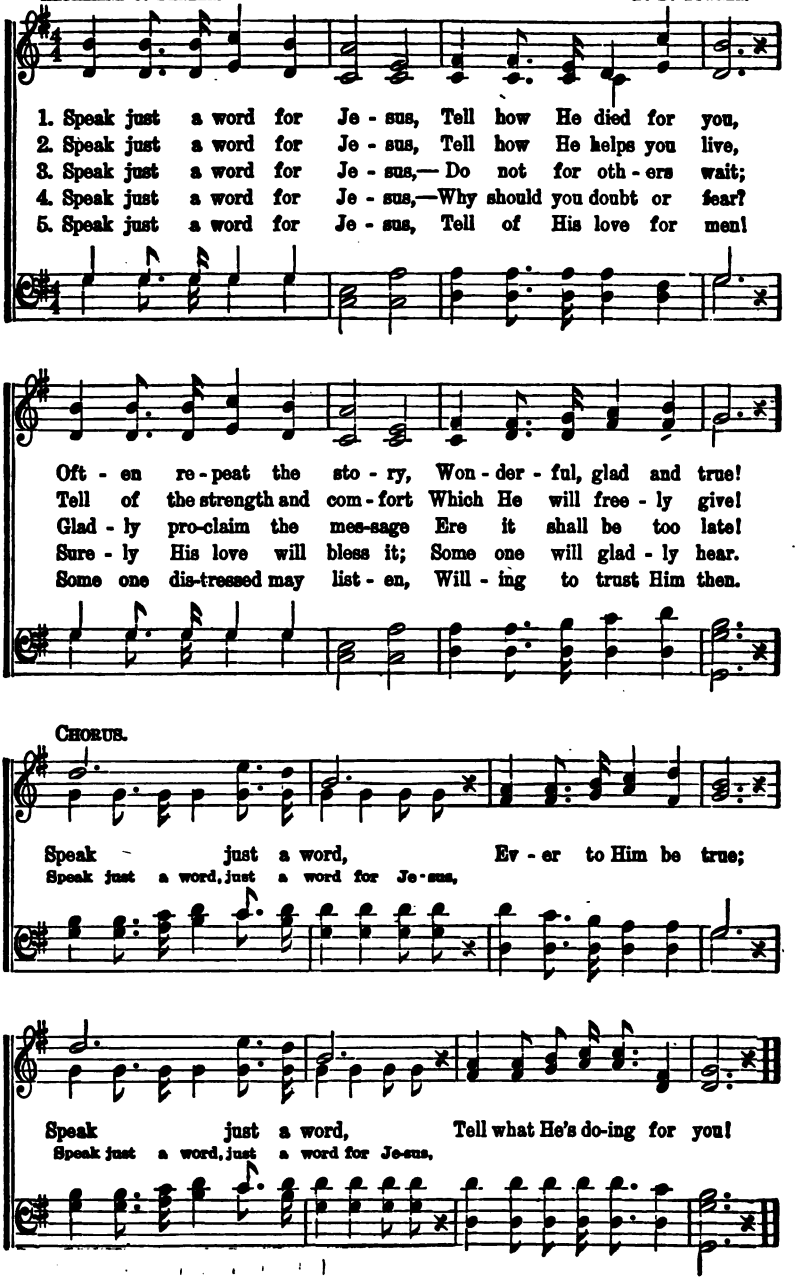
KATHERINE O. BARKER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He died for you,
2. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He helps you live,
3. Speak just a word for Je - sus,— Do not for oth - ers wait;
4. Speak just a word for Je - sus,—Why should you doubt or fear?
5. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell of His love for men!
Oft - en re - peat the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, glad and true!
Tell of the strength and com - fort Which He will free - ly give!
Glad - ly pro-claim the mes-sage Ere it shall be too late!
Sure - ly His love will bless it; Some one will glad - ly hear.
Some one dis-tressed may list - en, Will - ing to trust Him then.
CHORUS.
Speak just a word, Ev - er to Him be true;
Speak just a word, just a word for Je-sus,
Speak just a word, Tell what He's do-ing for you!
Speak just a word, just a word for Je-sus,

87 Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY GEORGE S. SCHULER.

MARY RAWLES JARVIS. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. O words of com-fort grant-ed For ev-'ry need and care, The
2. When dis-ap-point-ment scat-ters Your hopes like au-tumn leaves; When
3. When past sins rise un-bid-den, To spoil the pres-ent good, And
4. When health and strength are fail-ing Be-neath the load of years, And
ver-y mes-sage want-ed To chase a-way de-spair; This sweet command of
all is lost that mat-ters, And all is left that grieves; When chastisement and
all the light is hid-den By some de-spond-ing mood, He whis-pers in com-
toil seems un-a-vail-ing, And life is thronged with fears, "Fear not!" He saith; "In
Je-sus Was meant to be obeyed,—"Let not your heart be troubled, Neither
sor-row On darkened days are laid, "Let not your heart be troubled, Neither
passion, "My love the debt hath paid; Let not your heart be troubled, Neither
weakness, My strength is perfect made; Let not your heart be troubled, Neither
CHORUS.
let it be a-fraid." O soul, redeemed by Je-sus, All heav'n is pledged to
O soul, redeemed by Je-sus, All heav'n is
aid; "Let not your heart be troubled, Neith-er let it be a-fraid.
pledged to aid;

88 God Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise?
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;
Shall life's swift passing years now fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still, can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.
CHORUS.
Call-ing, . . call-ing, . . God is calling, "Come to Me;" . . .
God is call-ing, God is call-ing, "Come to Me;"
Call-ing, . . . call-ing, . . . God is call-ing, call-ing thee.
God is call-ing, God is call-ing,

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89 Send the Power Again.

W. C. POOLE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a
2. There was pow'r by which ev - 'ry tongue could speak, New life - giv - ing
3. There was pow'r to set ev - 'ry cap - tive free And give to Thy
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old - time prayer, It thrilled ev - 'ry
fire in hearts grown cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold,
pow'r un - to the weak, That sent them the wan-d'ring ones to seek—
serv - ants lib - er - ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—
heart and lin-gered there, Till we in Thy glo - ry seemed to share—
CHORUS.
Lord, send that pow'r a - gain. Lord, send the pow'r a - gain,
A - men!
O send the pow'r a - gain! We be - lieve on Thy name,
A - men!
And Thy prom - ise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a - gain.

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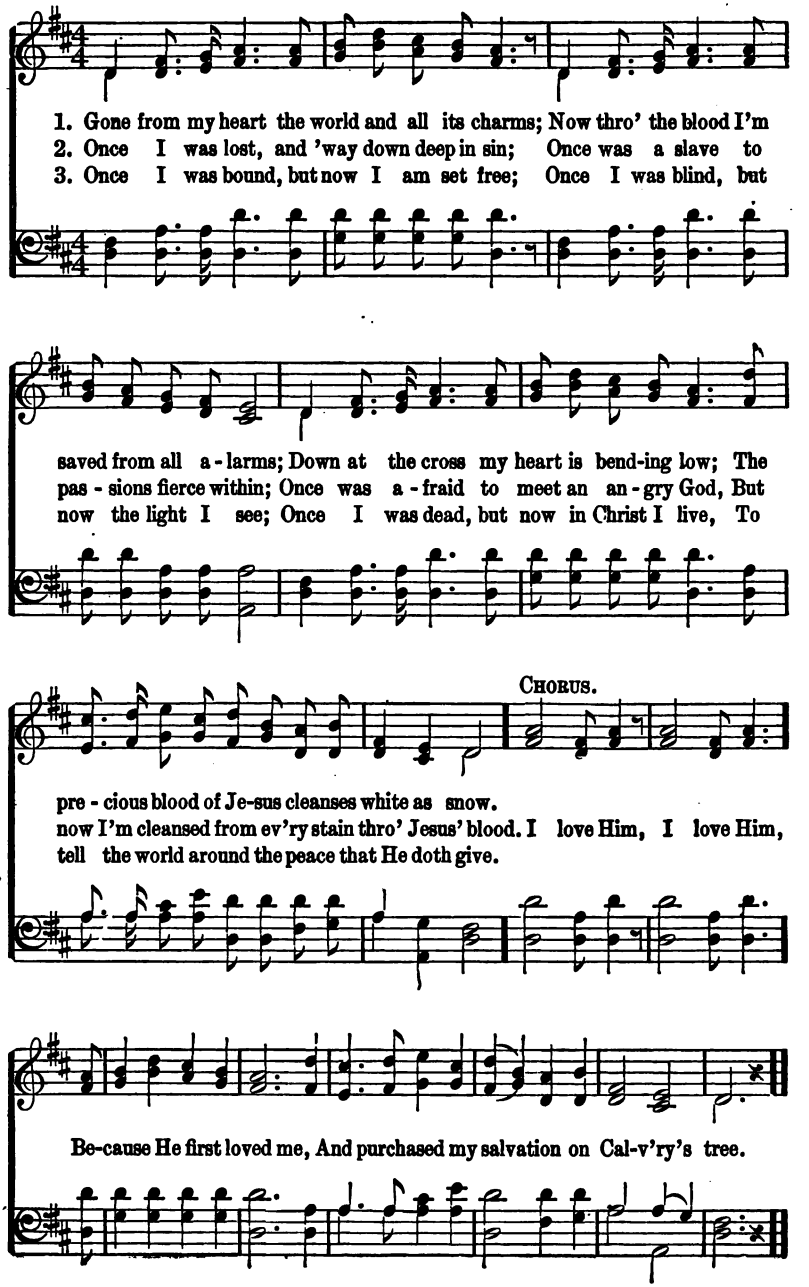
90 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Stephen C. Foster.
Arr. by D. B. T.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low; The
pas-sions fierce within; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
Chorus.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.
Be-cause He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Cal-v'ry's tree.

91 Thy Saviour Calls Thee.

E. A. TREVOR. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Come home! The Shepherd's ea-ger call, Rings out up-on the mountains cold,
2. Come home! O wan-der-er, re-joice! Thy Shepherd's call is wondrous sweet,
3. Come home! And rest with-in the fold, Lie down be-side the wa-ters still,
Come home! Its ech-oes rise and fall, To lead the wand'rer to the fold.
He guides the lost ones with His voice; And homeward brings the weary feet.
Rapt-ures of love as yet un-told, Thy hun-gry, wea-ry soul shall fill.
CHORUS.
Come home! Thy Sav-iour calls thee come! Come home! Thy
Come home!
way is dark and lone, Come home! Thy Fa-ther loves thee—
Come home!
come! Come home! O wan-d'ring one, come home!
Come home!
Come home!

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Who Will Go?

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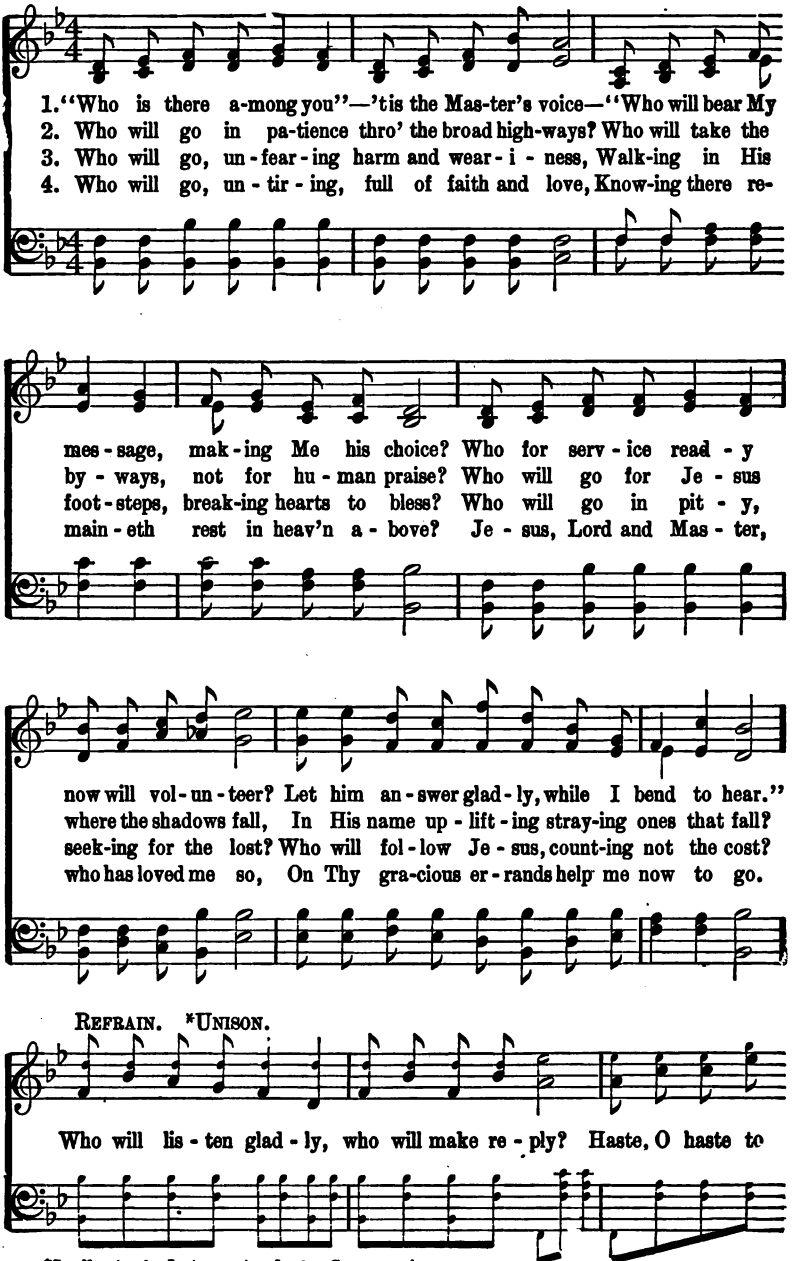
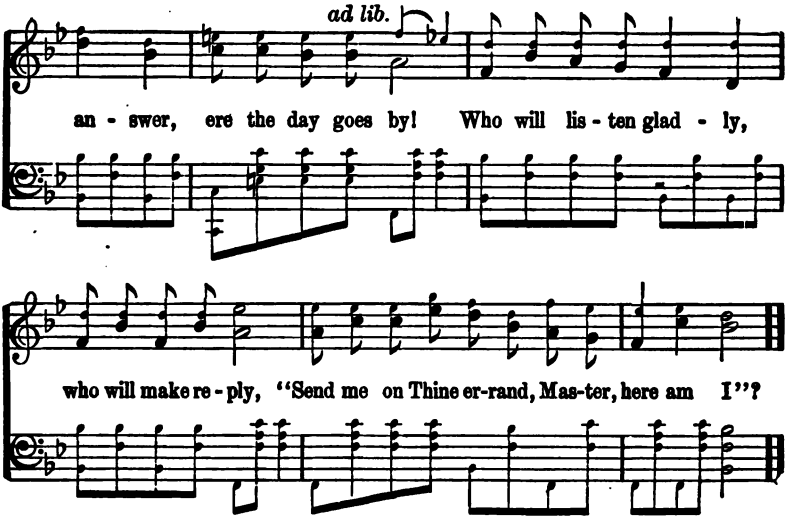
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. W. HENDERSON.


1. "Who is there a-mong you"—'tis the Mas-ter's voice—"Who will bear My
2. Who will go in pa-tience thro' the broad high-ways? Who will take the
3. Who will go, un-fear-ing harm and wear-i-ness, Walk-ing in His
4. Who will go, un-tir-ing, full of faith and love, Know-ing there re-
mes-sage, mak-ing Me his choice? Who for serv-ice read-y
by-ways, not for hu-man praise? Who will go for Je-sus
foot-steps, break-ing hearts to bless? Who will go in pit-y,
main-eth rest in heav'n a-bove? Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter,
now will vol-un-teer? Let him an-swer glad-ly, while I bend to hear."
where the shadows fall, In His name up-lift-ing stray-ing ones that fall?
seek-ing for the lost? Who will fol-low Je-sus, count-ing not the cost?
who has loved me so, On Thy gra-cious er-rands help me now to go.
REFRAIN. *UNISON.
Who will lis-ten glad-ly, who will make re-ply? Haste, O haste to

*Small notes for Instrument and a few Soprano voices.

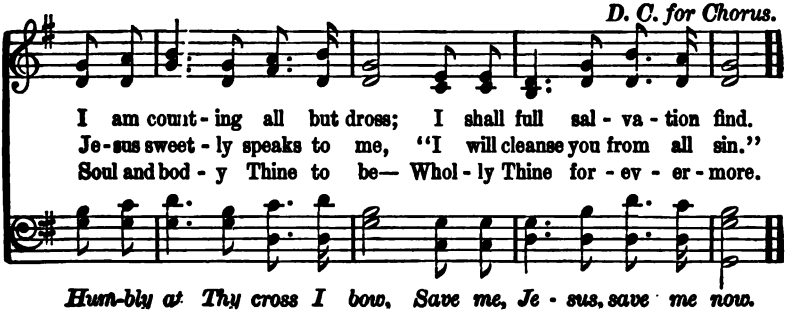
Who Will Go?



93 I Am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in,
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store,
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;


D. C. for Chorus.
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

94 What a Change.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. What a change that will be When my Sav - iour I see, And stand in the
2. What a change that will be, In the land of the free, As a - liens no
3. What a change that will be, What a glad ju - bi - lee! The lame man shall
light of His face; Then His im - age I'll bear, And His likeness I'll share,
lon - ger to roam; With our per - ils o'er-past, A safe an-chor to cast,
leap as a hart, And the blind shall see clear, And the deaf man shall hear,
CHORUS.
And re-flect all His beau-ty and grace.
Where no sor - row or tri - als can come. What a change! Can it be, That so
And the dumb sing for glad-ness of heart!
soon we shall see The Re-deem - er and Sav - iour we love? With white
robe and bright crown, At His table sit down, In the beau-ti-ful cit - y a-bove?

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95 Come, Holy Spirit.

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J. H. SAMMIS. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Come, ho - ly Spir - it, and a - new, By might - y word and deed,
2. But per - fect love and ho - li - ness, And help - ful min - is - try,
3. Send now the quick'ning pow'r a - gain; Let Truth our tongues in - spire;
Bear wit - ness with Thy cho - sen few, That all may hear and heed.
Are mir - a - cles of grace no less That tes - ti - fy of Thee.
A - rouse the con-scien-ces of men With mes - sa - ges of fire.
No more up - on the Proph-et's brow The flam - ing sig - net rests:
Set these, Thy seal, up - on us, Lord, Our love and zeal in - flame,
Then to re - pent-ant sin - ners show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face;
The mys - tic tongue no lon - ger now The word of grace at - tests.
That we hence-forth Thy sav - ing Word May might - i - ly pro - claim.
The cleans - ing and the heal - ing flow Of Thy re-deem - ing grace.

96 He Came to Call the Sinners.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. Je - sus said, "I am not come to call the right-eous,"—It was not the Phar-i-see He jus-ti-fied; But the bro-ken-heart-ed pub-li-can, re-pent-ant, Had his plead-ing cry for mer-cy sat-is-fied.
2. Je - sus said, "I am not come to call the right-eous,"—Sin-ners on-ly are re-ceived at Cal-va-ry; To the dy-ing cap-tive bound and bruised by Sa-tan, He has prom-ised life and health and lib-er-ty.
3. Je - sus said, "I am not come to call the right-eous,"—'T is to guilt-y, fall-en souls who can-not rise, He is whisp'ring, "For your man-y sins, 'like crim-son,' I have of-fered one e-ter-nal sac-ri-fice."
4. Then, if you are just a sin-ner, He en-treats you To be-lieve the par-don pur-chased by His blood: For your sins He died, He rose, He lives for-ev-er; And in Him you are ac-cept-ed by your God.
Chorus.
O He came to call the sin-ners—Just the lost and hope-less sin-ners,—Yes, He came to call the sin-ners gone a-stray.

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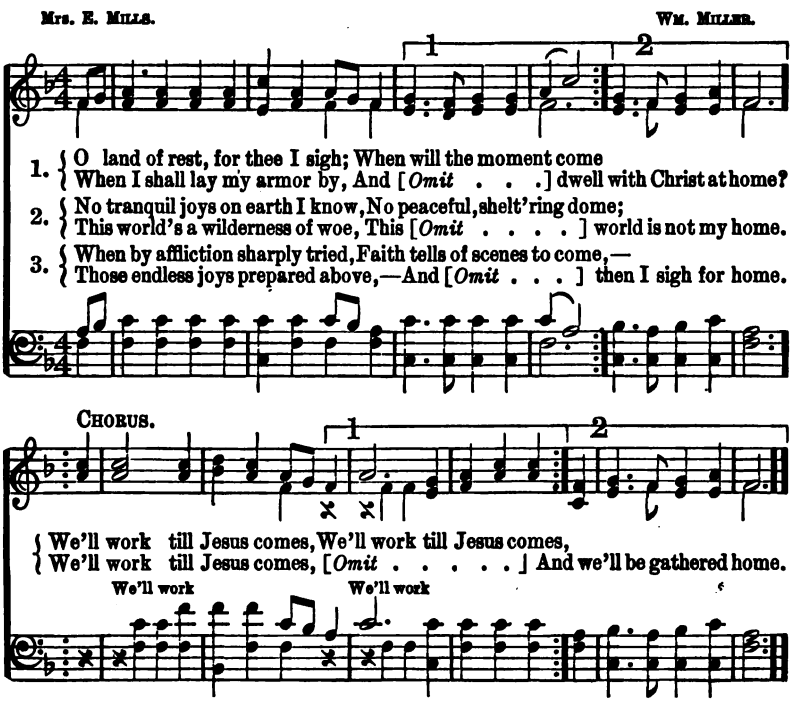
He Came to Call the Sinners.

97 Work Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. E. Mills. Wm. Miller.


1
2
1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by, And [Omit . . .] dwell with Christ at home?
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe, This [Omit . . . .] world is not my home.
3. When by affliction sharply tried, Faith tells of scenes to come,—
Those endless joys prepared above,—And [Omit . . .] then I sigh for home.
Chorus.
1
2
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes, [Omit . . . . .] And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work
We'll work

98 Christ, the Light.

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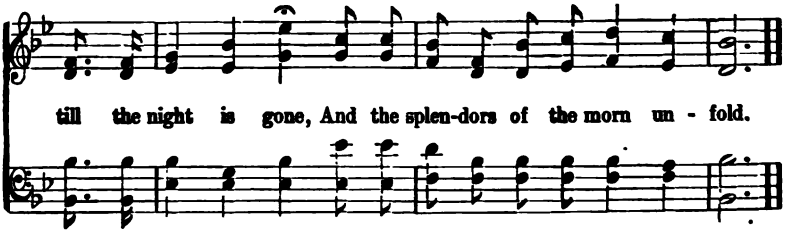
HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the clouds gath-er thick-ly, and the shad-ows lie Dark and
2. For the feet that have wandered from the path a-stray, Lost in
3. O'er the hills comes the dawn-ing, with its ra-diance bright; 'Tis the
deep a-cross the way We must tread from day to day, There's a light sent to
ma-zes dark and wild, By the lure of sin beguiled, Still the Day-star is
Sune of Righteousness Come to heal a world's distress; Soon His rays will il-
cheer us; lo, it gleams on high, Like a bea-con in the mid-night sky.
point-ing to the shin-ing way, Leading up-ward to the gates of day.
lu-mine all the earth's dark night With a glo-ry from the heav'n-ly height.
CHORUS.
See the light shin-ing clear! 'Tis the
See the light shin-ing clear! 'Tis the
Christ that our long-ing eyes be-hold; He will lead us on
Christ that our long-ing eyes, our long-ing eyes be-hold;

Christ, the Light.



99 The Lord Jehovah Reigns.

ISAAC WATTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The
2. The thun-ders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe; His
3. Thro' all His might - y works A - maz - ing wis-dom shines; Con-
4. And will this sover - eign King Of glo - ry con - de - scend; And
gar-ments He assumes Are light and maj - es - ty; His glo - ries
wrath and jus - tice stand To guard His ho - ly law; And where His
founds the pow'r of hell, And all their dark de - signs; Strong is His
will He write His name, My Fa-ther and my Friend? I love His
shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.
love re-solves to bless, His truth con-firms and seals the grace.
arm and shall ful - fill His great de-crees and sover-eign will.
name, I love His word; Join all my pow'rs to praise the Lord.

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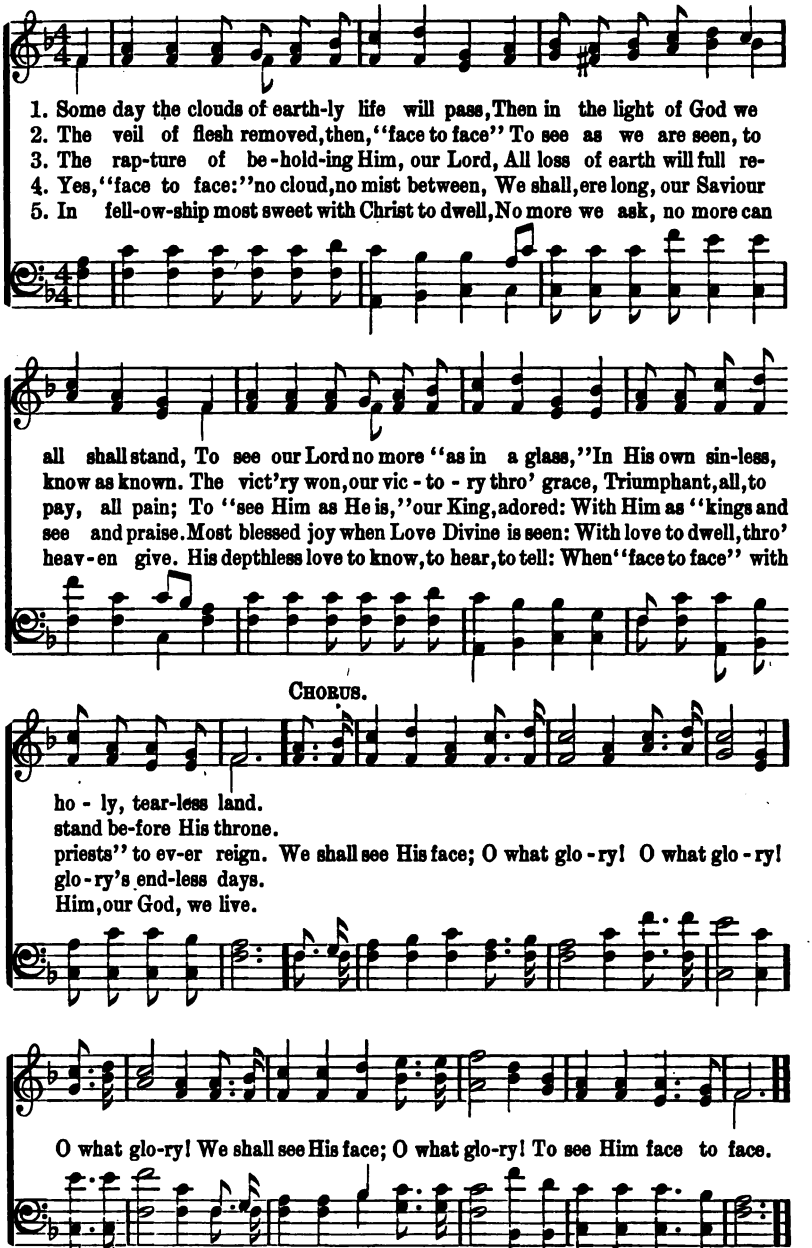
100 We Shall See His Face.

ERNEST G. W. WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Some day the clouds of earth-ly life will pass, Then in the light of God we
2. The veil of flesh removed, then, "face to face" To see as we are seen, to
3. The rap-ture of be-hold-ing Him, our Lord, All loss of earth will full re-
4. Yes, "face to face:" no cloud, no mist between, We shall, ere long, our Saviour
5. In fell-ow-ship most sweet with Christ to dwell, No more we ask, no more can
all shall stand, To see our Lord no more "as in a glass," In His own sin-less,
know as known. The vict'ry won, our vic - to - ry thro' grace, Triumphant, all, to
pay, all pain; To "see Him as He is," our King, adored: With Him as "kings and
see and praise. Most blessed joy when Love Divine is seen: With love to dwell, thro'
heav-en give. His depthless love to know, to hear, to tell: When "face to face" with
CHORUS.
ho - ly, tear-less land.
stand be-fore His throne.
priests" to ev-er reign. We shall see His face; O what glo - ry! O what glo - ry!
glo - ry's end-less days.
Him, our God, we live.
O what glo-ry! We shall see His face; O what glo-ry! To see Him face to face.

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101 Christ Arose!

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait-ing the coming day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way—
CHORUS. *faster.*
Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
He a - rose,
might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic-tor from the
He a - rose!
dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose!
He a - rose!

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102 The Promise of Pardon.

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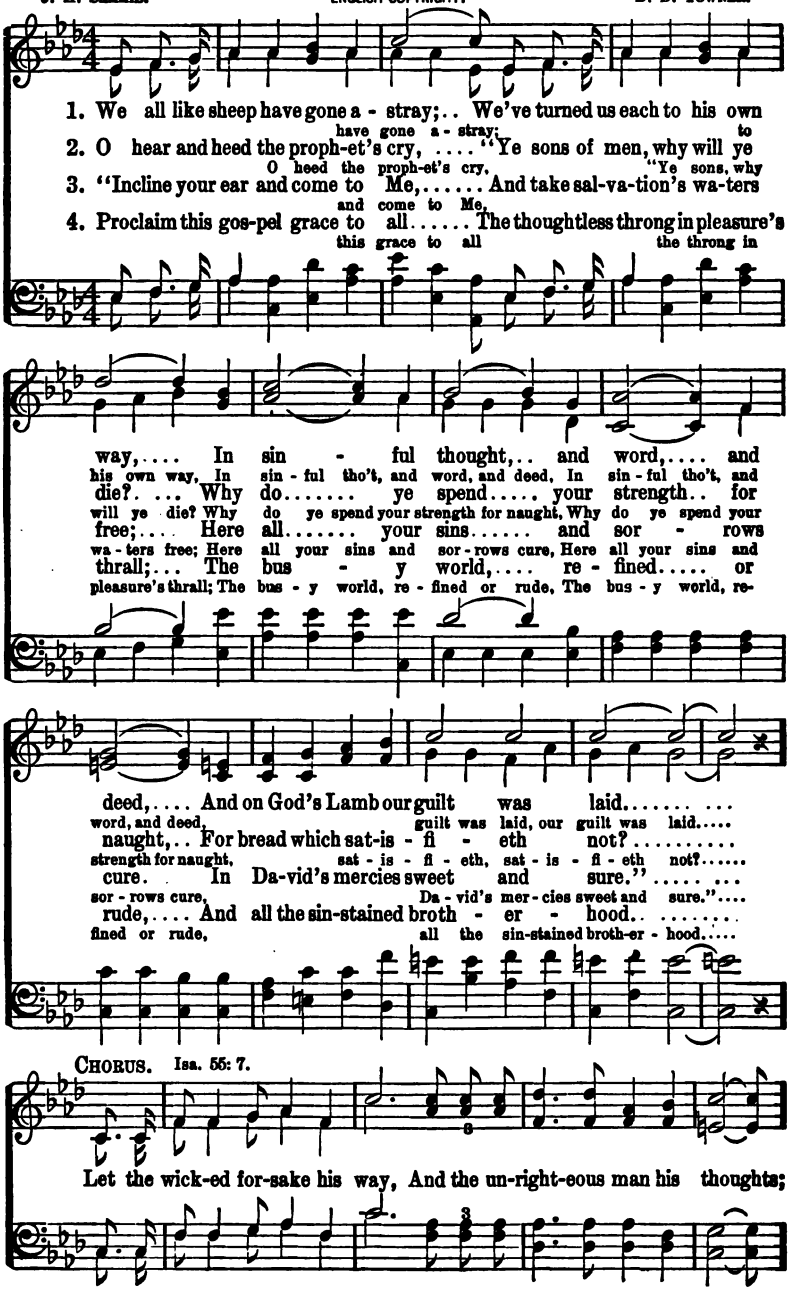
J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

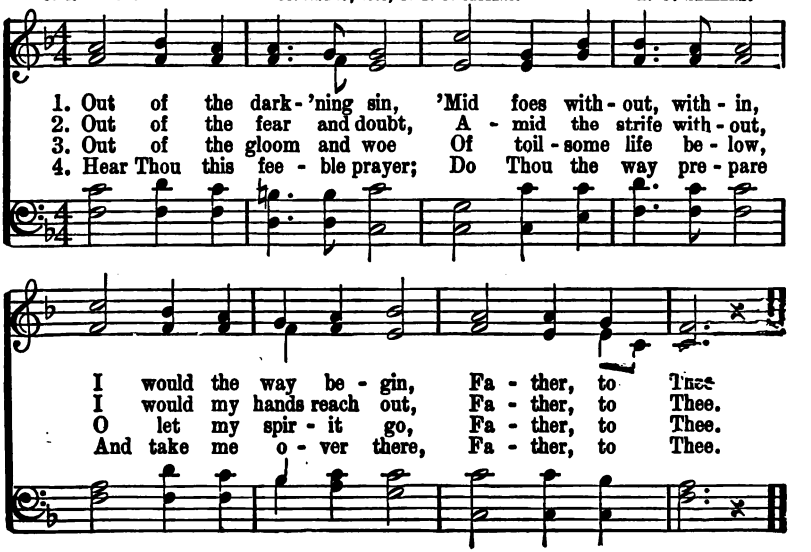

1. We all like sheep have gone a - stray;.. We've turned us each to his own way,.... In sin - ful thought,.. and word,.... and die?. ... Why do..... ye spend..... your strength.. for free;.... Here all..... your sins..... and sor - rows thrall;... The bus - y world,.... re - fined..... or deed,.... And on God's Lamb our guilt was laid..... naught,.. For bread which sat-is - fi - eth not?..... cure. In Da-vid's mercies sweet and sure."..... rude,.... And all the sin-stained broth - er - hood.....
have gone a - stray; to
2. O hear and heed the proph-et's cry, ... "Ye sons of men, why will ye
O heed the proph-et's cry, "Ye sons, why
3. "Incline your ear and come to Me,..... And take sal-va-tion's wa-ters
and come to Me,
4. Proclaim this gos-pel grace to all..... The thoughtless throng in pleasure's
this grace to all the throng in
his own way, In sin - ful tho't, and word, and deed, In sin - ful tho't, and
will ye die? Why do ye spend your strength for naught, Why do ye spend your
wa - ters free; Here all your sins and sor - rows cure, Here all your sins and
pleasure's thrall; The bus - y world, re - fined or rude, The bus - y world, re-
word, and deed, guilt was laid, our guilt was laid.....
strength for naught, sat - is - fi - eth, sat - is - fi - eth not?.....
sor - rows cure, Da - vid's mer - cies sweet and sure."....
fined or rude, all the sin-stained broth-er - hood.....
CHORUS. Isa. 55: 7.
Let the wick-ed for-sake his way, And the un-right-eous man his thoughts;

The Promise of Pardon.

And let him re - turn..... un - to the Lord,.....
Let him re - turn un - to the Lord,
And He will a-bund-ant-ly par - don; Let him re - turn.....
Let him re-turn
un - to the Lord,..... And He will a-bund-ant-ly par-don.
un - to the Lord,

103 Father, to Thee.

C. I. STACY. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. SELLERS. E. O. SELLERS.

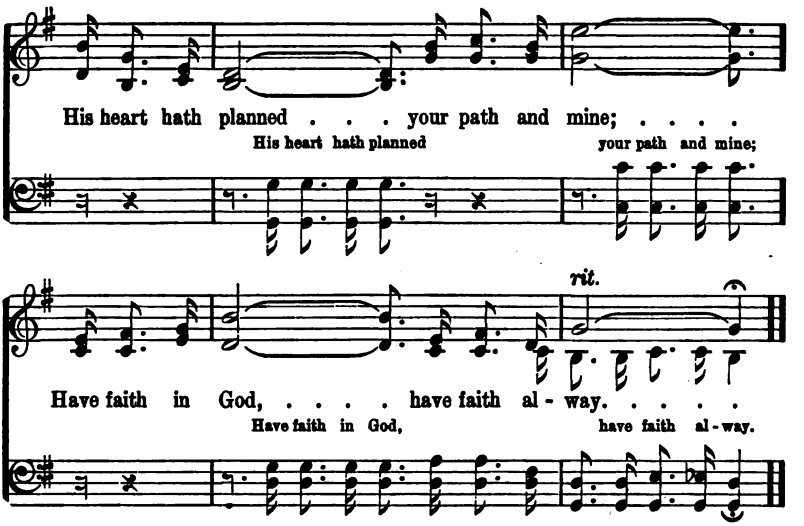

1. Out of the dark-'ning sin, 'Mid foes with-out, with-in,
2. Out of the fear and doubt, A - mid the strife with-out,
3. Out of the gloom and woe Of toil-some life be-low,
4. Hear Thou this fee - ble prayer; Do Thou the way pre-pare
I would the way be - gin, Fa - ther, to Thee
I would my hands reach out, Fa - ther, to Thee.
O let my spir - it go, Fa - ther, to Thee.
And take me o - ver there, Fa - ther, to Thee.

104 Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY MAY AGNEW STEPHENS. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do . you
2. Darkest night will al-ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver
3. God is might-y— He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can
ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do . the burdens thrust upon you
lin - ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney He has promised
vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try-ing hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sorrow
ad lib.
make you trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic-t'ry gain? . . .
vic - t'ry gain?
to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al-lowed. . .
His love al - lowed.
be de - feat-ed By our faith in God's al-might-y conqu'ring pow'r. . .
conqu'ring pow'r,
CHORUS.
Have faith in God, ... the sun will shine, ...
Have faith in God,
the sun will shine,
Tho' dark the cloud . . . . . may be to - day; . . . . .
Tho' dark the cloud
may be to - day;

Have Faith in God.


His heart hath planned . . . your path and mine; . . . .
His heart hath planned your path and mine;
rit.
Have faith in God, ... have faith al - way. . . . .
Have faith in God, have faith al - way.

105 Yes, for Me He Careth.

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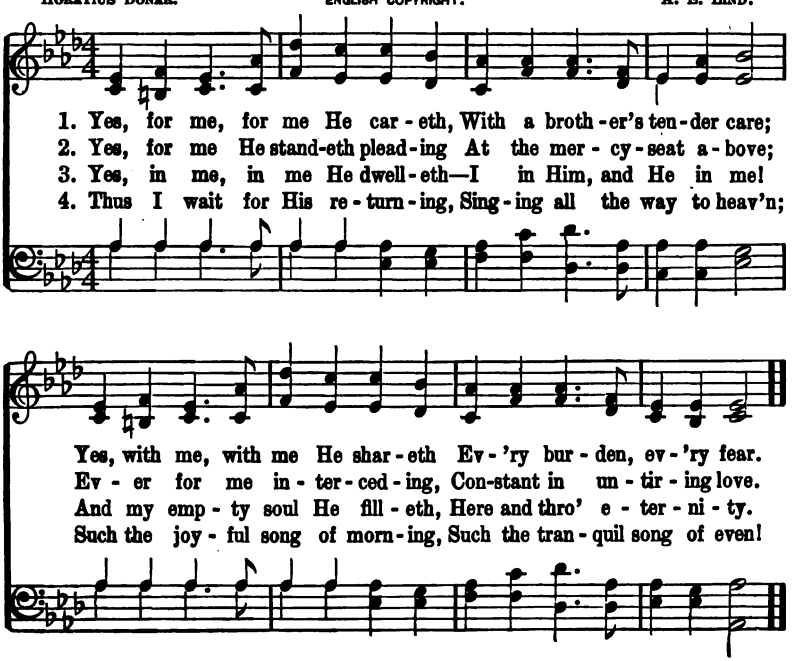
HORATIUS BONAR. A. E. LIND.


1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth, With a broth - er's ten - der care;
2. Yes, for me He stand-eth plead - ing At the mer - cy - seat a - bove;
3. Yes, in me, in me He dwell - eth—I in Him, and He in me!
4. Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to heav'n;
Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear.
Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Con-stant in un - tir - ing love.
And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the tran - quil song of even!

106 My Anchor Holds.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.

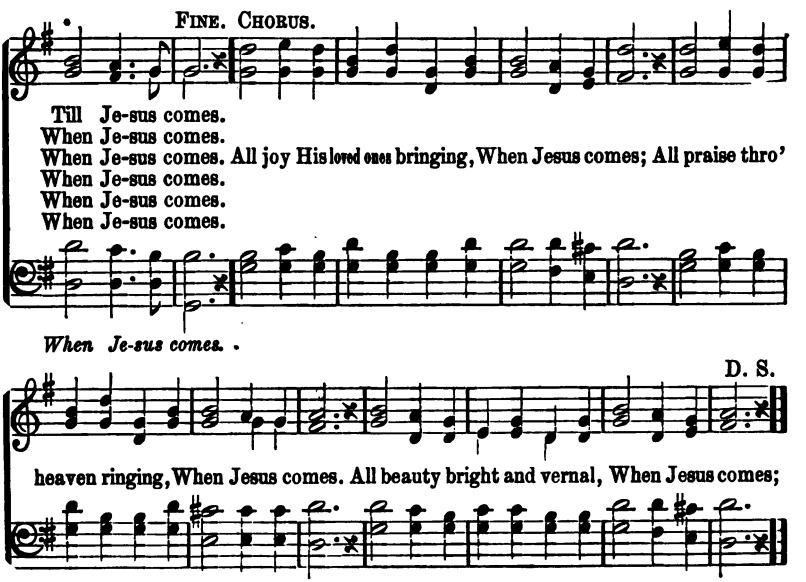
1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. Troubles al-most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll,
I am peace-ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a-stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day,
I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure!
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock!
But in Christ I can be bold— I've an an - chor that shall hold!
CHORUS.
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds, ... my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est
gale. On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.

107 When Jesus Comes.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and gladness,
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Jesus comes; All gloom His face will ban-ish,
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary,
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how His arms will rest me!
D. S.—All glo-ry, grand, e - ter - nal,


Fine. Chorus.
Till Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes; All praise thro'
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
D. S.
heaven ringing, When Jesus comes. All beauty bright and vernal, When Jesus comes;

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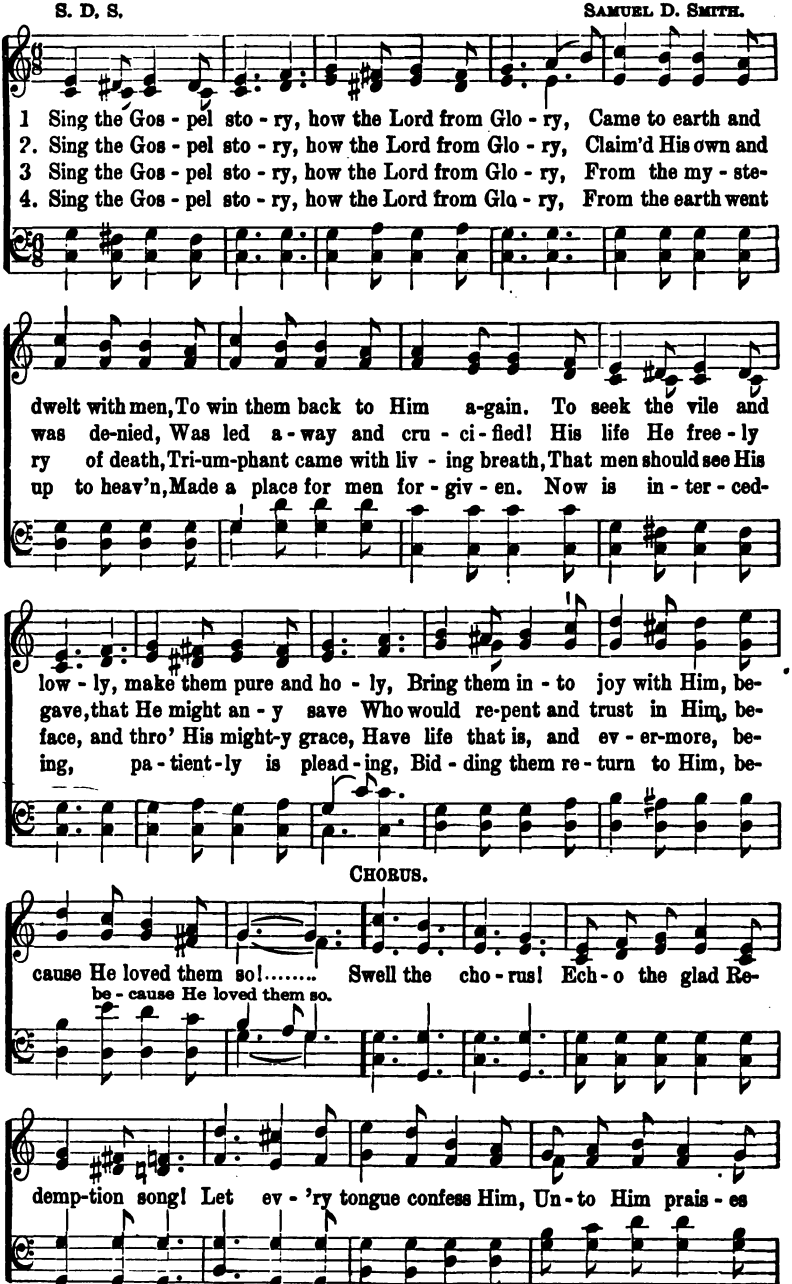
Sing the Gospel Story.

S. D. S. SAMUEL D. SMITH.


1 Sing the Gos - pel sto - ry, how the Lord from Glo - ry, Came to earth and
2. Sing the Gos - pel sto - ry, how the Lord from Glo - ry, Claim'd His own and
3 Sing the Gos - pel sto - ry, how the Lord from Glo - ry, From the my - ste-
4. Sing the Gos - pel sto - ry, how the Lord from Glo - ry, From the earth went
dwelt with men, To win them back to Him a-gain. To seek the vile and
was de-nied, Was led a - way and cru - ci - fied! His life He free - ly
ry of death, Tri-um-phant came with liv - ing breath, That men should see His
up to heav'n, Made a place for men for - giv - en. Now is in - ter - ced-
low - ly, make them pure and ho - ly, Bring them in - to joy with Him, be-
gave, that He might an - y save Who would re-pent and trust in Him, be-
face, and thro' His might-y grace, Have life that is, and ev - er-more, be-
ing, pa - tient - ly is plead - ing, Bid - ding them re - turn to Him, be-
CHORUS.
cause He loved them so!..... Swell the cho - rus! Ech - o the glad Re-
be - cause He loved them so.
demp-tion song! Let ev - 'ry tongue confess Him, Un - to Him prais - es

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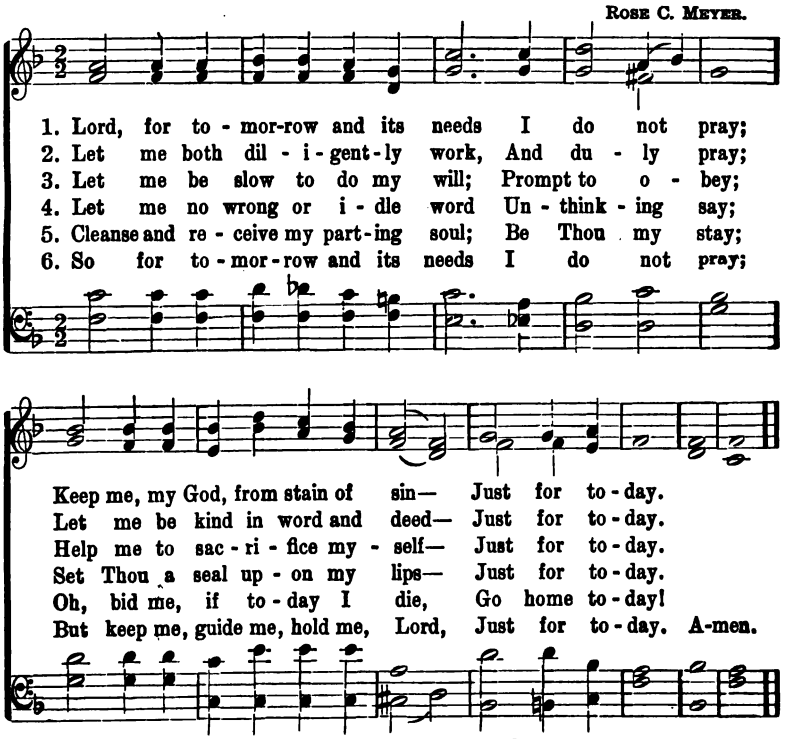
Sing the Gospel Story.

109 Lord, For To-morrow and its Needs.

ROSE C. MEYER.


1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray;
2. Let me both dil-i-gent-ly work, And du-ly pray;
3. Let me be slow to do my will; Prompt to o-bey;
4. Let me no wrong or i-dle word Un-think-ing say;
5. Cleanse and re-ceive my part-ing soul; Be Thou my stay;
6. So for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin— Just for to-day.
Let me be kind in word and deed— Just for to-day.
Help me to sac-ri-fice my-self— Just for to-day.
Set Thou a seal up-on my lips— Just for to-day.
Oh, bid me, if to-day I die, Go home to-day!
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to-day. A-men.

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110 Moment by Moment.

D. W. WHITTLE. MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck-oned mine; Liv - ing with
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a
3. Nev - er a heart-ache and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a
4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a
Je - sus, A new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus till
bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that
tear-drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but
sick-ness that He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in
glo - ry doth shine, Mo-ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
He doth not share, Mo-ment by mo - ment I'm un - der His care.
there on the throne, Mo-ment by mo - ment He thinks of His own.
woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, a - bides with me still.
CHORUS.
Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by
mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till

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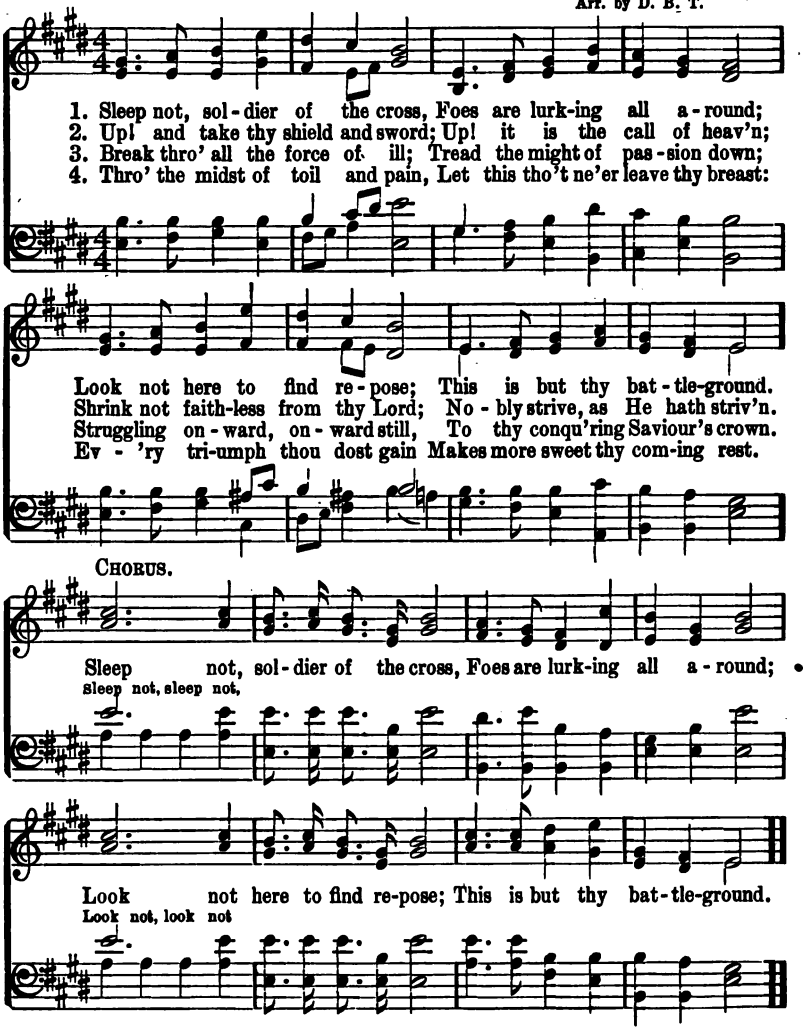
Moment by Moment.

111 Sleep Not, Soldier.

Mrs. E. C. GASKELL. THEOBALD, KING of NAVARRE. Arr. by D. B. T.


1. Sleep not, sol - dier of the cross, Foes are lurk-ing all a - round;
2. Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up! it is the call of heav'n;
3. Break thro' all the force of ill; Tread the might of pas - sion down;
4. Thro' the midst of toil and pain, Let this tho't ne'er leave thy breast:
Look not here to find re - pose; This is but thy bat - tle-ground.
Shrink not faith-less from thy Lord; No - bly strive, as He hath striv'n.
Struggling on - ward, on - ward still, To thy conqu'ring Saviour's crown.
Ev - 'ry tri-umph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy com-ing rest.
CHORUS.
Sleep not, sol - dier of the cross, Foes are lurk-ing all a - round;
Sleep not, sleep not,
Look not here to find re-pose; This is but thy bat-tle-ground.
Look not, look not

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Singing Glory!

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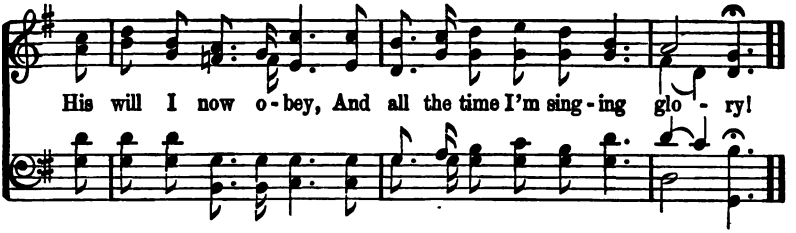
L. R. M. L. R. Minor.

1. I've something in my heart that Je - sus gave to me, It makes me
2. My Sav-iour loosed my tongue that I might speak His praise; Since then I
3. My Sav-iour took my feet from out the mir - y clay; Since then I
4. O wea - ry heart, and sad, O heav - y - la - den soul, If you would
feel like sing - ing glo - ry all the day; He found my cap - tive soul
have been sing - ing glo - ry all the day; I love to tell the lost
have been sing - ing glo - ry all the day; He placed them on the Rock
feel like sing - ing glo - ry all the day, Just let the Sav-iour in,
and gave me lib - er - ty, And now I feel like sing - ing glo - ry!
of Je - sus and His ways, And oh, it keeps me sing - ing glo - ry!
that shall not pass a - way— I can-not keep from sing - ing glo - ry!
and let Him take con-trol: Then you will feel like sing - ing glo - ry!
CHORUS.
He makes the path grow bright-er ev - 'ry pass - ing day, He makes the
bur - den light - er all a - long the way; His Word is my de-light,

Singing Glory!



113 Arise and Shine!

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
ENGLISH COPYRIGHT.

CARRIE E. BRECK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! The Lord hath made thee free;
2. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Let sin and sor - row hide;
3. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Thy God thy glo - ry is;
4. A - rise and shine, thy light is come, And night shall be no more;
The chains of dark-ness bind no more; Go forth in lib - er - ty!
Go forth and show to all the world That light and life a - bide!
Show forth the won-ders of His love, And let all praise be His!
Shine till the glo - ry of the Lord Is known from shore to shore!
CHORUS.
A - rise and shine, thy light is come! A - rise, a - rise and shine! With
love's bright adorning, Shine forth as the morning, A-rise, a - rise and shine!

114 Saving Grace.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
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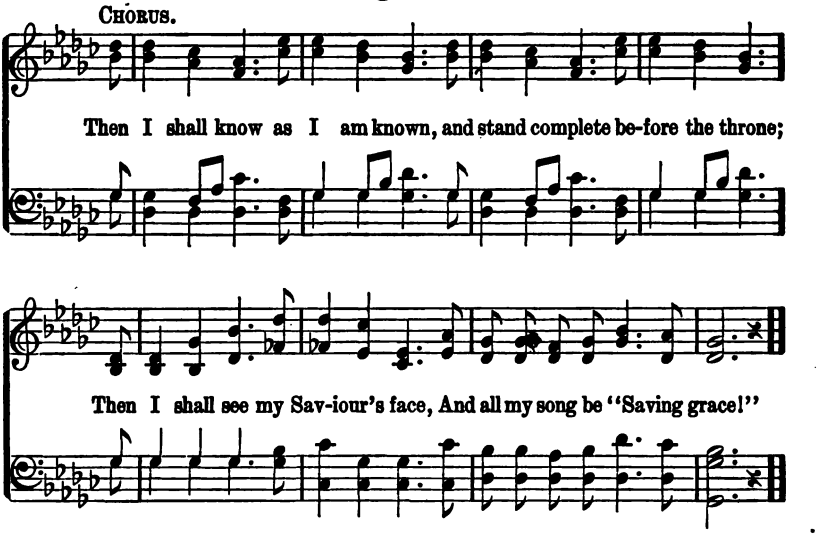
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O golden day when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my jour-ney's end, But well I know who guid-eth
fold, When He who knows the path I take Shall
place Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose
ope for me the gates of gold! . . Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace. . . Sing, sing, my heart, a-
matchless love is full and free. . . . And when with Him I
rit.
a tempo.
soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The grace that
long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till breaks the
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The conqu'ror's
saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.
glo-rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.

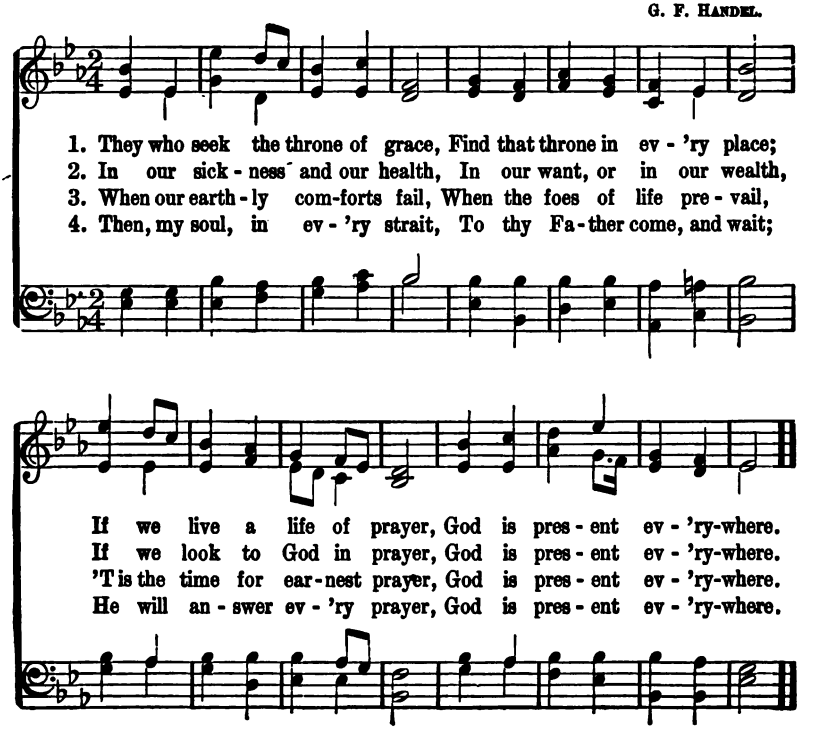
Saving Grace.

CHORUS.


Then I shall know as I am known, and stand complete be-fore the throne;
Then I shall see my Sav-iour's face, And all my song be "Saving grace!"

115 God is Present Everywhere.

G. F. HANDEL.


1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick - ness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,
3. When our earth - ly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail,
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa - ther come, and wait;
If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
If we look to God in prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
'T is the time for ear-nest prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
He will an - swer ev - 'ry prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.

116 O Wondrous Love!

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
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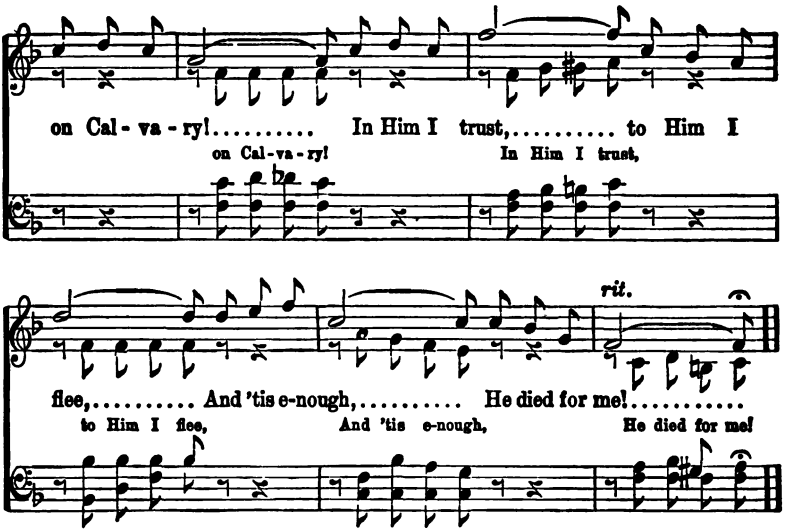
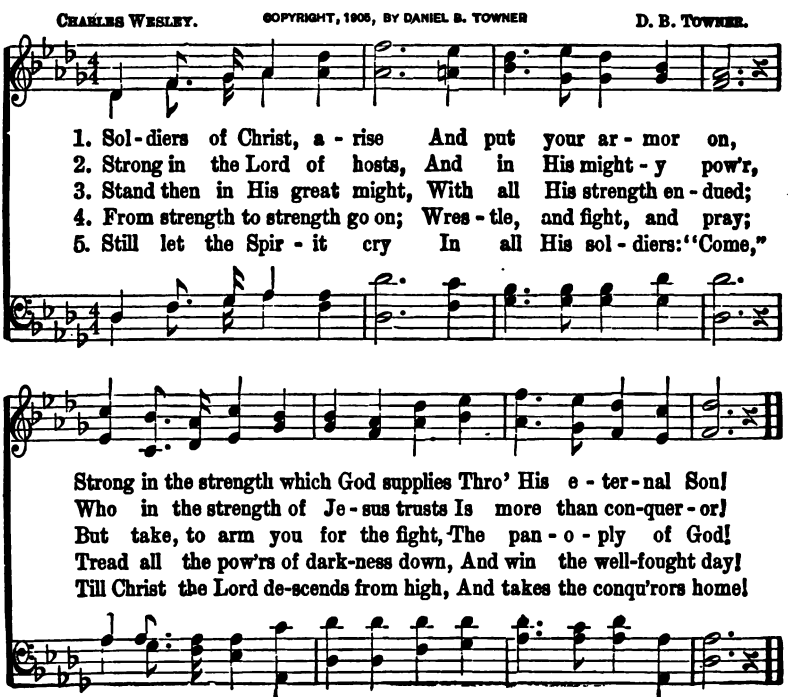
LAURA E. NEWELL. L. B. CHAPMAN.

1. A light shines on my pil-grim way, That once to me was dim;
2. O bound-less is His love di-vine, A-maz-ing is His grace;
3. At morn, or noon, or yet at night, Per-chance His voice shall call;
And earth seems bright wher-o'er I stray Since I am led by Him,
Lo, I am His, and He is mine, And I shall see His face!
And when my spir-it takes its flight To where no tears shall fall,
By Him in whom I place my trust; For shel-ter now I flee
O bless-ed thought, When day is done My spir-it shall be free;
Still trust-ing in the love di-vine, Through all e-ter-ni-ty,
To Him who knows I am but dust— Je-sus who died for me!
Through Him the vic-t'ry shall be won, For Je-sus died for me!
I'll sing His praise, whose peace is mine, For Je-sus died for me!
CHORUS.
O wondrous love,.... vouchsafed for me,.... When Jesus died.....
O wondrous love, vouchsafed for me, When Je-sus died

O Wondrous Love!


on Cal - va - ry!..... In Him I trust,..... to Him I
on Cal-va-ry! In Him I trust,
flee,..... And 'tis e-nough,..... He died for me!.....
to Him I flee, And 'tis e-nough, He died for me!
rit.

117 Soldiers of Christ, Arise!


CHARLES WESLEY.
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER
D. B. TOWNER.
1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise And put your ar - mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
4. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
5. Still let the Spir - it cry In all His sol - diers: "Come,"
Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son!
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or!
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God!
Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day!
Till Christ the Lord de-scends from high, And takes the conqu'rors home!

118 Nor Silver Nor Gold.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

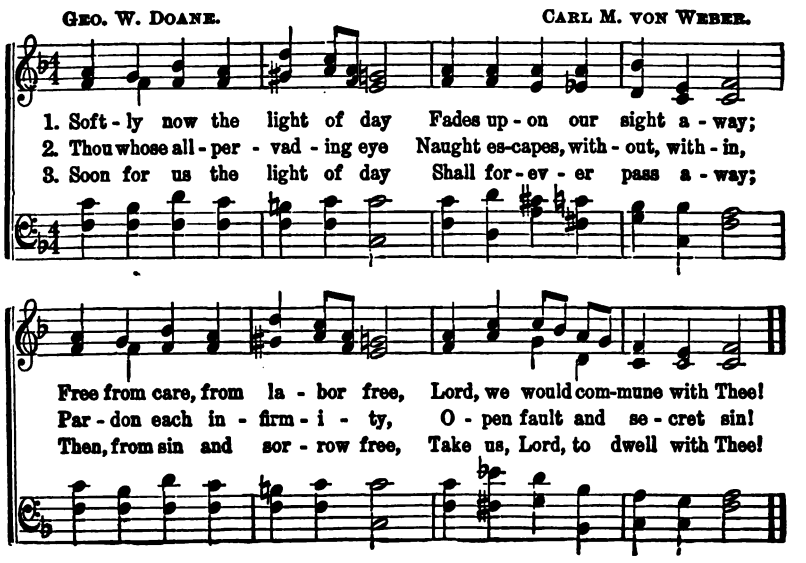
1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, No
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The
rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross
guilt on my conscience too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross
ho - ly com-mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross
way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross
is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour now
is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour could
is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-
is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-
CHORUS.
mak - eth me whole. I am re - deemed, . . . but not with
on - ly a - tone.
mov - eth my fear.
demp - tion hath wrought.
I am redeemed, I am re-

Nor Silver Nor Gold!

sil - ver, I am bought, . . . but not with
deemed, but not with sil - ver, I am bought, I am
gold; Bought with a price—. . . . . the blood of
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price— the
Je - sus, Pre - cious price of love un - told!
pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

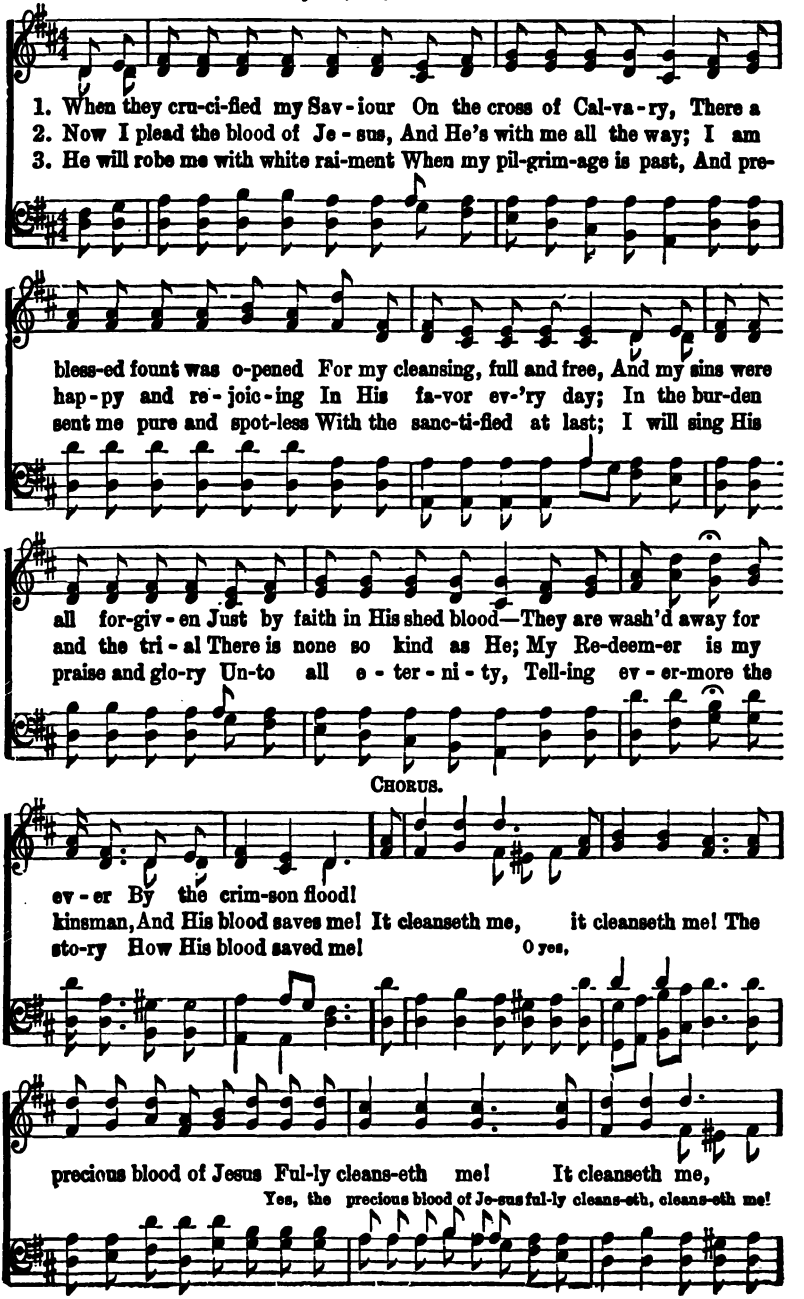
119 Softly Now the Light of Day.

GEO. W. DOANE. CARL M. VON WEBER.

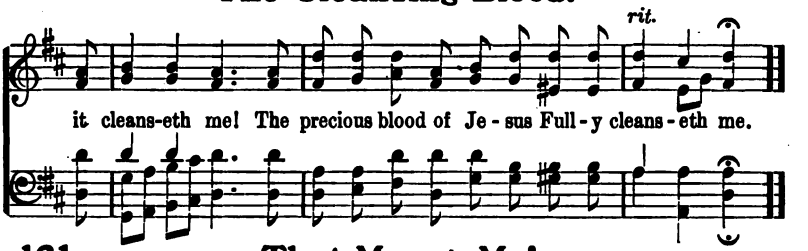

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

The Cleansing Blood.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY OSCAR A. MILLER. Oscar A. Miller.

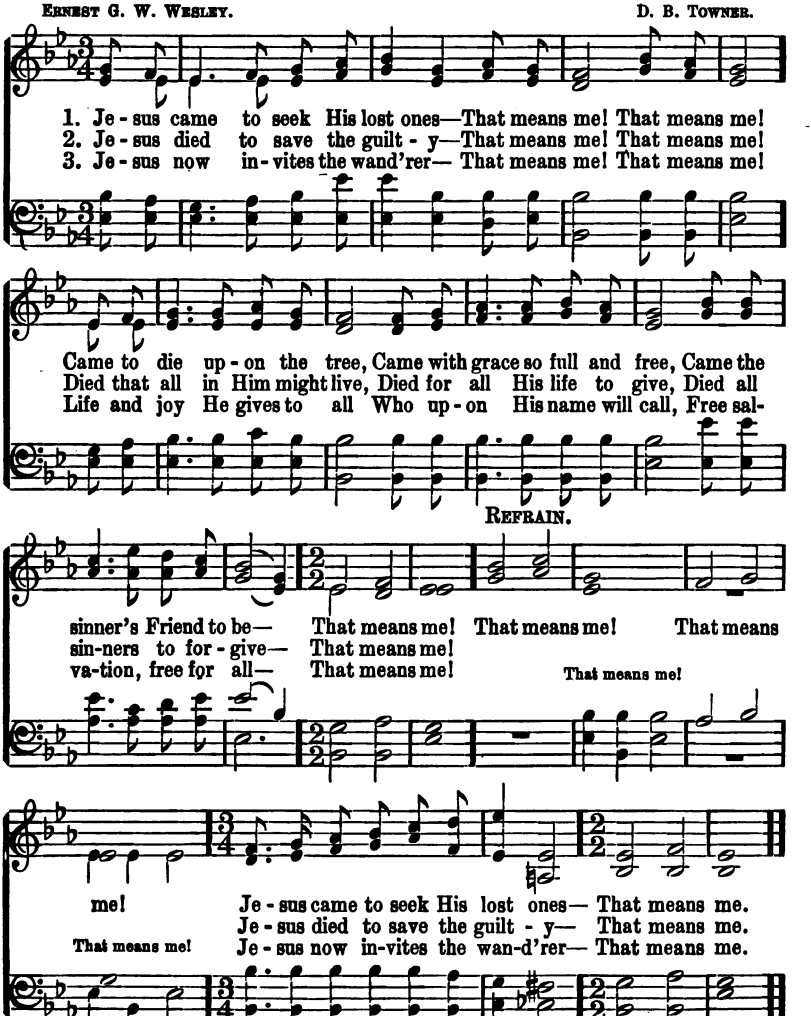

1. When they cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour On the cross of Cal-va-ry, There a
2. Now I plead the blood of Je-sus, And He's with me all the way; I am
3. He will robe me with white rai-ment When my pil-grim-age is past, And pre-
bless-ed fount was o-pened For my cleansing, full and free, And my sins were
hap-py and re-joic-ing In His fa-vor ev-'ry day; In the bur-den
sent me pure and spot-less With the sanc-ti-fied at last; I will sing His
all for-giv-en Just by faith in His shed blood—They are wash'd away for
and the tri-al There is none so kind as He; My Re-deem-er is my
praise and glo-ry Un-to all e-ter-ni-ty, Tell-ing ev-er-more the
Chorus.
ev-er By the crim-son flood!
kinsman, And His blood saves me! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me! The
sto-ry How His blood saved me! O yes,
precious blood of Jesus Ful-ly cleans-eth me! It cleanseth me,
Yes, the precious blood of Je-sus ful-ly cleans-eth, cleans-eth me!

The Cleansing Blood.



121 That Means Me!

ERNEST G. W. WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Je - sus came to seek His lost ones—That means me! That means me!
2. Je - sus died to save the guilt - y—That means me! That means me!
3. Je - sus now in - vites the wand'rer— That means me! That means me!
Came to die up - on the tree, Came with grace so full and free, Came the
Died that all in Him might live, Died for all His life to give, Died all
Life and joy He gives to all Who up - on His name will call, Free sal-
REFRAIN.
sinner's Friend to be— That means me! That means me! That means
sin-ners to for - give— That means me!
va-tion, free for all— That means me!
That means me!
me!
That means me!
Je - sus came to seek His lost ones— That means me.
Je - sus died to save the guilt - y— That means me.
Je - sus now in-vites the wan-d'rer— That means me.

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122 Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

JAMES M. GRAY. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to for - give,
2. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to re - new,
3. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to con - sole,
4. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to de - stroy,
The pow'r to quick-en whom He will, And make the sin - ner live.
The pow'r to cleanse your heart from sin, And make you whol - ly true.
The pow'r to car - ry all your care—On Him your bur - dens roll.
The pow'r to bruise your en - e - my Who would your soul an - noy.
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, O tell it far and near!
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r For ev - er - more to keep;
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r To wipe the tear a - way;
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, When on your dy - ing bed,
O bring to Him your guilt - y heart, And grace shall ban - ish fear!
O none can pluck you from His hand, Or rob Him of His sheep!
O place in Him your con - fi-dence! O trust Him, and o - bey!
To give your soul the vic - to - ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!
CHORUS.
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God He wields! Christ Je-sus

Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

hath the pow'r, My heart sur-ren-der yields! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I
rall.
trust Him ev-er-more! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I wor-ship and a-dore!

123 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—come, come to - day! "Al-most per-suad-ed"—
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed"—
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is
go Thy way; Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wanderer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al-most—but lost!"

God is For Us.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a glad song rings thro'-out the world to-day: It is vic - to - ry,
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" He brings to all: It is vic - to - ry,
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore: It is vic - to - ry,
it is vic - to - ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a - way:
it is vic - to - ry! Pris-on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet - ters fall:
it is vic - to - ry! Ev - 'ry mor - tal tongue confess His sov'reign pow'r:
CHORUS. Unison.
It is vic-to-ry for our King! God is for us: who can be a-gainst us?
Ral - ly, Christian sol-diers, ral - ly at His call! In His name shall
vic - to - ry at-tend us, Sa-tan's ar - ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

God is For Us.

mf
cres.
God is for us: vic - to - ry is near! God is for us: fal - ter not, nor fear!
ff
rit.
God is for us: cheer, my comrades, cheer! Vic-to - ry for our King!

125 When Thou Art Near.

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E. M. WADSWORTH. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I fear no night how - ev - er dark, When Thou art near; No storms can
2. I fear no foe how - ev - er strong, When Thou art near; I fear not
3. I can - not fail, tho' I am weak, When Thou art near; I fear no
4. I fear not wrath nor judgment dawn, When Thou art near; The night has
REFRAIN.
wreck my lit - tle bark, When Thou art near.
all the hosts of wrong, When Thou art near. When Thou art near, When
face when I must speak, When Thou art near.
passed, 't is always morn, When Thou art near.
cres.
dim.
Thou art near, I fear not loss, I fear no cross, When Thou art near.

126 The Song of Faith.

F. E. MARSH. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O Christ! He is my Sav-iour, Lord, The Lord who died for me;
2. O Christ! He is my Shep-herd true, In grace for me He cares;
3. O Christ! He is my Stronghold safe, He keeps me in His pow'r;
4. O Christ! He is my Morn-ing Star, Who shines in this dark night;
In love He went up to the cross, And bore my sins for me.
He leads me in the ways of peace, And all He has He shares.
He shields me by His pres-ence strong, In ev-'ry day and hour.
A-mid the gloom of sin and strife, He holds me by His might.
CHORUS.
O Christ! He is my Star so bright, My Stronghold, Shep-herd, Friend;
In love my Sav-ior died for me, He'll keep me to the end.

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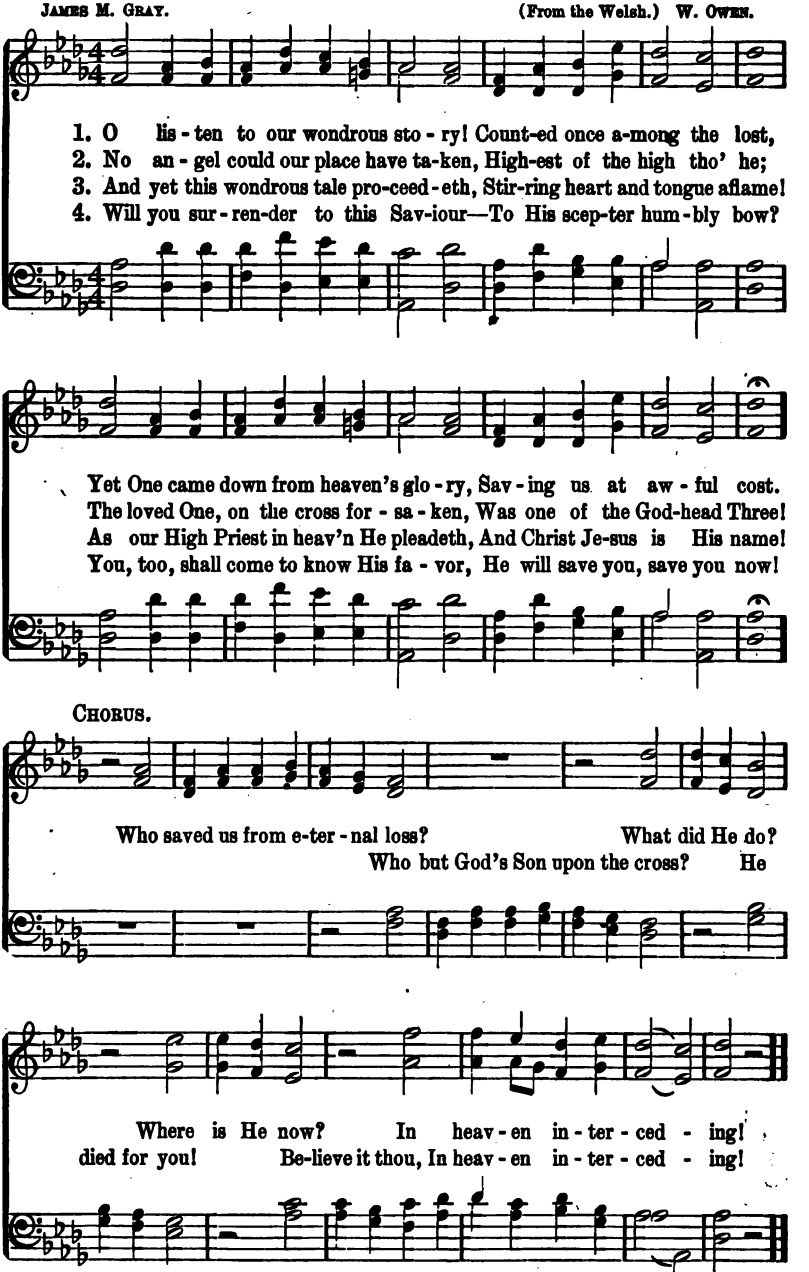
127 What Did He Do?

JAMES M. GRAY. (From the Welsh.) W. OWEN.


1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry! Count-ed once a-mong the lost,
2. No an - gel could our place have ta-ken, High-est of the high tho' he;
3. And yet this wondrous tale pro-ceed - eth, Stir-ring heart and tongue aflame!
4. Will you sur - ren-der to this Sav-iour—To His scep-ter hum - bly bow?
Yet One came down from heaven's glo - ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost.
The loved One, on the cross for - sa - ken, Was one of the God-head Three!
As our High Priest in heav'n He pleadeth, And Christ Je-sus is His name!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!
CHORUS.
Who saved us from e-ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

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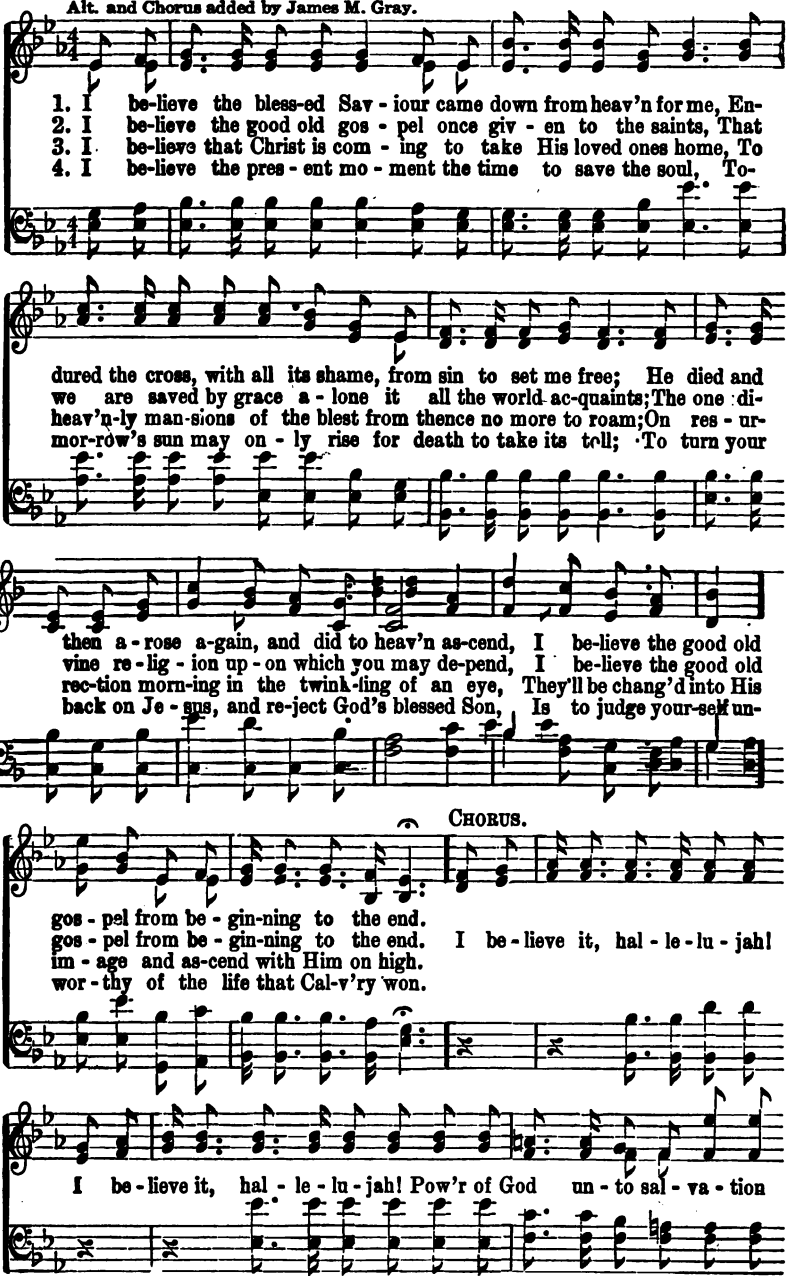
128 The Good Old Gospel.

L. D. Mason. D. B. Towner.
Alt. and Chorus added by James M. Gray.


1. I be-lieve the bless-ed Sav - iour came down from heav'n for me, En-
2. I be-lieve the good old gos - pel once giv - en to the saints, That
3. I be-lieve that Christ is com - ing to take His loved ones home, To
4. I be-lieve the pres - ent mo - ment the time to save the soul, To-
dured the cross, with all its shame, from sin to set me free; He died and
we are saved by grace a - lone it all the world ac-quaints; The one di-
heav'n-ly man-sions of the blest from thence no more to roam; On res - ur-
mor-row's sun may on - ly rise for death to take its toll; To turn your
then a - rose a-gain, and did to heav'n as-cend, I be-lieve the good old
vine re - lig - ion up - on which you may de-pend, I be-lieve the good old
rec-tion morn-ing in the twink-ling of an eye, They'll be chang'd into His
back on Je - sus, and re-ject God's blessed Son, Is to judge your-self un-
Chorus.
gos - pel from be - gin-ning to the end.
gos - pel from be - gin-ning to the end. I be - lieve it, hal - le - lu - jah!
im - age and as-cend with Him on high.
wor - thy of the life that Cal-v'ry won.
I be - lieve it, hal - le - lu - jah! Pow'r of God un - to sal - va - tion

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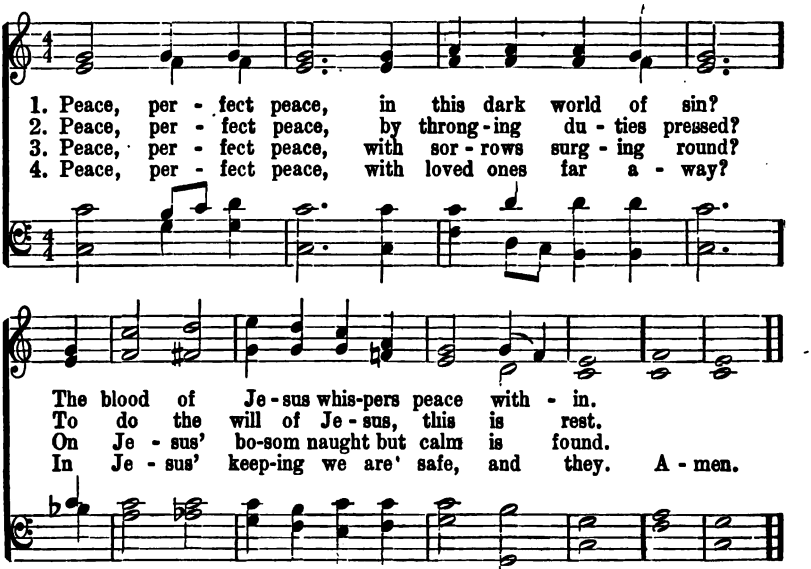
The Good Old Gospel.

to my soul! I be-lieve the good old gos-pel, for it is the sin-ner's
friend, I be - lieve the good old gos - pel from be - gin-ning to the end.

129 Peace. Perfect Peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. PAX TECUM. GEORGE T. CALDBECK.


1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?
The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo-som naught but calm is found.
In Je - sus' keep-ing we are' safe, and they. A - men.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

130 Are You a Reaper?

JULIA H JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift up your eyes to the fields that are whit-'ning, Hark! 'tis the
2. Look on the fields how the har-vest is wast-ing, Wait-ing for
3. Souls that are read-y to en-ter the king-dom, Wait for the
4. Reap for His glo-ry in fields that are near-est, Look all a-
voice of the Mas-ter and Lord; See, on each side there is
reap-ers to gar-ner it in; He that is faith-ful re-
glad in-vi-ta-tion to-day; "Go ye and tell," is the
broad, for the har-vest is white; O'er the wide earth are the
work for the reap-er, Sheaves that are gold-en shall be the re-ward.
ceiv-eth his wa-ges; Joy ev-er-last-ing the reap-er shall win.
word of the Mas-ter, Serv-ant of Je-sus, oh, hear and o-bey.
sheaves to be gar-nered, Has-ten, O reap-er, fast com-eth the night.
CHORUS.
Are you a reap-er? Are you a reap-er, Gath - - er-ing
Gath-er-ing, gath-er-ing

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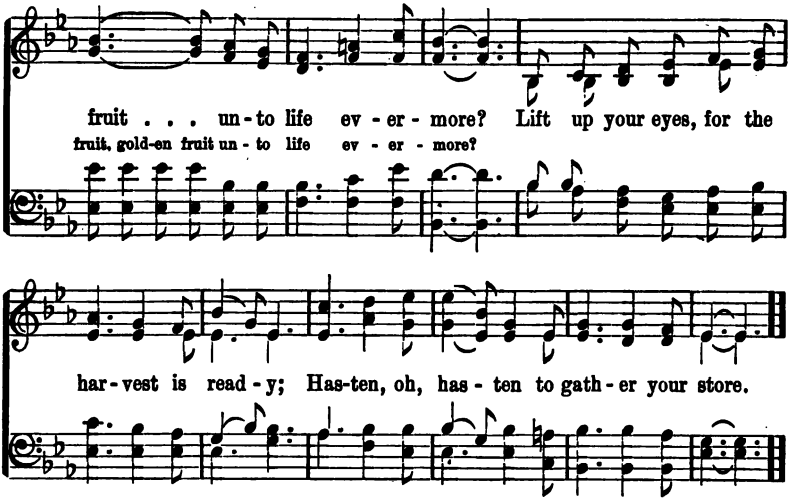
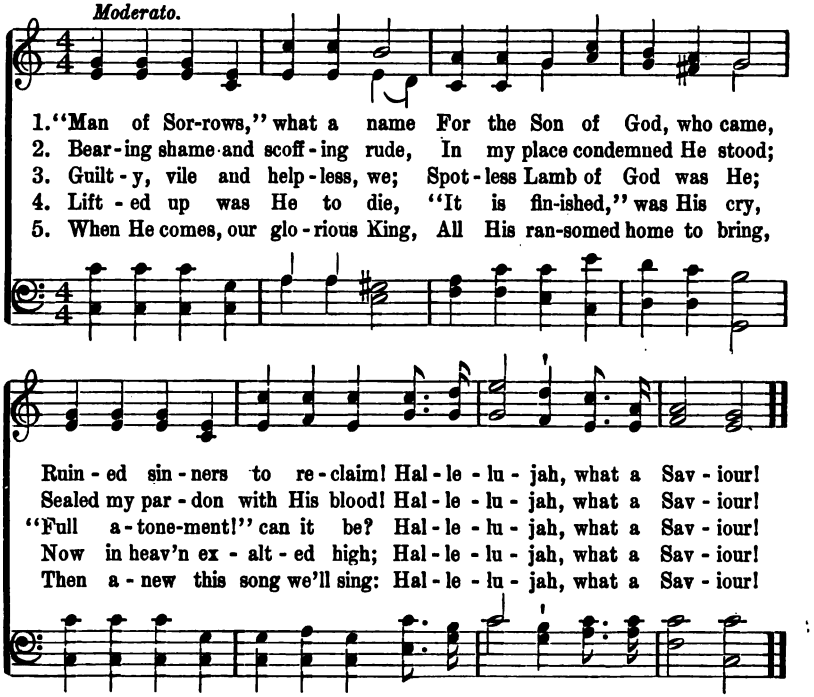
Are You a Reaper?


fruit . . . un-to life ev-er-more? Lift up your eyes, for the
fruit, gold-en fruit un-to life ev-er-more?
har-vest is read-y; Has-ten, oh, has-ten to gath-er your store.

131 Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.


1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
Ruin-ed sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!

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132 The Old Ship Zion.

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M. J. CARTWRIGHT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I was drift - ing a - way on life's pit - i - less sea, And the an - gry waves threat - ened my ru - in to be, When a- way at my side, there I dim - ly de - scried A state - ly old ves - sel, and loud - ly I cried, Ship, a - hoy!
2. 'T was the "Old ship of Zi - on" thus sail - ing a - long; All a- board her seemed joy - ous, I heard their sweet song; And the Cap - tain's kind ear, ev - er read - y to hear, Caught my wail of dis-tress, as I cried out in fear, Ship, a - hoy!
3. The good Cap - tain com-mand - ed a boat to be low'red, And with ten - der com - pas - sion, He took me on board; And I'm hap - py to - day, all my sins washed a - way In the blood of my Sav - iour; and now I can say, Bless the Lord!
4. O soul, sink - ing down 'neath sin's mer - ci - less wave, The strong arm of our Cap - tain is might - y to save; Then trust Him to - day, no lon - ger de - lay; Board the old ship of Zi - on and shout on your way, Je - sus saves!
Ship a - hoy!

The Old Ship Zion.

Ship, a - hoy! And loud - ly I cried, Ship, a - hoy!
Ship, a - hoy! As I cried out in fear, Ship, a - hoy!
Bless the Lord! From my soul I can say, Bless the Lord!
Je - sus saves! Shout and sing on your way, Je - sus saves!
Ship a - hoy!

133 Gates of Praise.

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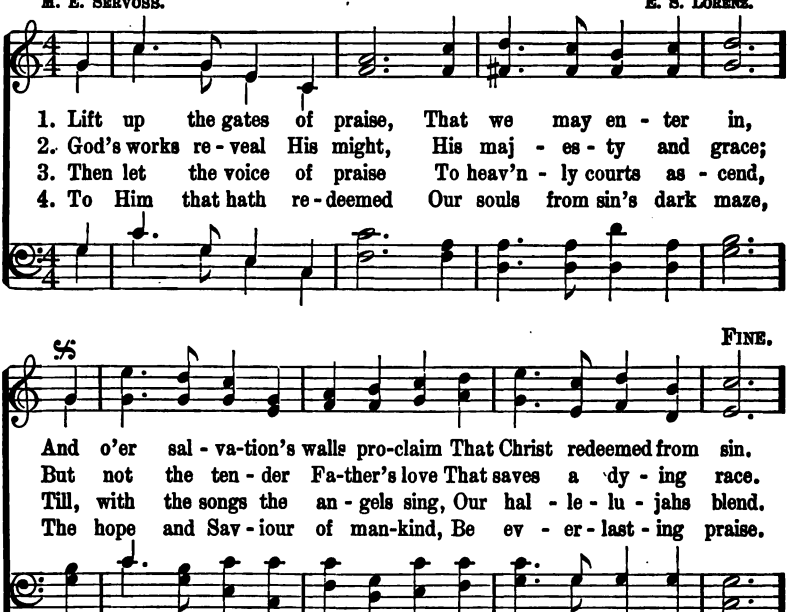
M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Lift up the gates of praise, That we may en - ter in,
2. God's works re - veal His might, His maj - es - ty and grace;
3. Then let the voice of praise To heav'n - ly courts as - cend,
4. To Him that hath re - deemed Our souls from sin's dark maze,
FINE.
And o'er sal - va-tion's walls pro-claim That Christ redeemed from sin.
But not the ten - der Fa-ther's love That saves a dy - ing race.
Till, with the songs the an - gels sing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs blend.
The hope and Sav - iour of man-kind, Be ev - er - last - ing praise.
D. S.—*But man a - lone can tell the pow'r Of Christ's re - deem-ing love.*
CHORUS.
D. S.
The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a - bove;
The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a - bove;

134 The Victor's Crown.

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HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Gird thy sword and make thine ar - mor strong, Day by day the war - fare
2. Fear thou not, tho' fiends thy cause de - ride; Fear thou not, tho' long the
3. For - ward still! the vic - t'ry must be won, Ere life's shade falls low at
4. Firm - ly stand! O fal - ter not, nor yield; Brave - ly fight till thou hast
ra - ges long; Join the cause of right a - gainst the wrong,—Thine shall
an - gels hide; God Him - self is ev - er on thy side,—Thine shall
set of sun; Rich re - ward a - waits the work well done,—Thine shall
won the field; "Faith in God" en - graved up - on thy shield,—Thine shall
CHORUS.
be the vic - tor's crown! . . . Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,
be the vic - tor's crown,
Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold, Heav'n - ly crown that
nev - er will grow old,— Thine shall be the vic - tor's crown!

The Victor's Crown.

FULL UNISON.
Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,
Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold,
HARMONY.
Heav'n-ly crown that nev - er will grow old— Thine shall be the vic-tor's crown.

135 There are Angels Hovering Round.

2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

136 Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let
prais - es ring! Un - der His ban - ner of love un - furled,
prais - es ring! He who re-deemed us and made us free,
prais - es ring! O - ver each tho't and each pur - pose sway,
rit.
There shall be gathered the whole wide world, And Christ shall be the King.
King of the world shall for - ev - er be, Yes, Christ shall be the King.
All that I have shall be His al - way, For Christ shall be the King.
Chorus.
O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King; O - ver
O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King; O - ver all the
all the world let His prais-es ring; Ev - 'ry land and na-tion Shall
world let His prais-es ring;

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Christ Shall Be King!

137 Alone With God.

Mrs. B. A. Thompson. D. B. Towner.

1. A - lone with God—Shut is the door; Tho' sad and troub-led, tempted sore,
2. A - lone with God—And, while we pray, Our cares take wings and fly a - way;
3. A - lone with God—O hallowed spot, Where many a les - son has been taught,
4. A - lone with God—Whom we adore—Drawn are the shades and closed the door,
5. A - lone with God—A - new be-gin, Go forth fresh vic - to - ries to win;
How sweet to be On bend-ed knee, As out to Him our hearts we pour—
As on His breast We sweetly rest, Our sorrow's night is turned to day—
And vic-t'ry won Thro' His dear Son, In many a bat - tle that was fought—
In this re-treat, In serv-ice sweet, We learn to love Him more and more—
Je - sus, our King, Whose praise we sing, Is now enthroned our hearts with-in—
rit.
As out to Him our hearts we pour—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
Our sorrow's night is turned to day— A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
In many a bat - tle that was fought—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
We learn to love Him more and more—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
Is now enthroned our hearts with-in— A-lone with God, A-lone with God.

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138 O Grace of God So Boundless.

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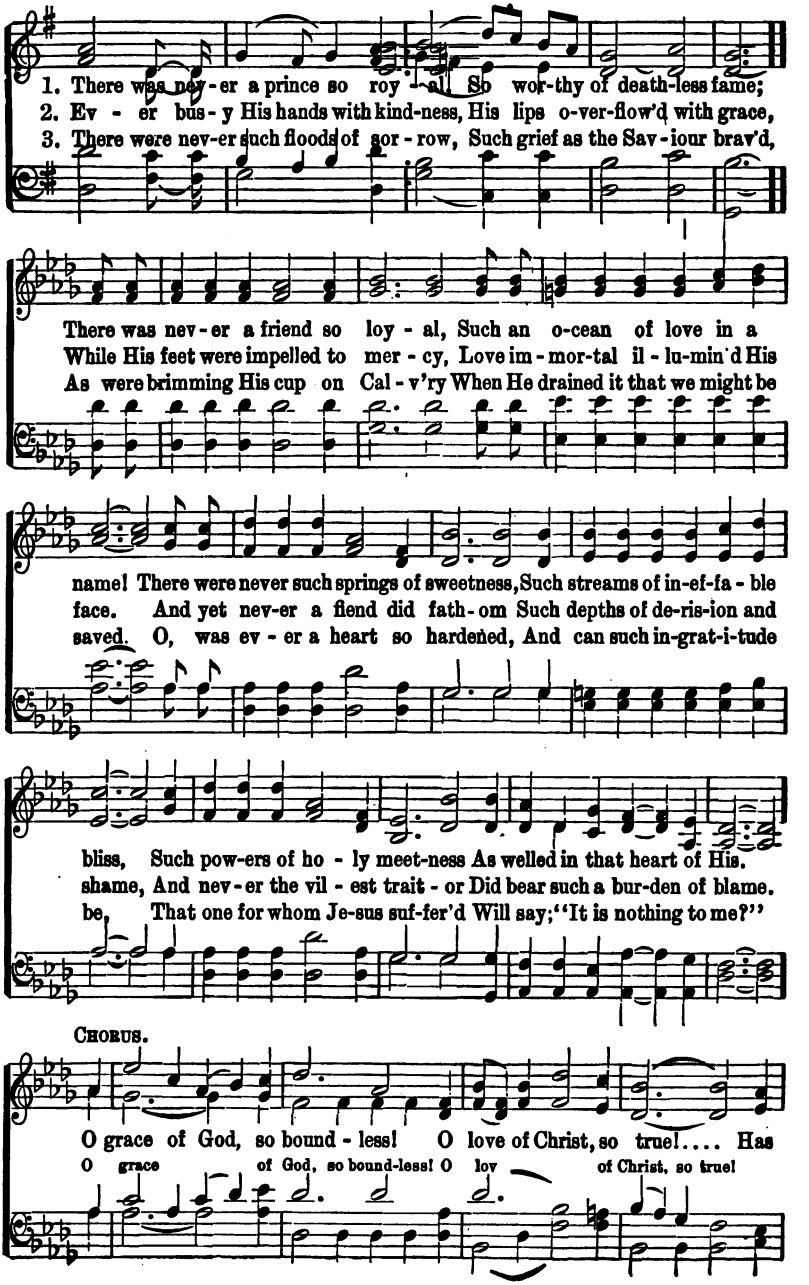
T. T. SHIELDS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. There was nev-er a prince so roy - al So wor-thy of death-less fame;
2. Ev - er bus - y His hands with kind-ness, His lips o-ver-flow'd with grace,
3. There were nev-er such floods of sor - row, Such grief as the Sav-iour brav'd,
There was nev-er a friend so loy - al, Such an o-cean of love in a
While His feet were impelled to mer - cy, Love im-mor-tal il - lu-min'd His
As were brimming His cup on Cal - v'ry When He drained it that we might be
name! There were never such springs of sweetness, Such streams of in-ef-fa - ble
face. And yet nev-er a fiend did fath-om Such depths of de-ris-ion and
saved. O, was ev - er a heart so hardened, And can such in-grat-i-tude
bliss, Such pow-ers of ho - ly meet-ness As welled in that heart of His.
shame, And nev-er the vil - est trait - or Did bear such a bur-den of blame.
be, That one for whom Je-sus suf-fer'd Will say; "It is nothing to me?"
CHORUS.
O grace of God, so bound - less! O love of Christ, so true!.... Has
O grace of God, so bound-less! O lov of Christ, so true!

O Grace of God so Boundless.

139 Every Day I Praise Thee.

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JAMES M. GRAY. W. H. JUDE. Arr. by E. O. SELLERS.

1. Fa - ther of mer-cies, when fear pos-sessed me, Sin and its sor - rows
2. Sav-iour of sin-ners, Thou didst con - fess me, And in Thine arms en-
3. Spir - it of prom-ise, when tri - als test me, And of my peace temp-
heav - i - ly pressed me,— Heard Thou my cry, O Fa - ther, Heard and de-
fold and ca - ress me; Cleansed Thou my sin, O Sav-iour, Cleansed and ac-
ta - tions di - vest me, Comfort Thou bringest, Spir - it, Com-fort and
rit.
liv - ered me! Fa-ther of mer-cies, ev - 'ry day I praise Thee.
cept-ed me! Sav-iour of sin-ners, ev - 'ry day I praise Thee.
strength to me! Spir-it of prom-ise, ev - 'ry day I praise Thee.

140 Arm for the Conflict.

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ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is war-fare all around us; There are foes who fain would wound us;
2. Sa-tan's for-ces march to meet us; Sa-tan, craft-y foe, would cheat us;
3. Christ, our King, is ev-er near us; Ev-er-more His word will cheer us;
4. See! Their ban-ners fall be-fore us; See the truce their her-alds bore us;
Yet what fear can e'er con-found us, If we trust the King we serve!
Yet what pow'r can e'er de-feat us, If we trust the King we serve!
Call for strength and He will hear us, If we trust the King we serve!
Vic-to-ry! O shout the cho-rus! Hail, the bless-ed King we serve!
CHORUS.
Arm for the con-flict, sol-diers true; Christ our Lord is King for-ev-er-more;
All our host will shout with vic-t'ry, For our King goes on be-fore!
Christ is the Cap-tain whom we serve, He it is who leads against the foe;

Arm For the Conflict.

141 While Time is Spent.

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M. CARRIE MOORE. E. O. SELLERS.

1. I do not ask, I would not know, What Time is bring-ing me;
2. The fu - ture in God's keep-ing lies, The past He doth com-mand;
3. Un - der the shad - ow of His wings I lodge while Time is spent,
I on - ly pray, come weal or woe, That I may faith - ful be.
To Him I lift my fear - less eyes, Nor ask to un - der - stand.
And glo - ri - fy the word that brings The se - cret of con - tent.
CHORUS.
Where He doth lead I'll fol - low on, What - e'er the cost may be;
And in the dawn-ing that a - waits I shall His glo - ry see.

142 Why Dost Thou Wander Away?

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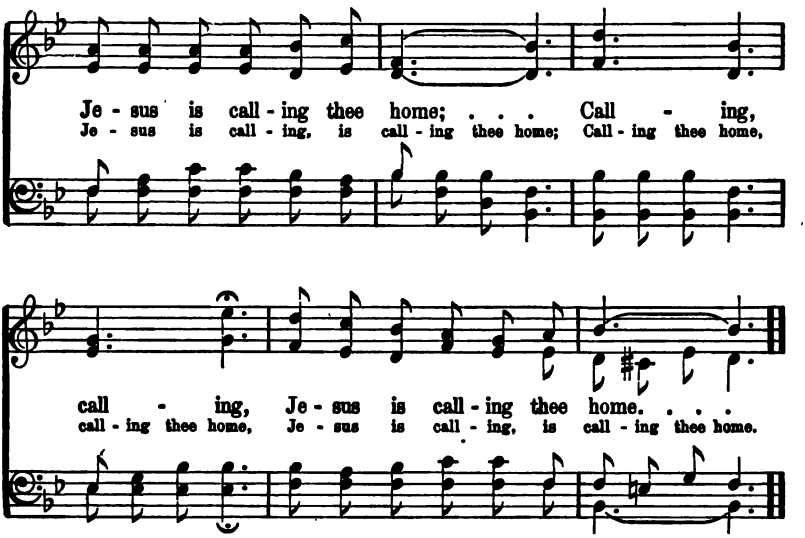
E. G. WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.

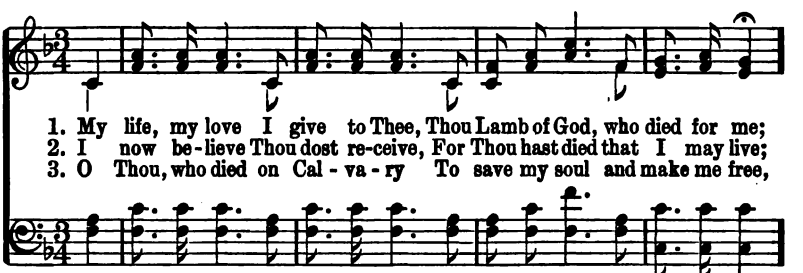
1. Why dost thou wander a-way from thy Lord? Je-sus is call-ing thee home;
2. Call-ing thee home from thy sin and its tears, Je-sus is call-ing thee home;
3. All thy pol-lu-tion He wash-es a-way, Je-sus is call-ing thee home;
Call-ing thee now thro' the truth of His word, Je-sus is call-ing thee home.
Call-ing thee home from thy sor-row and fears, Je-sus is call-ing thee home.
Come with thy burden, He'll not say thee nay, Je-sus is call-ing thee home.
Now He is wait-ing the soul to re-ceive, Now He will help you His
Why not ac-cept your Re-deem-er to-night? Why will you per-ish, with
Art thou un-worth-y? His blood yet a-vails; Trembling and doubting, His
Word to be-lieve, Now ev-'ry need of thy heart He'll re-lieve;
heav-en in sight? See thro' its por-tals the "Home-light" so bright;
word nev-er fails; Held by thy weak-ness, 'tis Je-sus pre-vails;
CHORUS.
Je-sus is call-ing thee home. Call - ing, call - ing,
Call-ing thee home, call-ing thee home,

Why Dost Thou Wander Away?


Je - sus is call - ing thee home; . . . Call - ing,
Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing thee home; Call - ing thee home,
call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing thee home. . . .
call - ing thee home, Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing thee home.

143 I'll Live for Him.

C. C. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I may live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—*I'll live for Him who died for me; How hap-py then my soul shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.
O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

144 Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, sing that song to me a - gain, Whose charm doth nev - er cease,
2. When I, a lisp - ing in - fant, lay Up - on my moth-er's knee,
3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sublime As on - ward roll the years;
Of Him who died for sin - ful men: Im - man-uel, Prince of Peace.
She told me in the twi - light gray, How Je - sus died for me;
Oh, sto - ry wo - ven in - to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;
The peer - less One of all the throng Who've walked our earthly sod;
She sang a song of heav'n and God I nev - er can for - get;
I love, I love to hear that song, It fills my soul with joy:
The sweet - est name that lives in song: Christ Je - sus, Son of God.
And tho' she sleeps be-neath the sod, Her song is liv - ing yet.
To Him all songs of praise be - long Which mor-tal tongues em - ploy.
CHORUS.
Oh, sing that song to me a - gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease,

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Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

145 More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. Prentiss. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send peace or pain; Sweet are thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee. This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best. This all my prayer shall be,
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

USED BY PERMISSION OF W. H. DOANE.

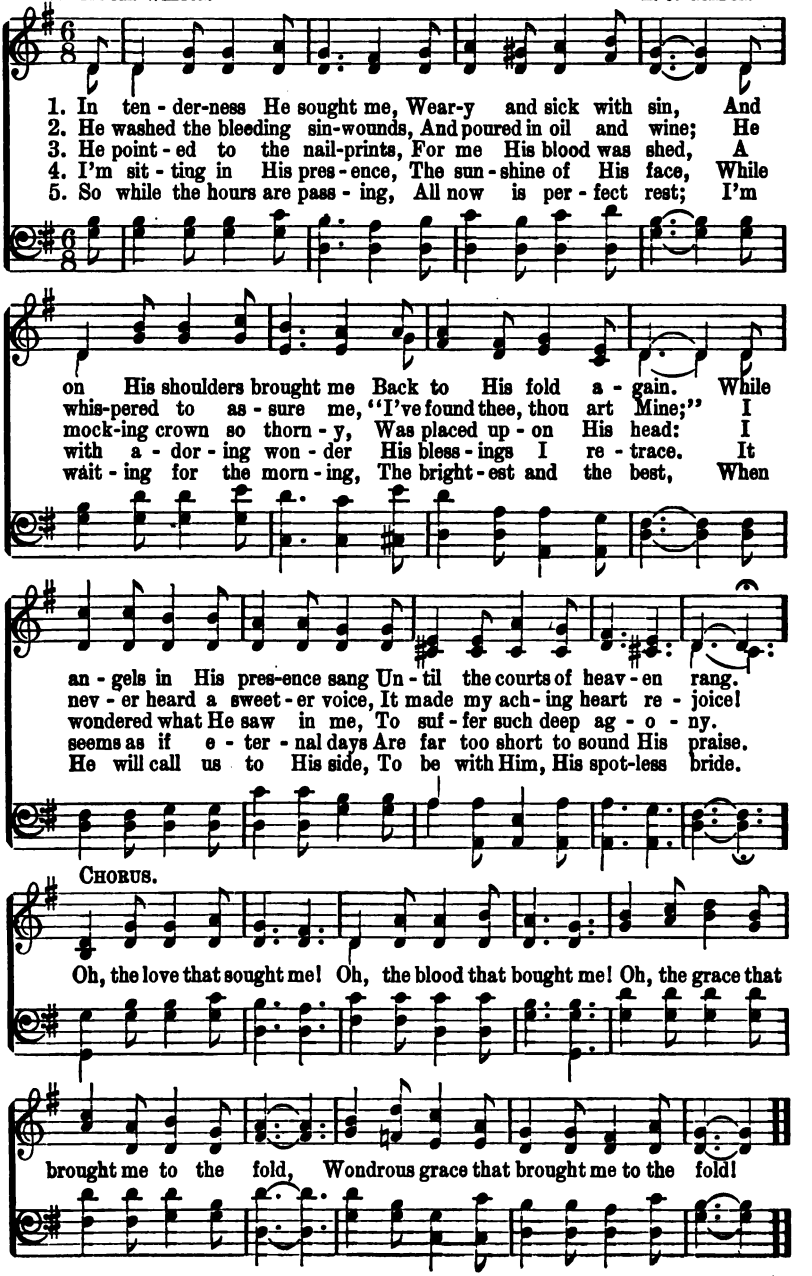
146 Trust and Obey.

J. H. SAMMIS. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows And the joy He be-stows
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—
CHORUS.
And with all who will trust and o-bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
Are for those who will trust and o-bey.
Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus but to trust and o-bey!

147 In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. SPENCER WALTON. A. J. GORDON.


1. In ten - der-ness He sought me, Wear-y and sick with sin, And
2. He washed the bleeding sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
3. He point - ed to the nail-prints, For me His blood was shed, A
4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While
5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest; I'm
on His shoulders brought me Back to His fold a - gain. While
whis-pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I
mock-ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I
with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It
wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When
an - gels in His pres-ence sang Un - til the courts of heav - en rang.
nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
wondered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot-less bride.
CHORUS.
Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that
brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

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148. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

Ex. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1."There shall be show - ers of bless-ing,"—This is the prom - ise of love;
2."There shall be show - ers of bless-ing,"—Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain,
3."There shall be show - ers of bless-ing,"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4."There shall be show - ers of bless-ing,"— O that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.

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149 Send Me a Message.

HARRIETT H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

*ALTO SOLO.

1. Send me a mes-sage from heav-en, I pray; Tell me it's on - ly just
2. Send me a mes-sage from heav-en to-night, On - ly a word from the
3. Ros - es that grow by the riv - er of God, Lil - ies that bloom where the
o - ver the way; Tell me I'll find you the same as of yore,
cit - y of light; Oh, will your voice and the clasp of your hand
an - gels have trod,— Shall we some day on that beau - ti - ful shore
ad lib.
CHORUS.
Wait - ing with those who have gone on be - fore.
Wel - come me home to the beau - ti - ful land? On - ly this an-swer I
Gath - er the flow'rs that will fade nev - er-more?
hear as of old, On - ly this word thro' the cen - tu - ries told,—Blest is that
ad lib.
cit - y, no oth - er so fair; God and your loved ones are waiting you there.

*Let a few ladies hum the small notes, or let them be sung softly by a clear tenor voice.

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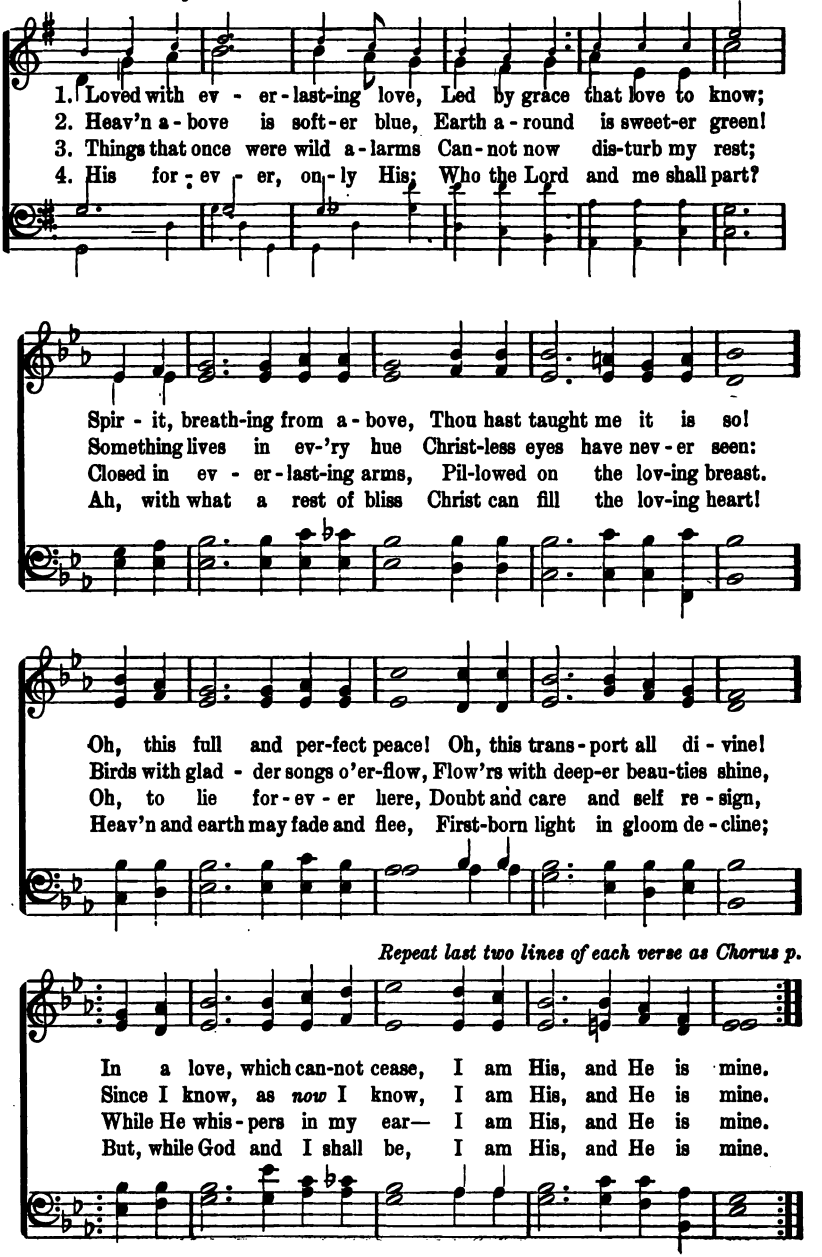
150 I am His, and He is Mine.

WADE ROBINSON. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.


1. Loved with ev - er - last-ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
2. Heav'n a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet-er green!
3. Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis-turb my rest;
4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?
Spir - it, breath-ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
Something lives in ev-'ry hue Christ-less eyes have nev - er seen:
Closed in ev - er - last-ing arms, Pil-lowed on the lov-ing breast.
Ah, with what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the lov-ing heart!
Oh, this full and per-fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!
Birds with glad - der songs o'er-flow, Flow'rs with deep-er beau-ties shine,
Oh, to lie for - ev - er here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, First-born light in gloom de - cline;
Repeat last two lines of each verse as Chorus p.
In a love, which can-not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
Since I know, as *now* I know, I am His, and He is mine.
While He whis - pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine.
But, while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.

151 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHŒBE CARY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where man-y mansions be; Near-
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down; Near-
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For
near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.
er the great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
er to leave the cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
I am near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.
CHORUS.
Near-er my home, Near-er my home, Near-er my
home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

152 The Man of Galilee.

S. J. Duncan-Clark. E. O. Sellers.

1. Shout a - loud the stir - ring sum-mons O'er the land from sea to sea;
2. Men are want - ed, men of pur - pose, Men of faith to bend the knee,
3. Broth-ers, stay thine haste a mo - ment, Heed the call that comes to thee,
4. From the count-ing-house and col - lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
5. Go ye forth, pro-claim His gos - pel, He who leads to vic - to - ry,
Men are want - ed who will fol - low With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Men to yield their all and fol - low With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Pledge your faith and yield your serv-ice To the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Lo, there throngs a loy - al le - gion To the Man of Gal - i - lee.
O - ver sin and death tri-um-phant, Bless-ed Man of Gal - i - lee.
Chorus.
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee, Who from sin did set me free;
Now my King and Lord to be, I will fol - low on - ly Thee.

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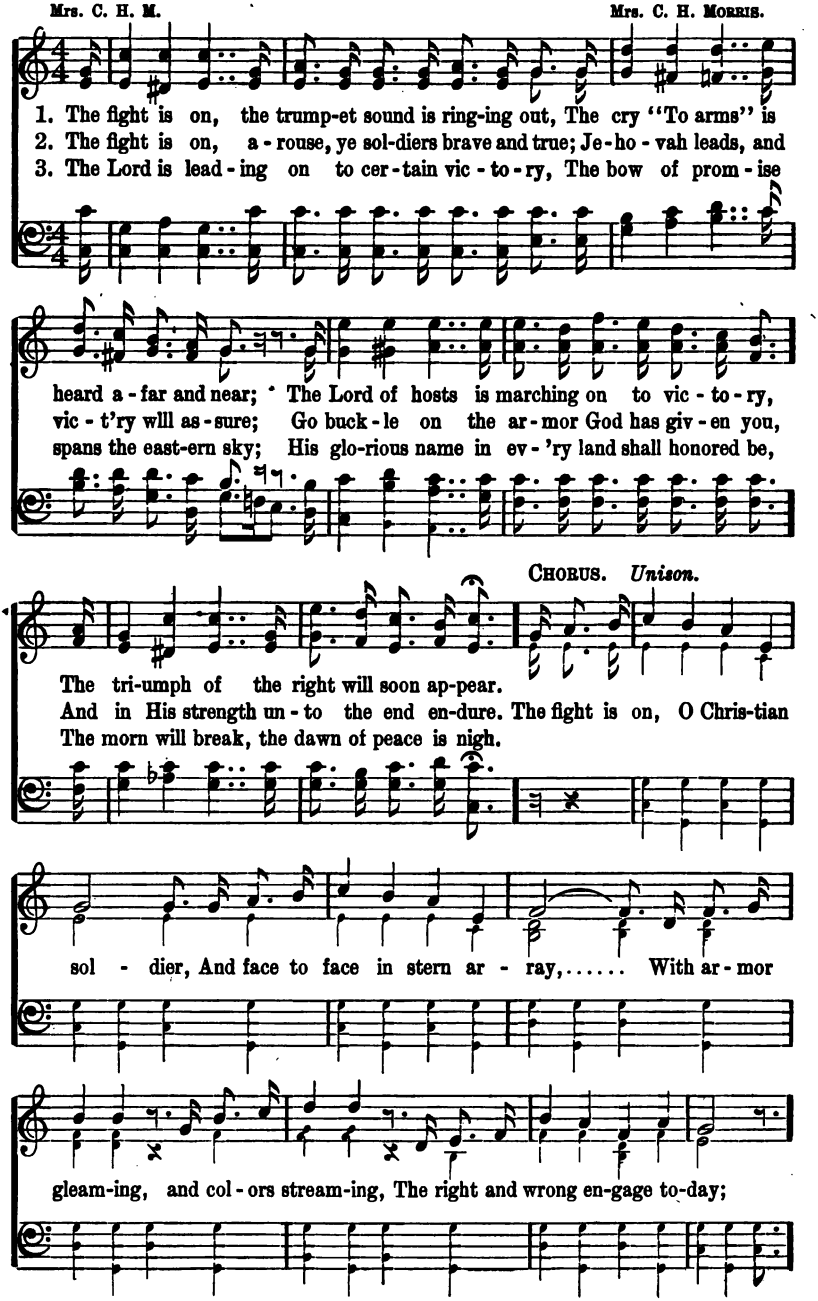
153 Jesus! I am Resting, Resting.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT. J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;
2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing kind-ness, Vast-er, broad-er than the sea!
3. Sim - ply trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be-hold Thee as Thou art;
4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;
CHO.-Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what Thou art:
FINE.
I am find-ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
Oh, how mar-vel - ous Thy good - ness, Lav-ished all on me!
And Thy love so pure, so change-less, Sat - is - fies my heart.
Rest-ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad-ows flee.
I am find-ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau-ty fills my soul;
Yes, I rest in Thee, be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine;
Sat - is - fies its deep - est long-ings, Meets, sup-plies its ev - 'ry need;
Brightness of my Fa-ther's glo-ry, Sun - shine of my Fa-ther's face;
D. C. Chorus.
For by Thy trans-form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
Know Thy cer-tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
Com-pass-eth me round with bless - ings, Thine is love in - deed.
Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

154 The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise
heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry,
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,
spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be,
Chorus. Unison.
The tri-umph of the right will soon ap-pear.
And in His strength un-to the end en-dure. The fight is on, O Chris-tian
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,..... With ar-mor
gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and wrong en-gage to-day;

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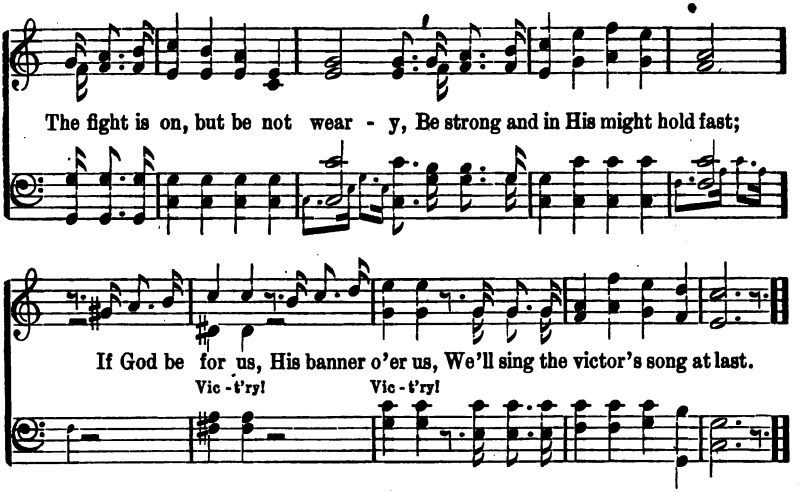
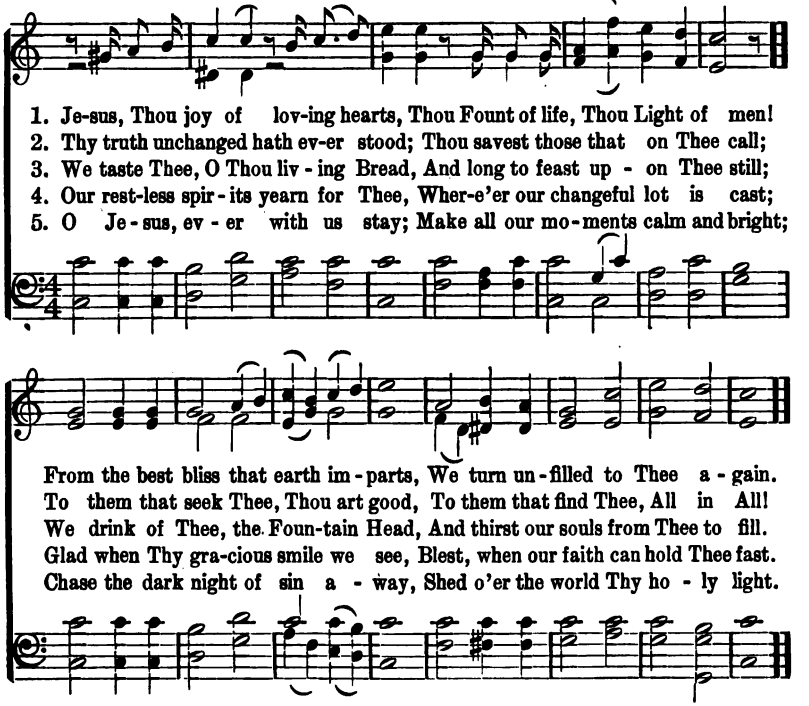
The Fight is On.


The fight is on, but be not wear - y, Be strong and in His might hold fast;
If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.
Vic - t'ry!
Vic - t'ry!

155 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

Tr. by RAY PALMER. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.


1. Je-sus, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev-er stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call;
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
4. Our rest-less spir - its yearn for Thee, Wher-e'er our changeful lot is cast;
5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our mo - ments calm and bright;
From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in All!
We drink of Thee, the Foun-tain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
Glad when Thy gra-cious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light.

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156 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. (DIADEM.)

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him,
all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . . Him,
. . . . . Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

157 Old Hundred. L. M. Ps. 100.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and re-joice. A-MEN.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He did us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe.

158 Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

159 Glory Be to the Father.

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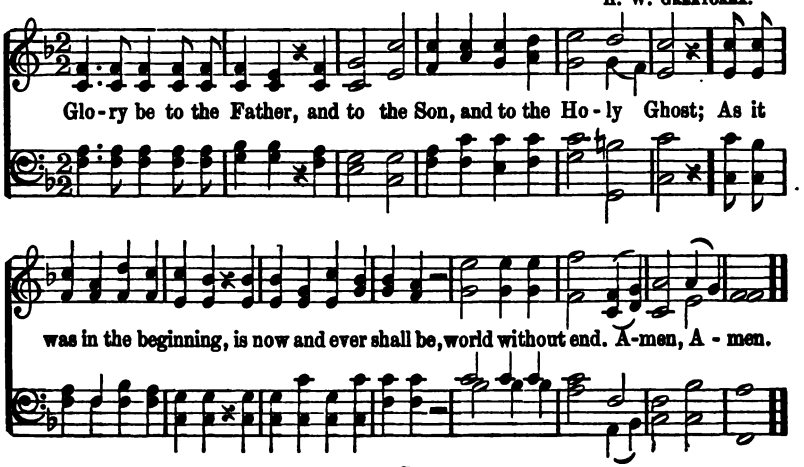
H. W. GREATOREX.


Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

160 Miles Lane. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. O, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my
God and King, The triumphs of His grace! The triumphs of His grace! A-MEN.

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

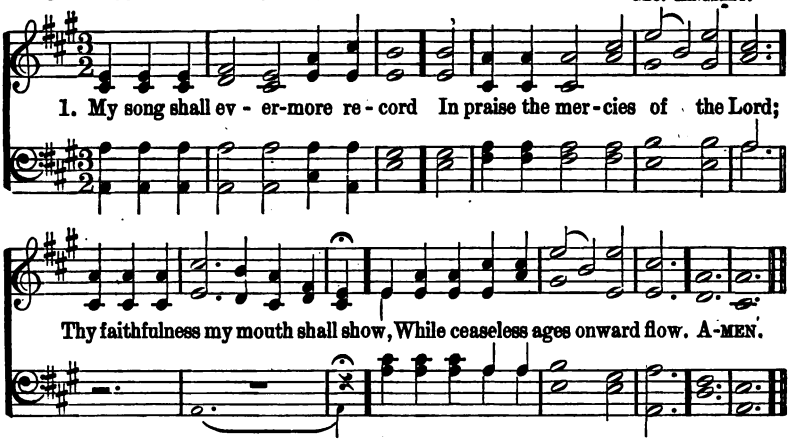
3 Jesus! the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Charles Wesley.

161 Ware. L. M. Ps. 89.

GEO. KINGSLEY.


1. My song shall ev - er-more re - cord In praise the mer - cies of the Lord;
Thy faithfulness my mouth shall show, While ceaseless ages onward flow. A-MEN.

2 The earth belongs to Thee alone,
The heavens, too, are all Thine own;
The world and all that it contains,
By Thee established, Thine remains.

3 How blest the realm with favor crowned,
Who hear and know the joyful sound;
They in the light, O Lord, shall live,
The light Thy face and favor give.

4 They in Thy name shall joyful be,
Yea, all the day be glad in Thee;
And in Thy just and righteous ways
To honor great Thou wilt them raise.

5 Thou art the glory of their strength,
Thy grace will lift our horn at length;
For Israel's Holy One, who reigns
As Lord, our shield and King remains.

162 Lyons. 10s, 11s.

FRANK J. HAYDN.

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-
broad His won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-
tol; His king-dom is glo-rious: He rules o-ver all. A-MEN.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

163

1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Robert Grant.

164 Nicaea.

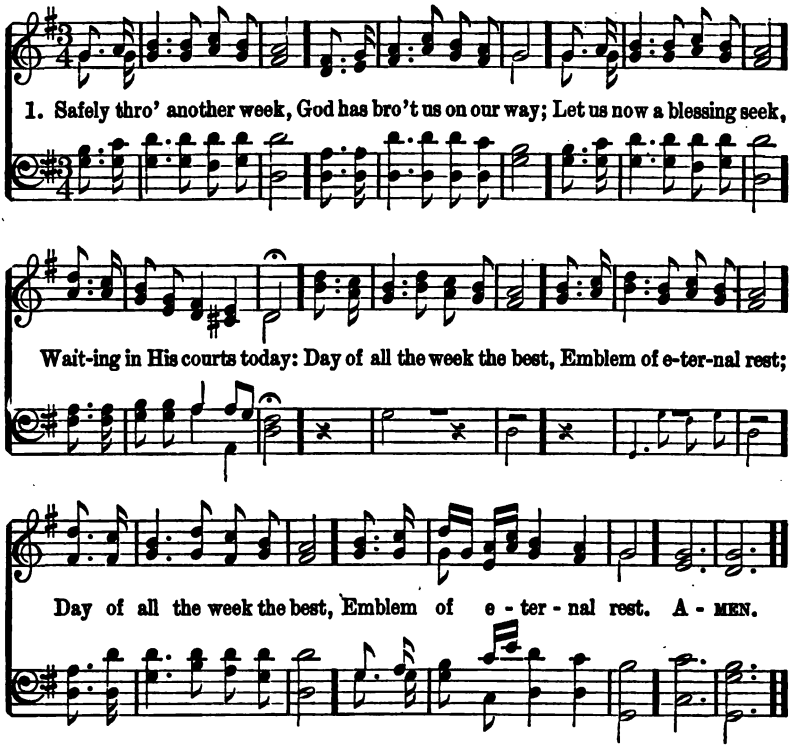
REGINALD HEBER. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a-phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.

165 St. Thomas. S. M.

166 Sabbath. 7s. 6 l.

LOWELL MASON.


1. Safely thro' another week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek,
Wait-ing in His courts today: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest;
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest. A - MEN.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

John Newton.

Tune:—ST. THOMAS.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hills of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

167 Mendebras. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the Great Three in One. Amen.

2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

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168 Psalm 65.

1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee.
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day;
But as for our trahsgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God most high.
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are.
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

4 His strength sets fast the mountains,
He's girt about with power,
He calms the angry people,
And stills the ocean's roar;
Thy dreadful signs and wonders
Make distant lands afraid;
The morning and the evening
By Thee are joyful made.

169 Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, alt.

170 State Street. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with their living Lord,
And interest in His death.

3 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Isaac Watts.

171

1 Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord!

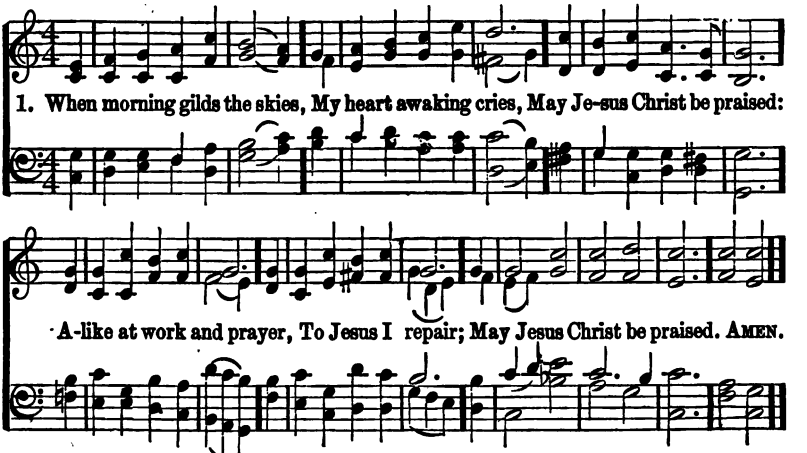
2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

172 Laudes Domini. 6s. 61.

JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart awaking cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:
A-like at work and prayer, To Jesus I repair; May Jesus Christ be praised. AMEN.

2 To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

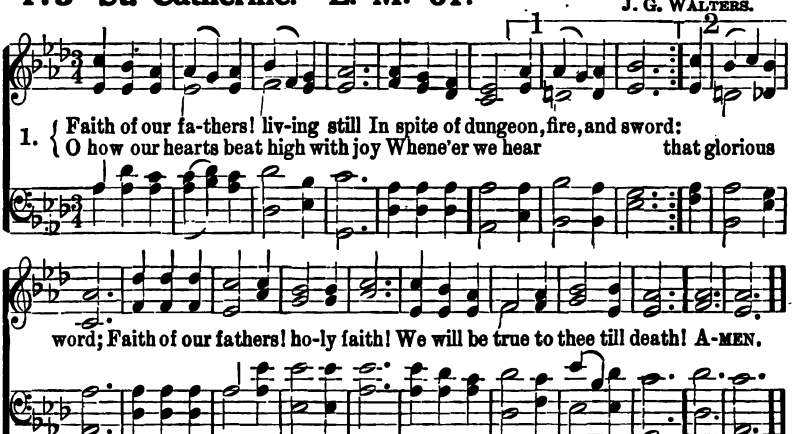
3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Edward Caswell, tr.

173 St. Catherine. L. M. 61.

Adapted by
J. G. WALTERS.


1
2
1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious
word; Faith of our fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A-MEN.

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free,
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Frederick W. Faber.

174 Lischer. H. M.

FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest; / I hail thy kind return;—Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.— A-MEN.
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Hayward.

175

Tune: Webb., No. 277.

1 Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong:
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong.
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend.
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

176

1 Now to Thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from Thy throne Thy mercy shine.

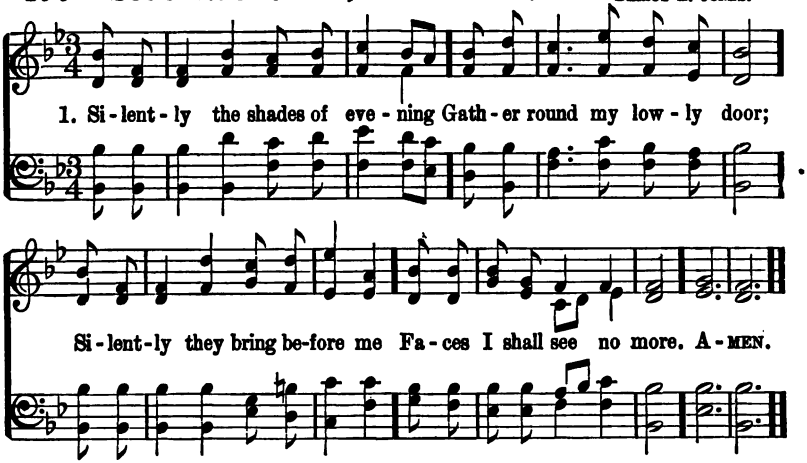
2 O send Thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear Thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Now in Thy holy hill,
Before Thine altar, Lord!
My harp add song shall sound
The glories of Thy word:
Henceforth, to Thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise my life shall be.

Timothy Dwight.

177 Stockwell. 8s, 7s.

DARIUS E. JONES.



2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

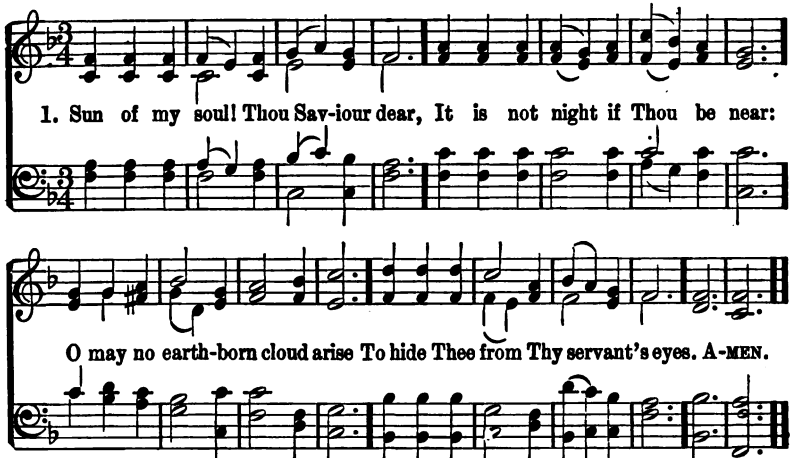
3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

178 Hursley. L. M.

PETER RITTER, arr.


1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A-MEN.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

179 Eventide. 10s.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, abide with me! AMEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

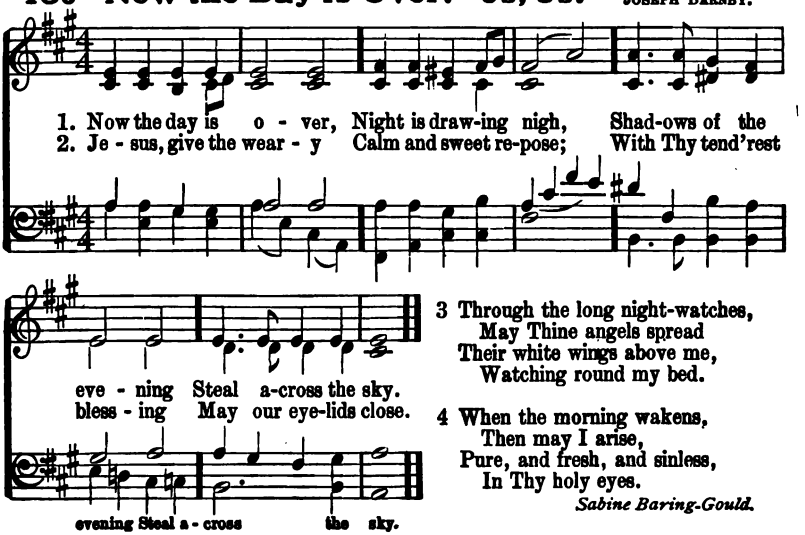
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

180 Now the Day is Over. 6s, 5s.

JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re-pose; With Thy tend'rest
eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
bless - ing May our eye-lids close.
evening Steal a - cross the sky.

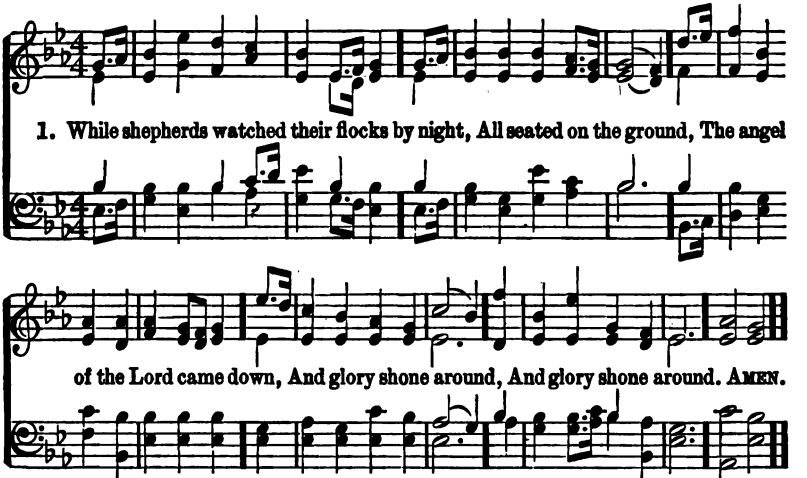
3 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

181 Christmas. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel
of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around. AMEN.

2 "Fear not," said He,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate.

182 Antioch. C. M.

FR. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; { Let ev - 'ry heart / pre - pare Him room, }
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing. A - men.
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

183 Herald Angels. 7s. D. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With the an - gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Beth-le-hem!" With the angel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" AMEN.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
In the manger born a King,
While adoring angels sing,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
Bid the trembling soul be still,
Christ on earth has come to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Life and light to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley.

Tune: ANTIOCH. C. M.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts.

184 Carol. C. M. D.

RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious
King:" The earth in sol-emn stillness lay, To hear the an-gels sing. A-MEN.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edmund H. Sears.

185

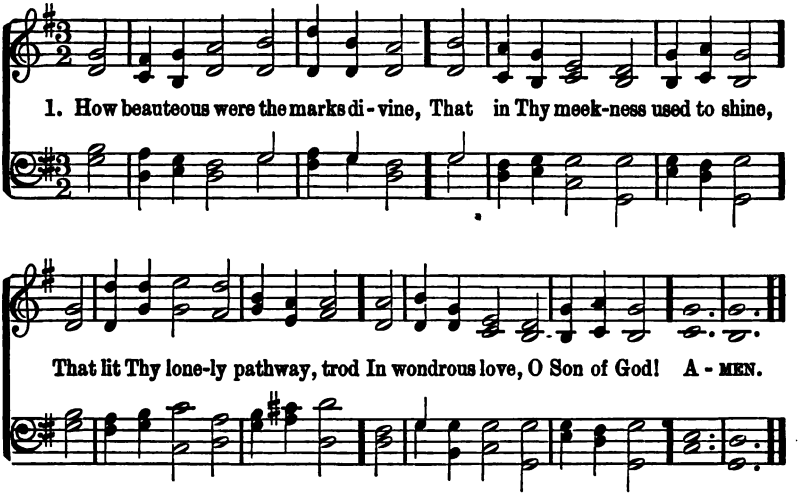
1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Edmund H. Sears.

186 Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.


1. How beauteous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine,
That lit Thy lone-ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God! A - MEN.

2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,
And smile as in a father's eye,
Upon Thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed;
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

6 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur C. Coxe.

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187 *Tune:*—CORONATION. No. 169

1 All hail the coming Son of God,
He's coming back again;
‖:He's coming in the clouds of heaven,
He's coming back to reign! :‖

2 Sinners whose sins are washed away,
Nor left a single stain,
‖:Go, hail the advent of your Lord;
He's coming back to reign! :‖

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Free of creation's pain,
‖:Aloud acclaim His welcome back,—
He's coming back to reign! :‖

4 Ah! soon with all the ransomed throng,
Beholding Him once slain,
‖:We'll see the rolling cloud, and shout,
He's coming back to reign! :‖

James M. Gray.

188

1 O wondrous type, O vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high,
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

John M. Neale, tr.

189 Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar.

190

1 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

John G. Whittier.

191

1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth a resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

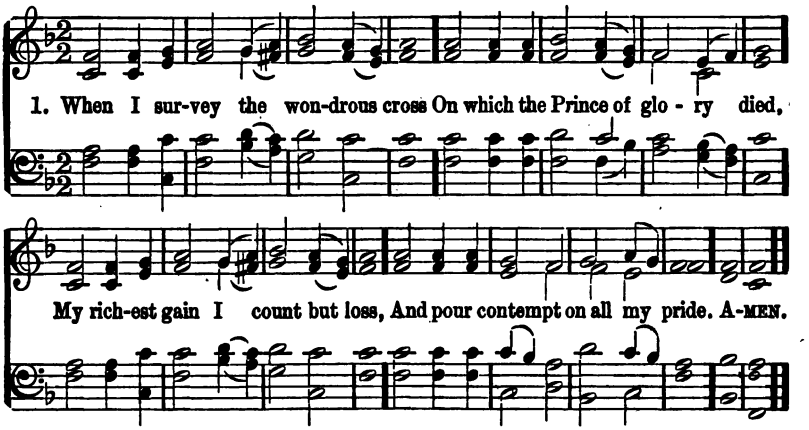
3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

Horatius Bonar.

192 Hamburg. L. M.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,

Isaac Watts.

193 Olive's Brow. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone. A-MEN.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

194 St. Christopher.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:
The shad - ow of a might-y Rock With - in a wear - y land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit-ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
The won-ders of His glo-rious love And my own worthlessness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A-MEN.

195 Psalm 22. *Tune:*—AVON. C. M. No. 197.

1 My God, my God, why hast Thou me
Forsaken? why so far
Art Thou from helping me and from
My words that roaring are?

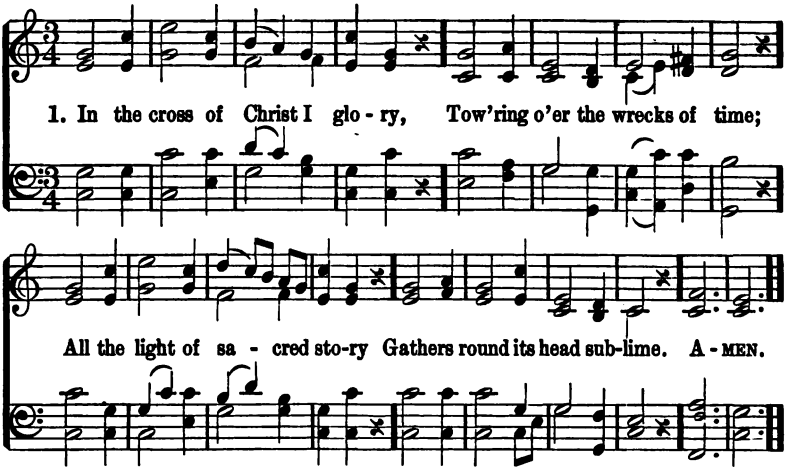
2 All day, my God, to Thee I cry,
Yet am not heard by Thee;
And in the season of the night
I cannot silent be.

3 But Thou art holy, Thou that dost
Inhabit Israel's praise.
In Thee our fathers hoped, they hoped,
And Thou didst them release.

4 And when to Thee they sent their cry,
To them deliverance came;
In Thee they placed their confidence,
And were not put to shame.

196 Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime. A - MEN.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

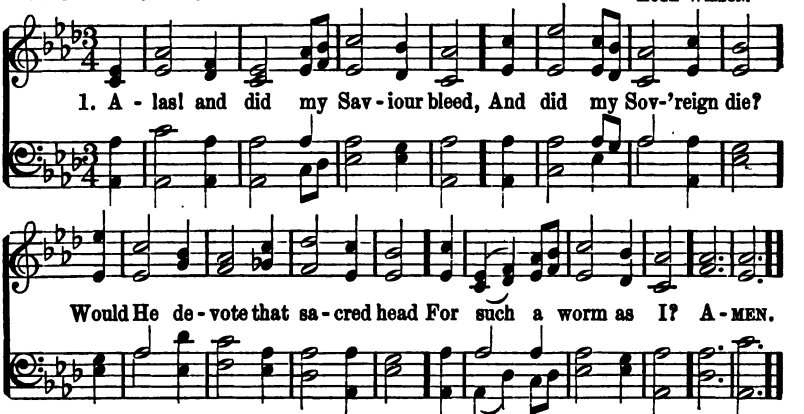
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring.

197 Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

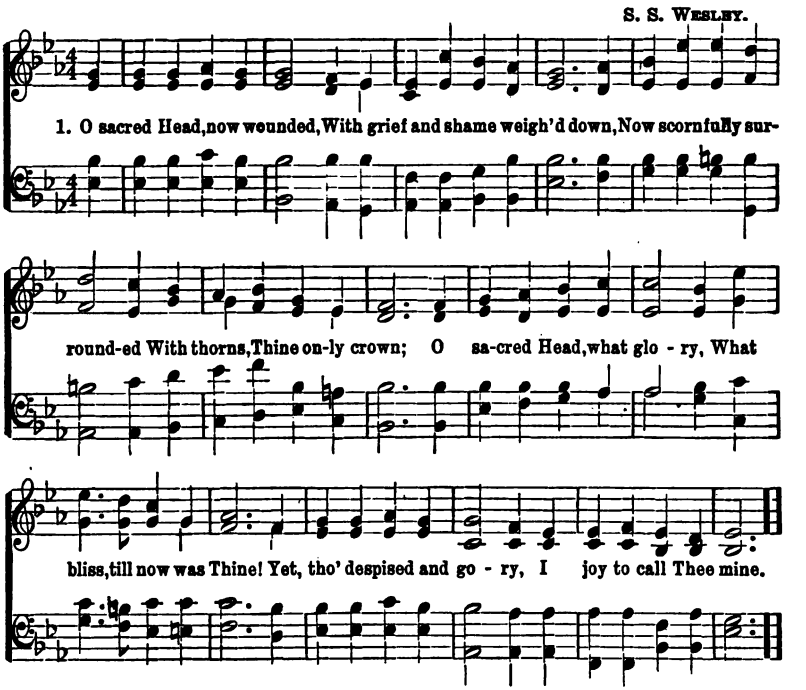
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

198 Aurelia. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. Wesley.


1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, Now scornfully sur-
round-ed With thorns, Thine on-ly crown; O sa-cred Head, what glo - ry, What
bliss, till now was Thine! Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

199

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserved Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
O let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

James W. Alexander, tr.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

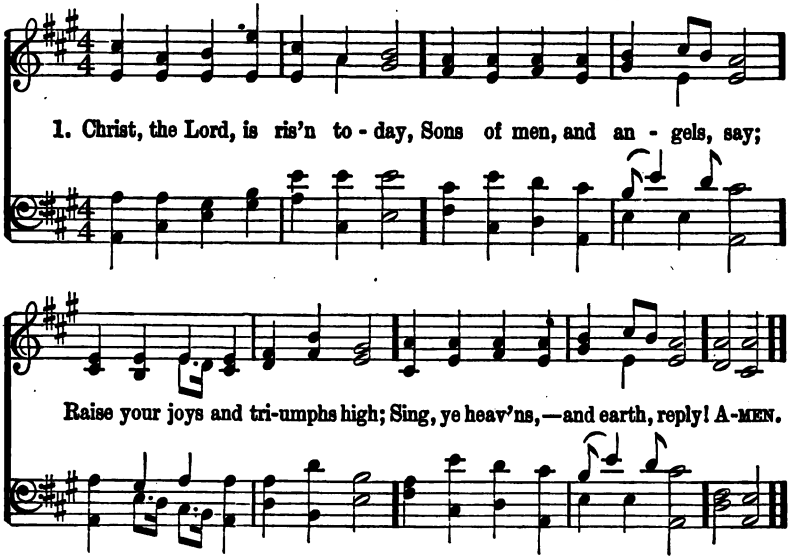
2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Frederick Whitfield.

200 Nuremburg. 7s.

JOHANN R. AHLE.


1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels, say;
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply! A-MEN.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

201

Tune:—AURELIA. No. 198.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, oné birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone, 1865.

202 Diadamata. S. M. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark! how the heav'nly
anthem drowns All music but its own! Awake, my soul, and sing Of Him who
died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty. A-MEN.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave;
Who rose victorious to the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified.

Matthew Bridges.

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203 *Tune.*—AVON. No. 197.

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.

3 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

4 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

204 Mercy. 7s.

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

205

1 Christ to heaven is gone before
In the body here He wore;
He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.

2 All the angels wondering own,
'T is our nature on the throne;
"How, He lovéd them, behold!"
Trembles on the harps of gold.

3 Fear not, ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death;
And no longer now we die,
We but follow Christ on high.

4 As our Shepherd He is there,
With the comfort of His care;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to heaven is gone before.

George Rawson, 1857.

206

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

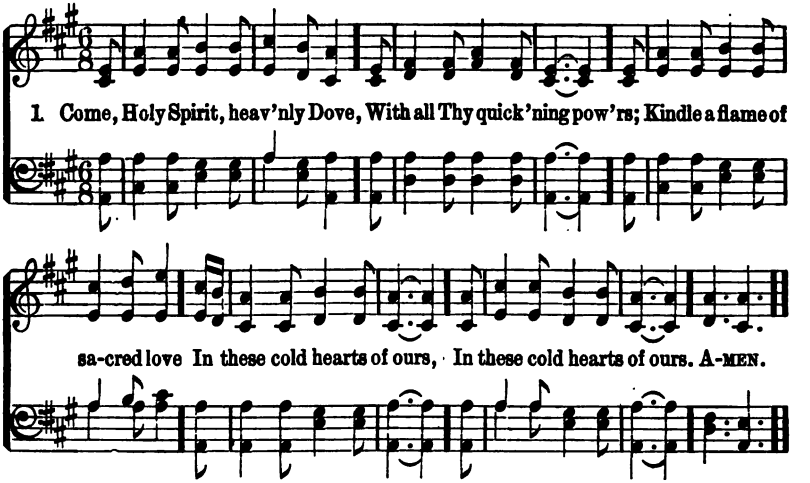
2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Samuel Longfellow.

207 Ortonville. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kindle a flame of
sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours. A-MEN.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

208

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
Shed richly on our fruitless souls
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

Andrew Reed.

209 *Tune:*—FEDERAL STREET.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

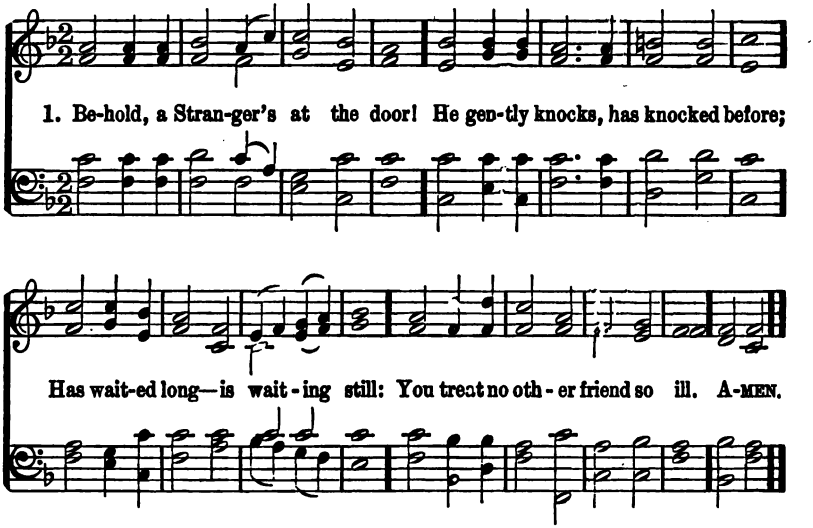
3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there!

Simon Browne.

210 Federal Street. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.


1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before;
Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill. A-MEN.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Joseph Gregg.

211

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

212

1 Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes
And many a shining hour is gone; [on,
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way,

William B. Collyer.

213 Come, Ye Disconsolate. 10s, 11s.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
an-guish, Earth hath no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal. A-MEN.

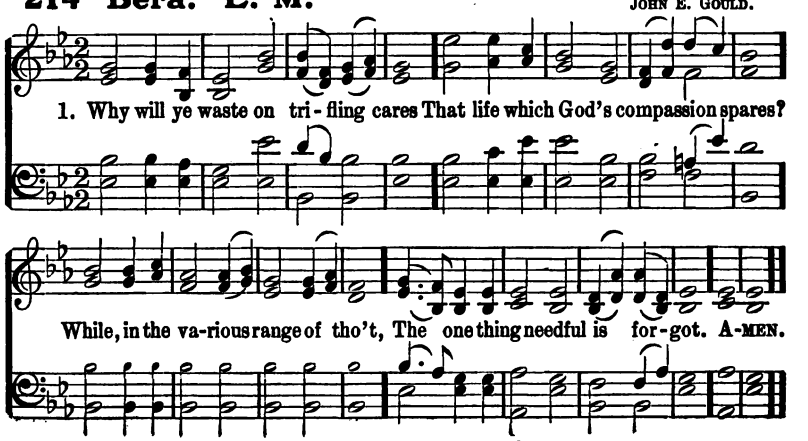
2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore.

214 Bera. L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD.


1. Why will ye waste on tri-fling cares That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the va-rious range of tho't, The one thing needful is for-got. A-MEN.

215 Woodworth. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

216

1 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

Tune:—BERA.

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

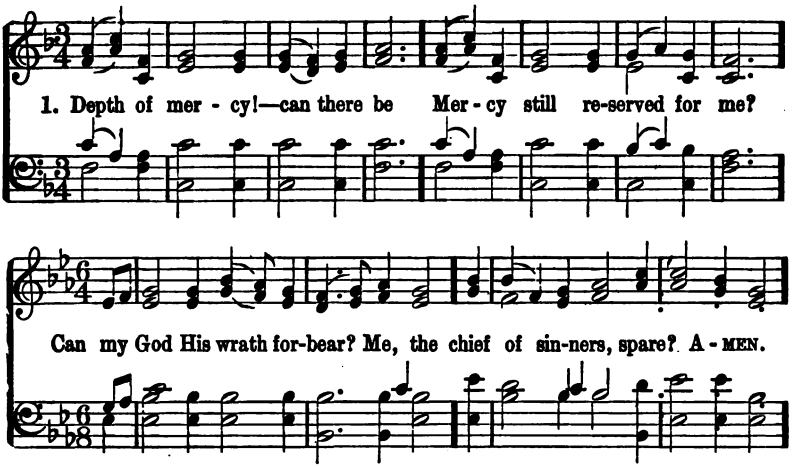
3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge.

217 Aletta. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

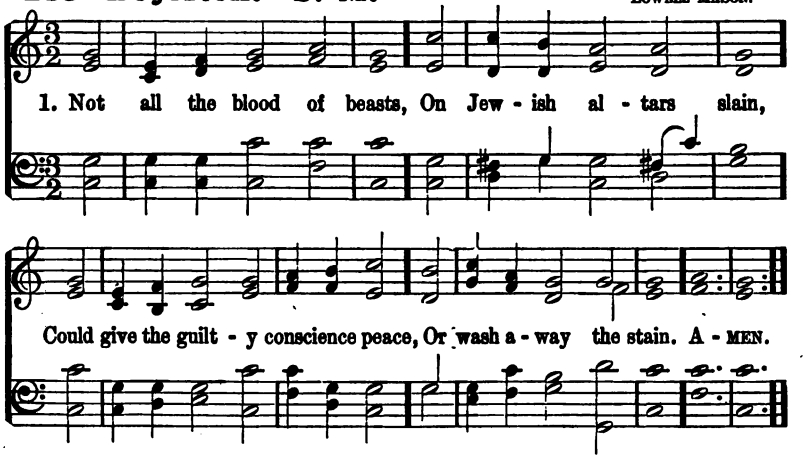
3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop!

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

218 Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



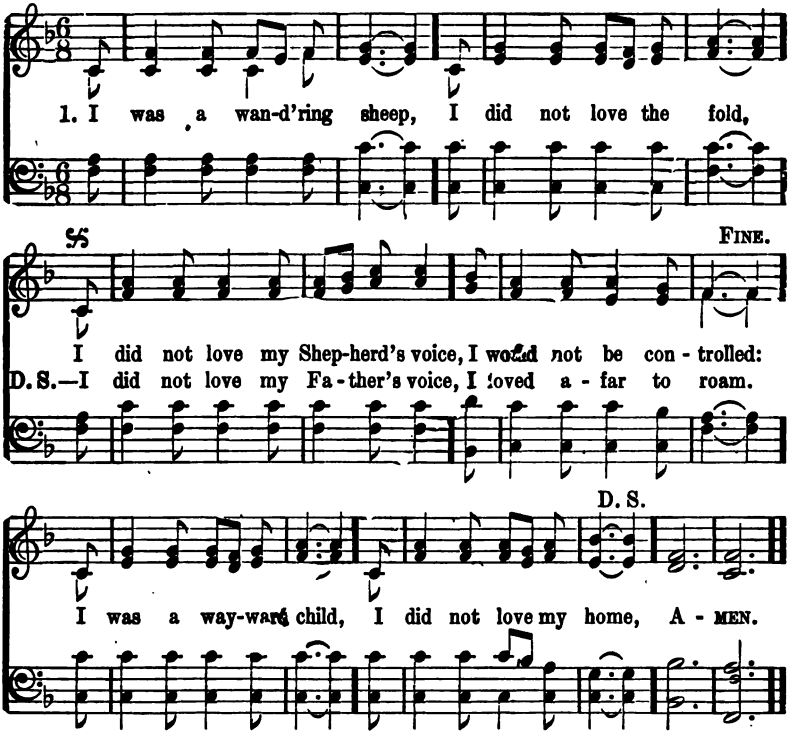
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice.
And sing His bleeding love.

219 Lebanon. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,
FINE.
I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled:
D.S.—I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
D. S.
I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home, A - MEN.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that washed me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole:
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice.
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

Horatius Bonar.

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220 *Tune:*—BOYLSTON. S. M. No. 218.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

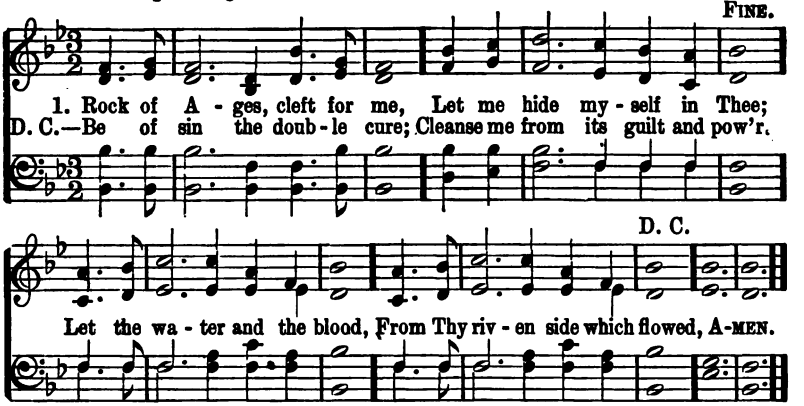
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.

Charles Wesley.

221 Toplady. 7s. 6 l.

THOMAS HASTINGS.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A-MEN.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

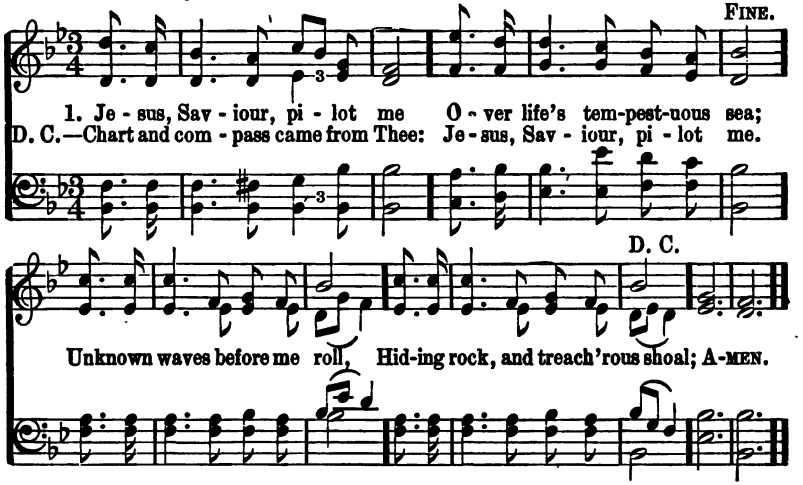
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

222 Pilot. 7s. 6 l.

JOHN E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock, and treach'rous shoal; A-MEN.

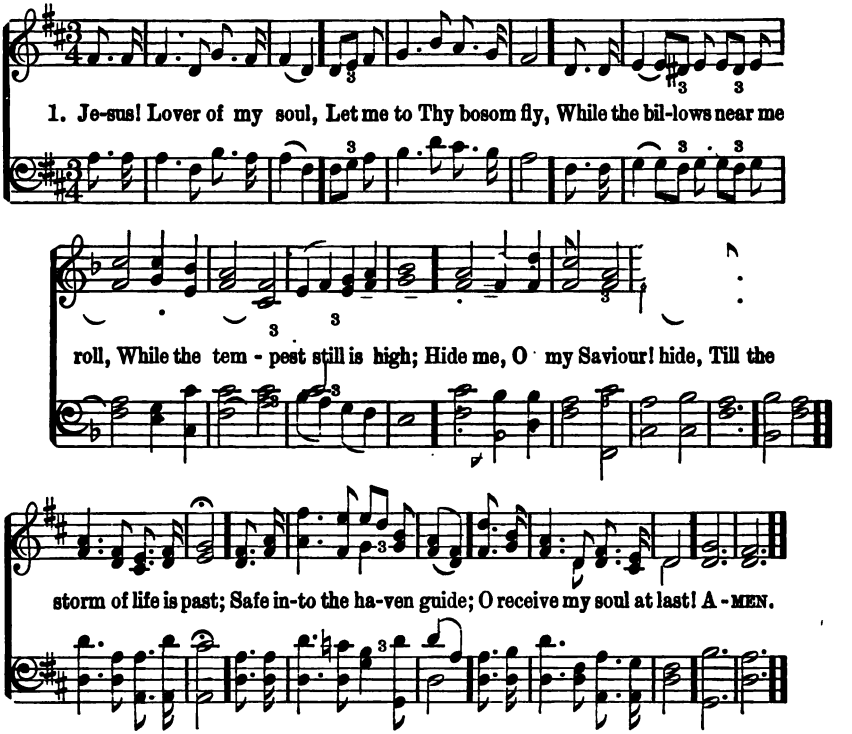
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.

223 Refuge. 7s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.


1. Je-sus! Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the bil-lows near me
roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; O receive my soul at last! A - MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

224 Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

225 Dennis. S. M.

HANS G. NAEGELI.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett.

226 Raphael. S. M.

From G. DONNIZETTI.

1. O Son of Man, Thy-self has proved Our tri-als and our tears;
Life's thankless toil and scant repose, Death's ag-o-nies and fears. A-MEN.

2 In all things like Thy brethren Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
Yet how unlike to us, O Lord;
Replies the voice within.

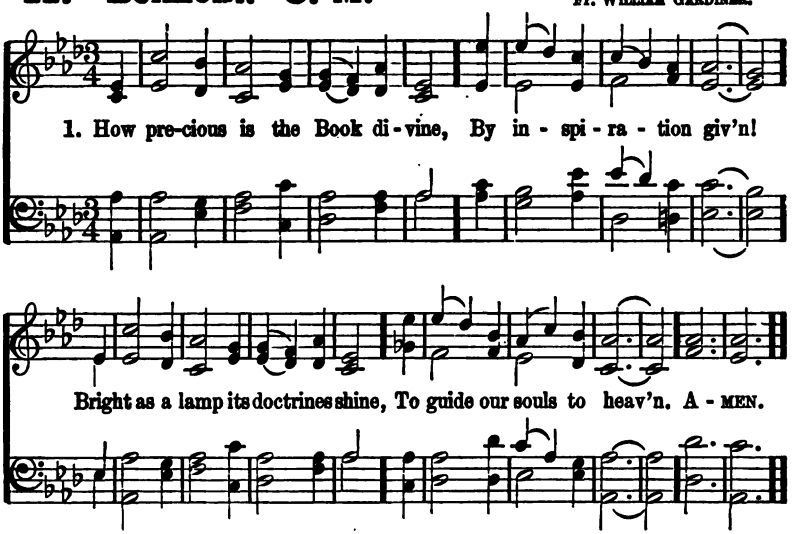
3 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
There by Thy pleadings and Thy grace
Still succoring Thine own.

4 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge,
To Thee, O Christ, be given,
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice.

227 Belmont. C. M.

Fr. William Gardiner.


1. How pre-cious is the Book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A-men.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man His wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

228

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper.

229 Psalm 19.

1 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

3 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And ever doth endure;
The judgments of the Lord are truth,
And righteousness most pure.

4 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
To be desired are,
Than honey, honey from the comb,
That droppeth, sweeter far.

5 Moreover, they Thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

230 Uxbridge. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known:
Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines. A - MEN.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome.

231

1 I love the sacred Book of God!
No other can its place supply;
It points me to His own abode;
It gives me wings and bids me fly.

2 Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern
The very image of my Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.

3 While I am here, these leaves supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I read with faith's discerning eye,
And gain a glimpse of joys above.

4 I know in them the Spirit breathes
To animate His people here;
O may these truths prove life to all,
Till in His presence we appear!

Thomas Kelly.

232

1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

233 Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
Fa-ther all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign
o-ver us, Ancient of days. A-MEN.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

234

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

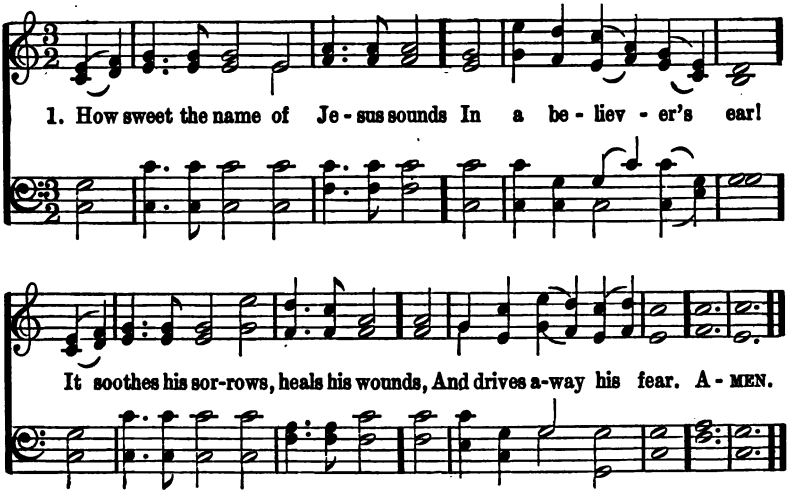
3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen.

235 Heber. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear. A - MEN.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,—
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton.

236

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge.

237

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper.

238 Dundee. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

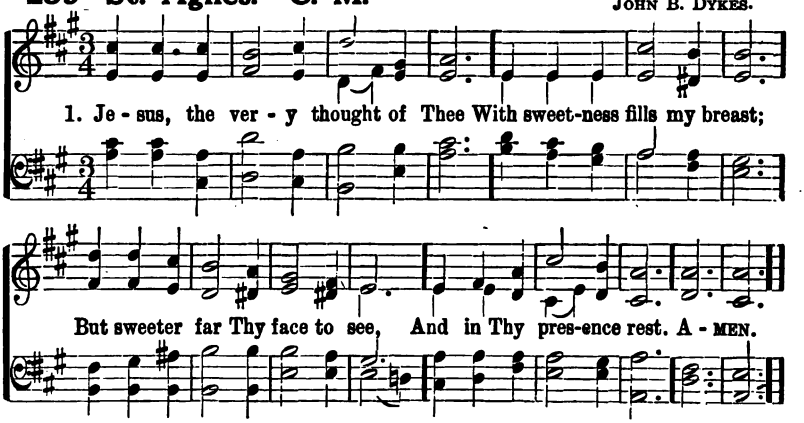
4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Isaac Watts.

239 St. Agnes. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - MEN.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

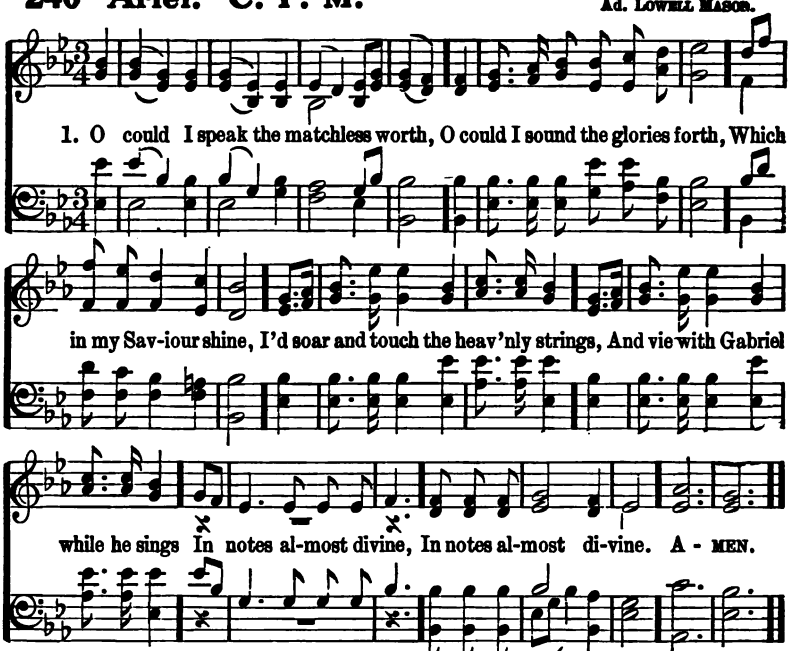
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

6 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr.

240 Ariel. C. P. M.

Ad. Lowell Mason.


1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which
in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al-most divine, In notes al-most di-vine. A - MEN.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley.

241 Manoah. C. M.

Fr. Franz J. Haydn.

242 Fountain. C. M.

Ad. fr. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
FINE.
And sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; A-MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

Tune:—MANOAH.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

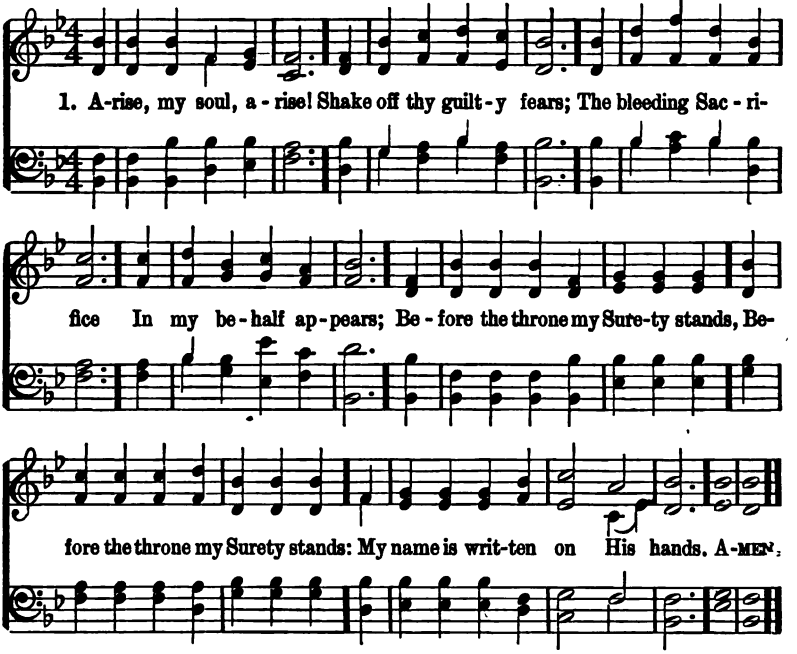
5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

243 Lenox. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.


1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri-
fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, Be-
fore the throne my Surety stands: My name is writ-ten on His hands. A-MEN.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley.

244

1 Ye saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from His throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Andrew Reed.

245

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

246 Louvan. L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. My Shep-herd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be sup-plied:
In pastures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide. AMEN.

2 He in His mercy doth restore
My soul when sinking in distress;
For His name's sake He evermore
Leads me in paths of righteousness.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
E'en there no evil will I fear,
Because Thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.

4 For me a table Thou hast spread,
Prepared before the face of foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head;
My cup is filled and overflows.

Anon.

247 Downs. C. M.

L. MASON.

2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve,
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord with Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

248 Hendon. 7s.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the impulse of Thy love. A-MEN.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

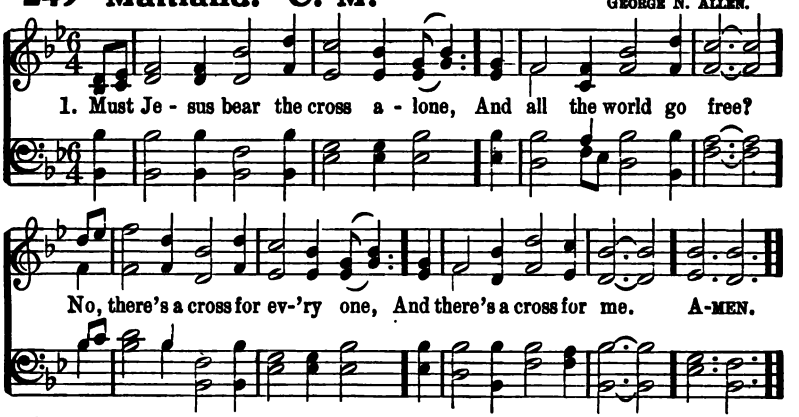
5 Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

249 Maitland. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

Thomas Shepherd.

250 Happy Day. L. M.

Fr. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
{ Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
CHORUS.
FINE.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; A - MEN.

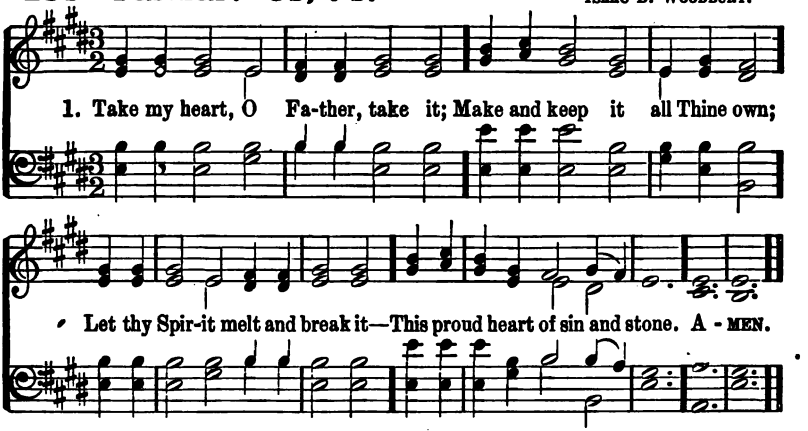
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Philip Doddridge.

251 Talmar. 8s, 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

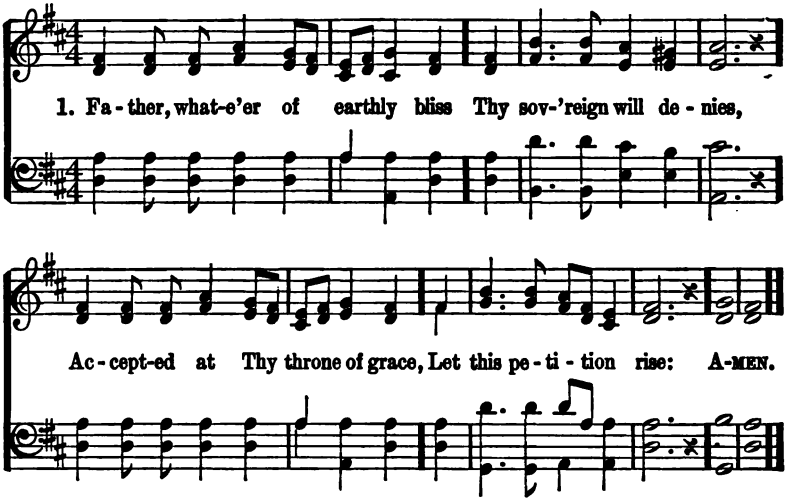

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let thy Spir-it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone. A - MEN.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

252 Naomi. C. M.

Arr. from HANS G. NAEGELI, by LOWELL MASON.



2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steel.

253

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

James E. Wallace.

254 *Tune:*—WEBB. No. 277.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

255 Retreat. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—'T is found beneath the mercy - seat. A-MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirts blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell.

256

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds with-
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, [draw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

William Cowper.

257

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

258 Greenville. 8s, 7s, 4s.

FINE.
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
D. C.—Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
D. C.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; A-MEN.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams.

259 Bethany. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
D. S.—Near - er, my God to Thee,
FINE.
D.
That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, AMEN.
Near - er to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

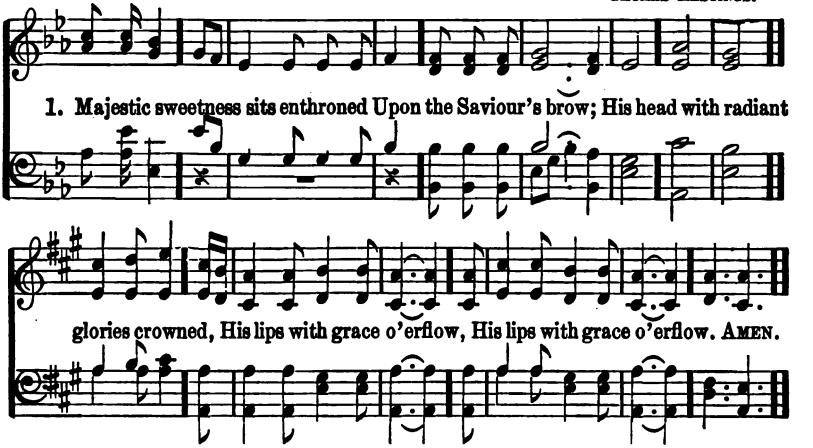
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee!

4 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

260 Ortonville. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. AMEN.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

Samuel Stennett.

261 Nettleton. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE.
1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
{ Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
D. C.—Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it; Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D. C.
Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove: A-MEN.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

262 Raynolds. 11s, 10s.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je-sus—for the shadows lengthen Across this lit-tle landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen, For the last weariness—the final strife. AMEN.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

Anna B. Warner.

263 Olmutz. S. M.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Philip Doddridge.

264 Portuguese Hymn. 11s. MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
excellent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? A-MEN.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith.

265 Miriam. 7s, 6s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him;
FINE.
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
D.S.–White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
D.S.–He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
D. S.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur-dens and my cares; A - MEN.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

266

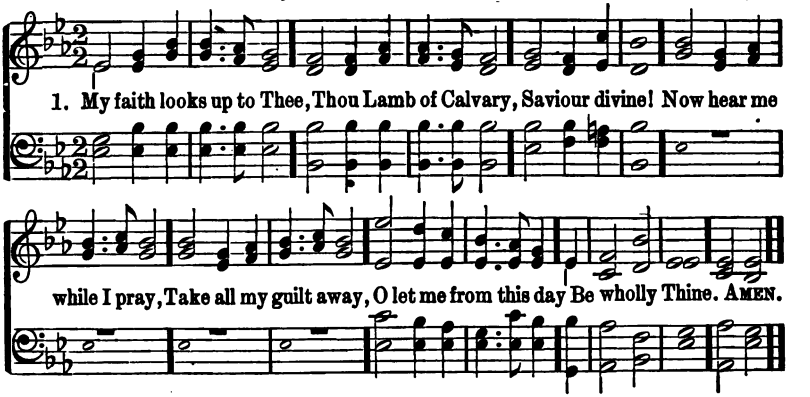
1 I saw the cross of Jesus,
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus,
To give me peace within!
I brought my soul to Jesus,
He cleansed it in His blood;
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken,
Till with Him, ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing His wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

Frederick Whitfield.

267 Olivet. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine. AMEN.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

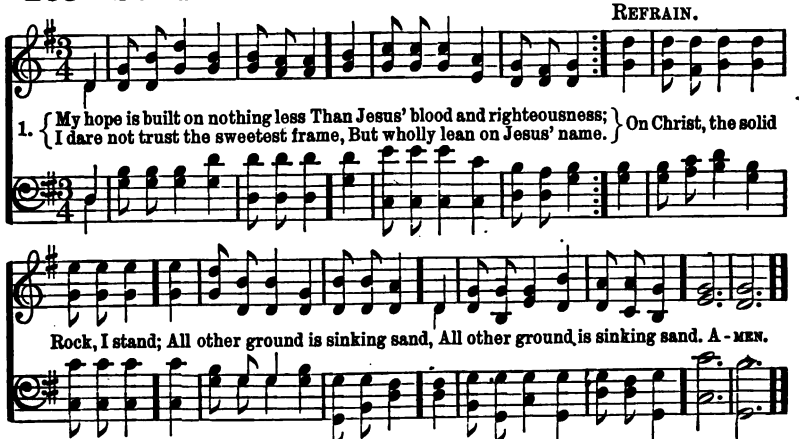
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

268 Solid Rock. L. M. 61.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. On Christ, the solid
Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand. A-MEN.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

Edward Mote.

269 Wellesley. 8s, 7s.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty. A-MEN.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

270 St. Michael. S. M.

ARR. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep the sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

Horatius Bonar.

271 Beecher. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
FINE.
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
D.S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
D.S.—End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
D. S.
Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Take a-way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be; A-MEN.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Charles Wesley.

272

1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

273 Loving-Kindness. L. M.

Anon.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He just-ly claims a song from me: His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free! A-MEN.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Samuel Medley.

274 St. Margaret. 8s, 6.

ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee back the
life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be. A-MEN.

275 Bradford. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

Charles Wesley.

276

1 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

2 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would He all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

Charles Wesley.

Tune:—ST. MARGARET.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's glow, its day
May brighter, fairer be.

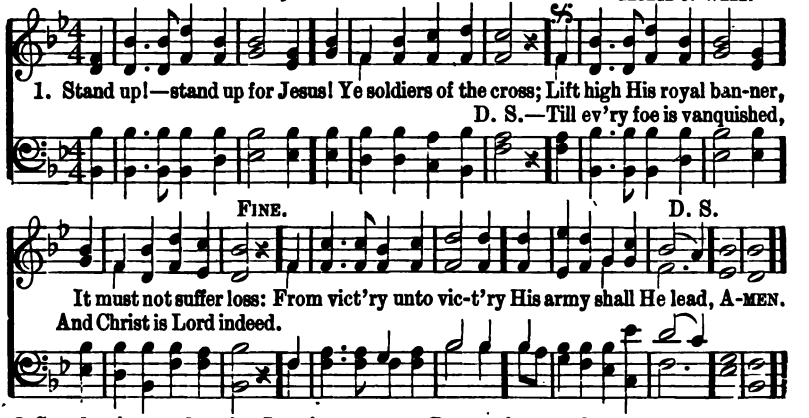
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson.

277 Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB.


1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
FINE.
D. S.
It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry unto vic-t'ry His army shall He lead, A-MEN.
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The triumph call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

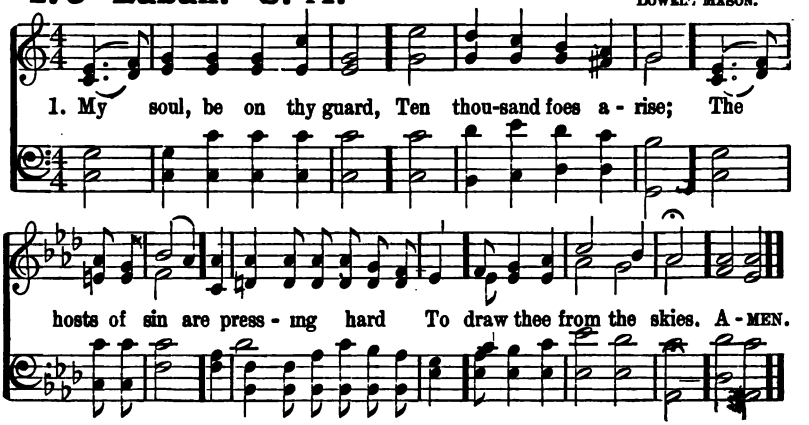
3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield.

278 Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

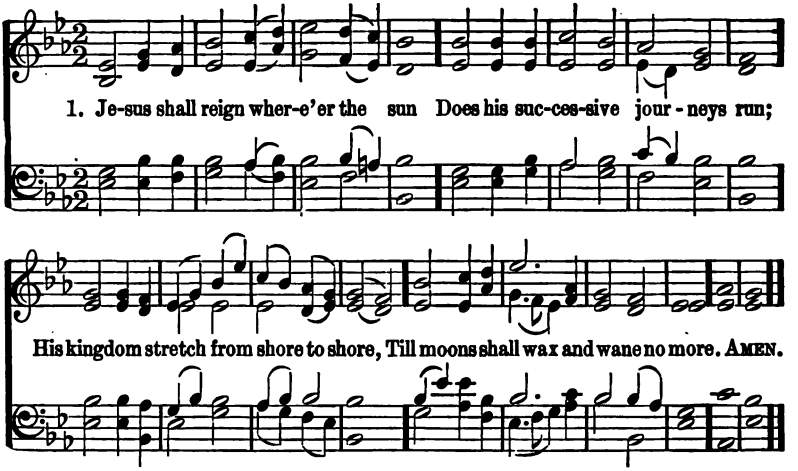
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

George Heath.

279 Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.


1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. AMEN.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

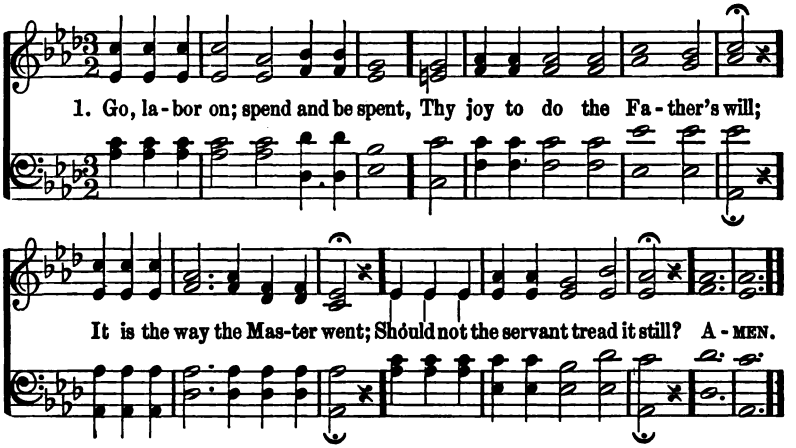
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Isaac Watts.

280 Missionary Chant. L. M.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER.


1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still? A-MEN.

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar.

281 Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. On the moun-tain-top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands. A-MEN.

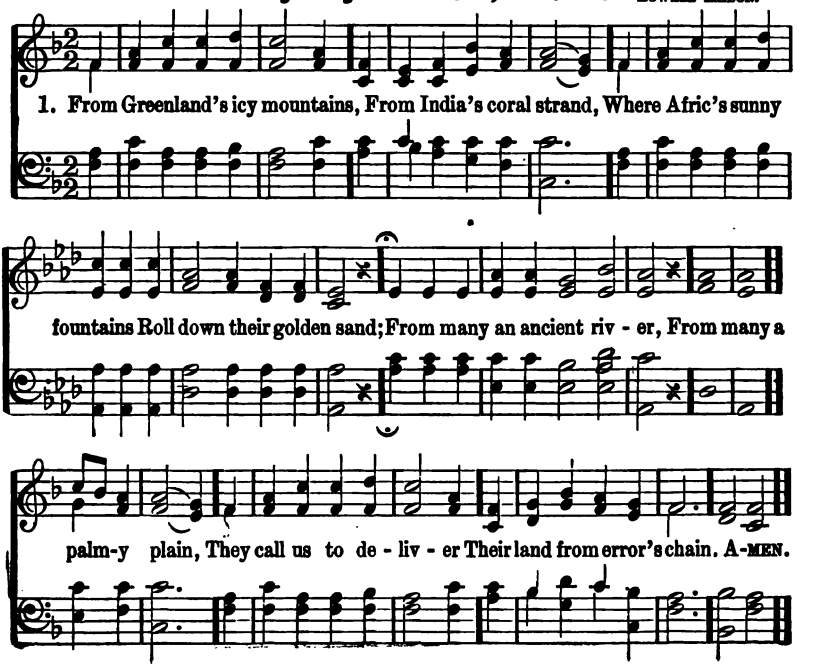
2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

Thomas Kelly.

282 Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv-er, From many a
palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain. A-MEN.

283 Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s, 10s. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on: The night is
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me. A - MEN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John H. Newman.

Tune:—MISSIONARY HYMN.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Reginald Heber.

284 Jewett. 6s. D.

CARL M. VON WEBER, AN. H.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - uct me
as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - MEN.

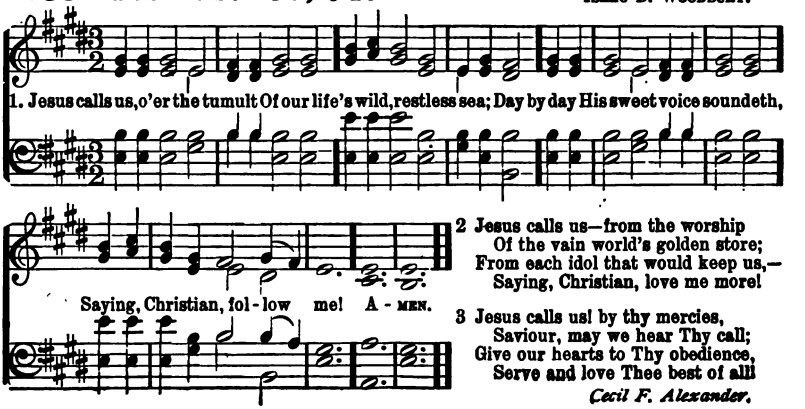
2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Jane Borthwick, tr.

285 Talmar. 8s, 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.


1. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, fol - low me! A - MEN.

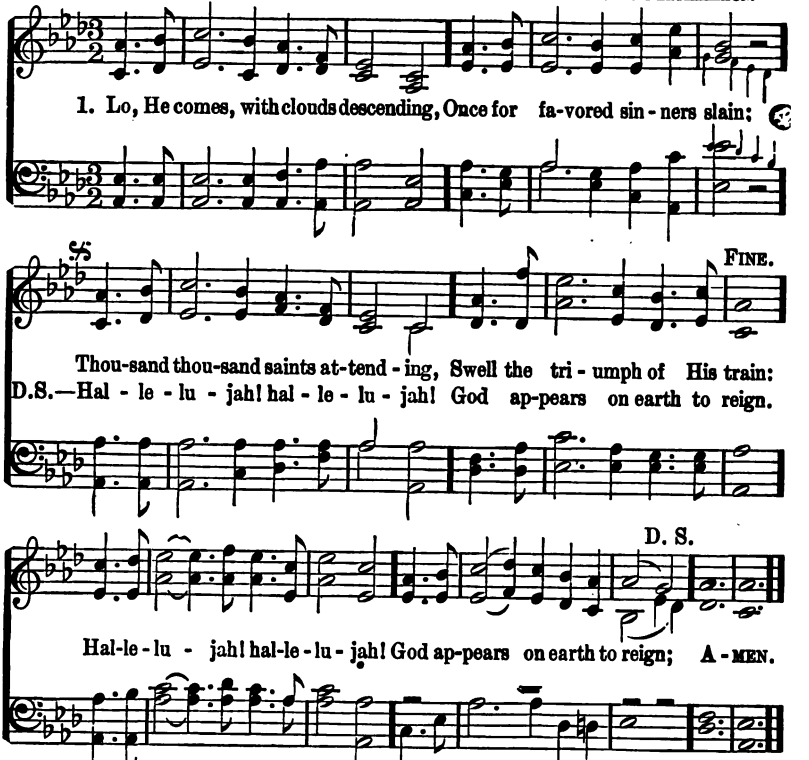
2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Cecil F. Alexander.

286 Autumn. 8s, 7s, D.

FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.


1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;
FINE.
Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train:
D.S.—Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.
D. S.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign; A-MEN.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

Charles Wesley, alt.

287 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've so't, and hoped, and known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

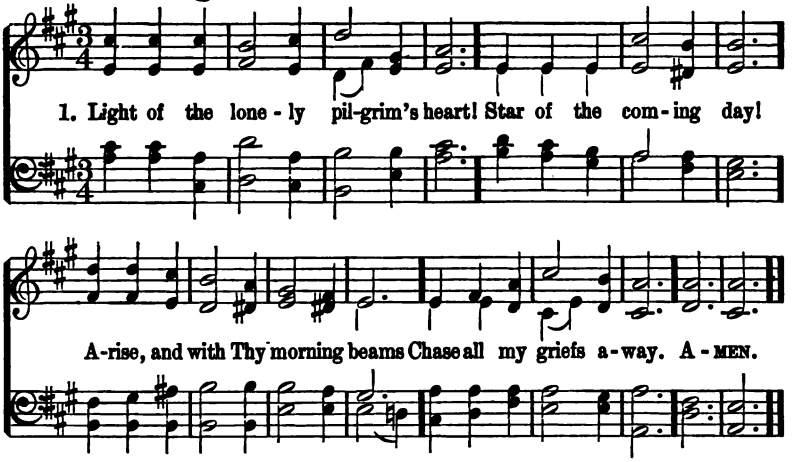
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is brihgt.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Know, my soul, Thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
What a Father's smile is thine:
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

288 St. Agnes. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

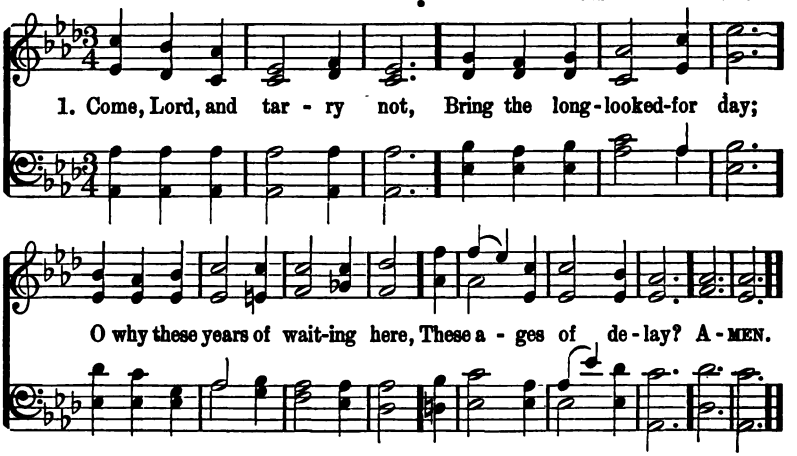
3 Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away.

4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and Thee!

Sir Edward Denny.

289 Greenwood. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



2 Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

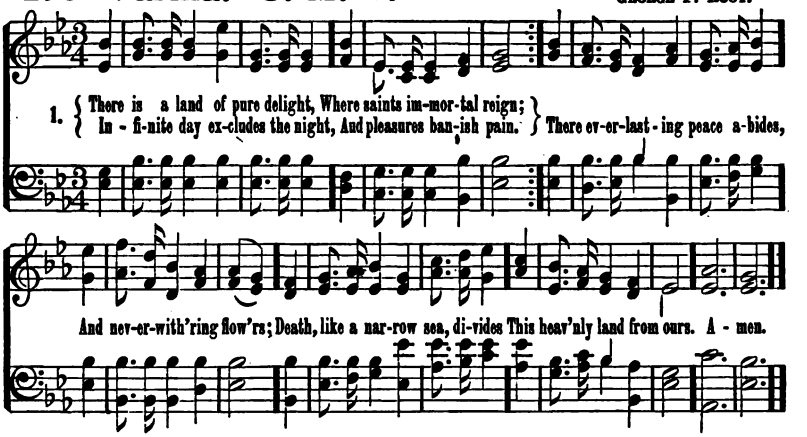
3 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth!

4 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

Horatius Bonar.

290 Varina. C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. There ev-er-last - ing peace a-bides,
And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This hear'nly land from ours. A - men.

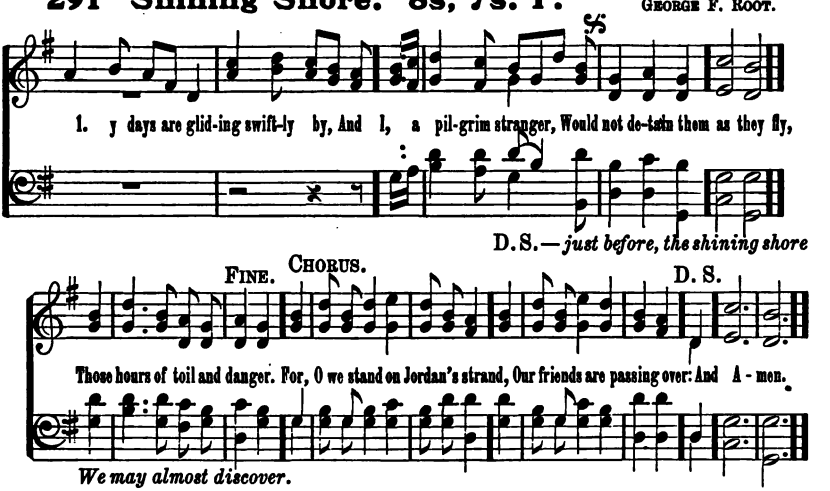
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

291 Shining Shore. 8s, 7s. P.

GEORGE F. ROOT.


1. y days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly,
D.S.—*just before, the shining shore*
FINE.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Those hours of toil and danger. For, O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over: And A - men.
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
"Let every lamp be burning."

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing,
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever; [home
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our
Forever, O forever.

David Nelson.

292 Urbs Beata.

GEORGE F. LE JEUNE.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those walls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er Have con-quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Century. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

REFRAIN.

Je - ru - - - - - - sa - lem the gold - en,
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

293 Bullinger. P. M. 8. 8. 8. 3.

E. W. BULLINGER.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever
And for all.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

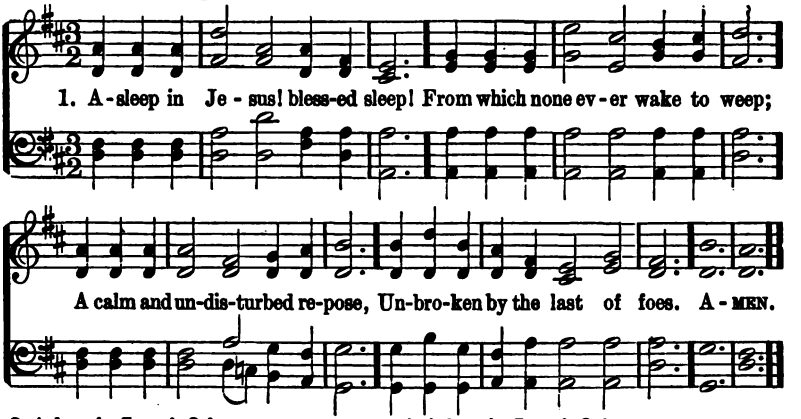
294 Paradise. 8s, 6s.

FREDERICK W. FABER. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We long to sin no more;
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We shall not wait for long;
5. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep us in Thy love!
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold;
We long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore:
E'en now the lov - ing ear may catch Faint frag-ments of thy song;
And guide us to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;
REFRAIN.
Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - - al hearts and true,
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-MEN.

295 Asleep in Jesus. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep;
A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes. A-MEN.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

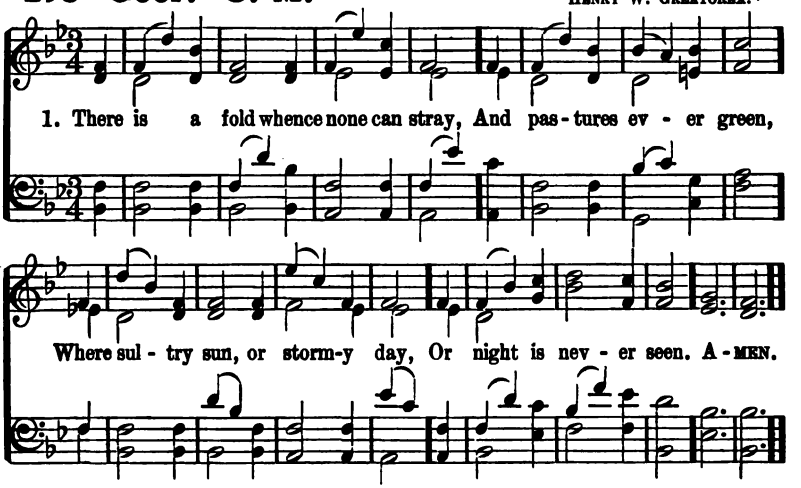
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

Margaret Mackay.

296 Geer. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife—
To spend eternity with Thee—
My Saviour, this is life!

John East.

297 America. 6s, 4s.

Arr. by HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring! A-MEN.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

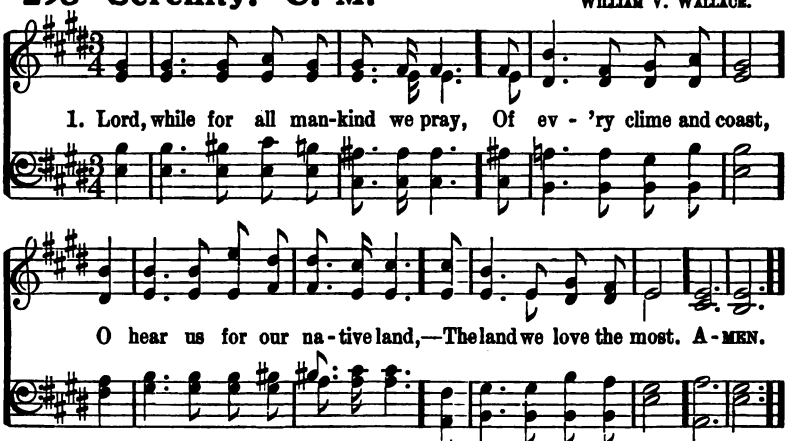
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

298 Serenity. C. M.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

John R. Wreford.

299 Livorno. 10s.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. A - bide in Thee, in that deep love of Thine, My Je - sus,
Lord, Thou Lamb of God di - vine; Down, closely down, as living branch with
tree, I would a - bide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee. A - MEN.

2 Abide in Thee, my Savior God, I know
How love of Thine, so vast in me may flow;
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
Now overflows to Thee, without alloy.

3 Abide in Thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with Thy blest life within;
Joined to Thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows nought besides its motions to control.

4 Abide in Thee, 'tis thus I only know
The secrets of Thy mind e'en while below;
All joy and peace, and knowledge of Thy word,
All power and fruit, and service for the Lord.

Joseph Denham Smith, 1860.

300

Tune:—ANTIOCH. No. 182.

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

301 Mornington. S. M.

MORNINGTON.

1. Come to the morn-ing prayer, Come let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff, To walk with God all day. A-MEN.

2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of Ages rest and pray;
Sweet is the shadow from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

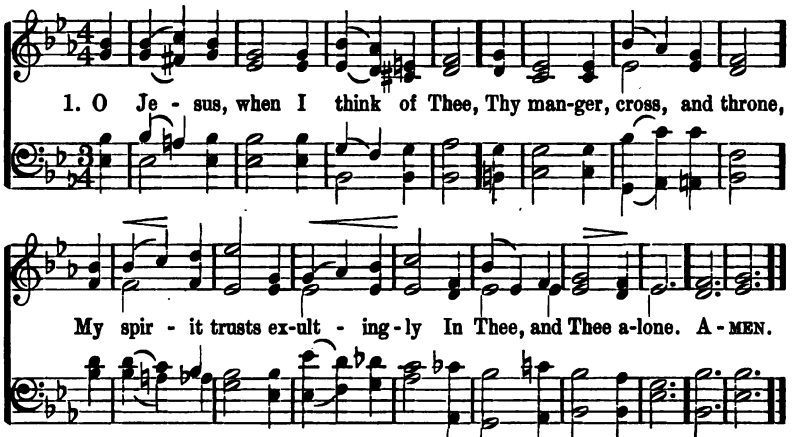
3 At eve shut to the door,
Round the home-altar pray,
And finding there the house of God,
At heaven's gate close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in Spirit say,
I sleep but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery, 1812.

302 Paraclete. C. M.

F. C. MAKER.



2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

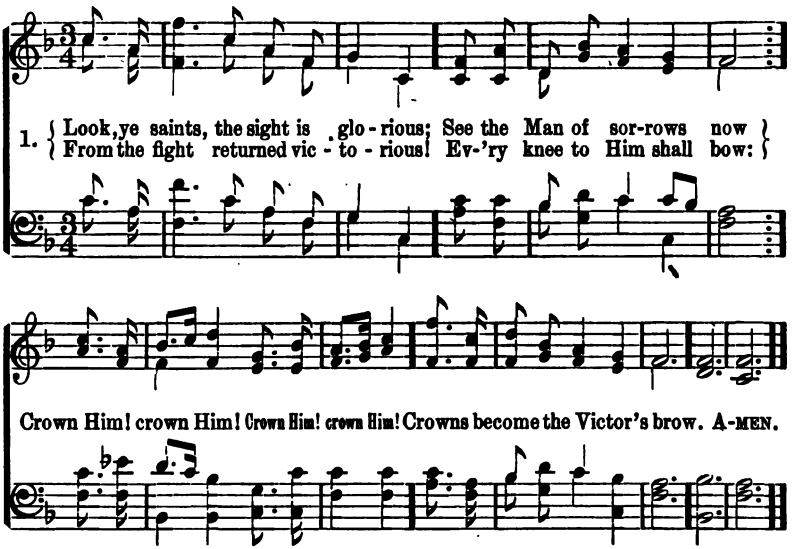
3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

George W. Bethune, 1847.

303 Tamworth 8s, 7s & 4s. LOCKHART.


1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the Man of sor-rows now
{ From the fight returned vic - to - rious! Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him! Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns become the Victor's brow. A-MEN.

2 Crown the Savior, angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
‖:Crown Him! crown Him! :‖
Crown the Saviour King of Kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels, crowd around Him!
Own His title, praise His name!
‖:Crown Him! crown Him!:‖
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
‖:Crown Him! crown Him!:‖
King of kings and Lord of lords!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

304

Tune:—PORTUGUESE HYMN. No. 264.

1 O come, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger, the angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
The womb of the Virgin He doth not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord:
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

3 O hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest, all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word!
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1848.

305 Cleansed in Our Saviour's Blood.

E. W. BULLINGER.

1. Cleansed in our Sav-iour's precious blood, Filled with the ful-ness of our God,
Walk-ing by faith the path He trod; Al-le-lu-ia. A-MEN.

2 Leaning our heads on Jesus' breast,
Knowing the joy of that sweet rest,
Finding in Him the chief, the best!
Alleluia!

3 Kept by His power from day to day,
Held by His hand, we cannot stray,
Glory to glory all the way!
Alleluia!

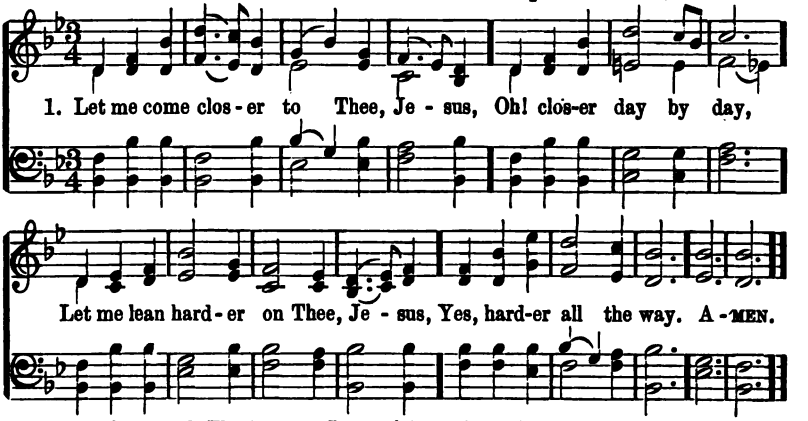
4 Living in us His own pure life,
Giving us rest from inward strife, [life;
From strength to strength, from death to
Alleluia!

5 Oh, what a Saviour we have found;
Well may we make the world resound
With one continual joyous sound;
Alleluia!

W. Spencer Walton, 1880.

306 Let Me Come Closer to Thee, Jesus.

Organist of LLANTHONY ABBEY.



2 Let me show forth Thy beauty, Jesus,
Like sunshine on the hills,
Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness
In joyous, sparkling rills.

3 Yes, like a fountain, precious Jesus,
Make me and let me be;
Keep me and use me daily, Jesus,
For Thee, for only Thee.

4 In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
Be altogether King;
Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
To Thee in everything.

5 Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Jesus,
With blessed hunger here,
Longing for home on Zion's mountain,
No thirst, no hunger there.

Llanthony Abbey Hymns.

307 Fletcher. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

2 'T was for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from Thy dying eye
And from each pierced hand!

3 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on Thee.

4 O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth forever Thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

5 In patient hope the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare
On Thy great judgment day.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

308 Prayer. S. M.

L. MARSHALL.

2 No work is left undone,
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt the smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee!

Henry W. Baker, 1880.

309 Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light:
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears:
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

Ray Palmer, 1859.

310 Bristol. C. M.

HODGES.

1. Be-gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing:
The mighty works or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A-MEN.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words would raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

311 Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! 6s.

Slowly.

2 Jesus! Name of cleansing,
Washing all our stains;
Jesus! Name of healing,
Balm for all our pains.

3 Jesus! Name of boldness,—
Making cowards brave;
Name! that in the battle,
Certainly must save.

4 Jesus! Name of victory,
Stretching far away,
Right across earth's war-fields,
To the plains of day.

5 Jesus! Name of beauty,
Beauty far too bright
For our earth-bound fancy,
For our mortal sight.

6 Jesus! be our joy-note
In this vale of tears;
Till we reach the Home-land,
And th'eternal years.

Llanthony Abbey Hymns.

312 Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

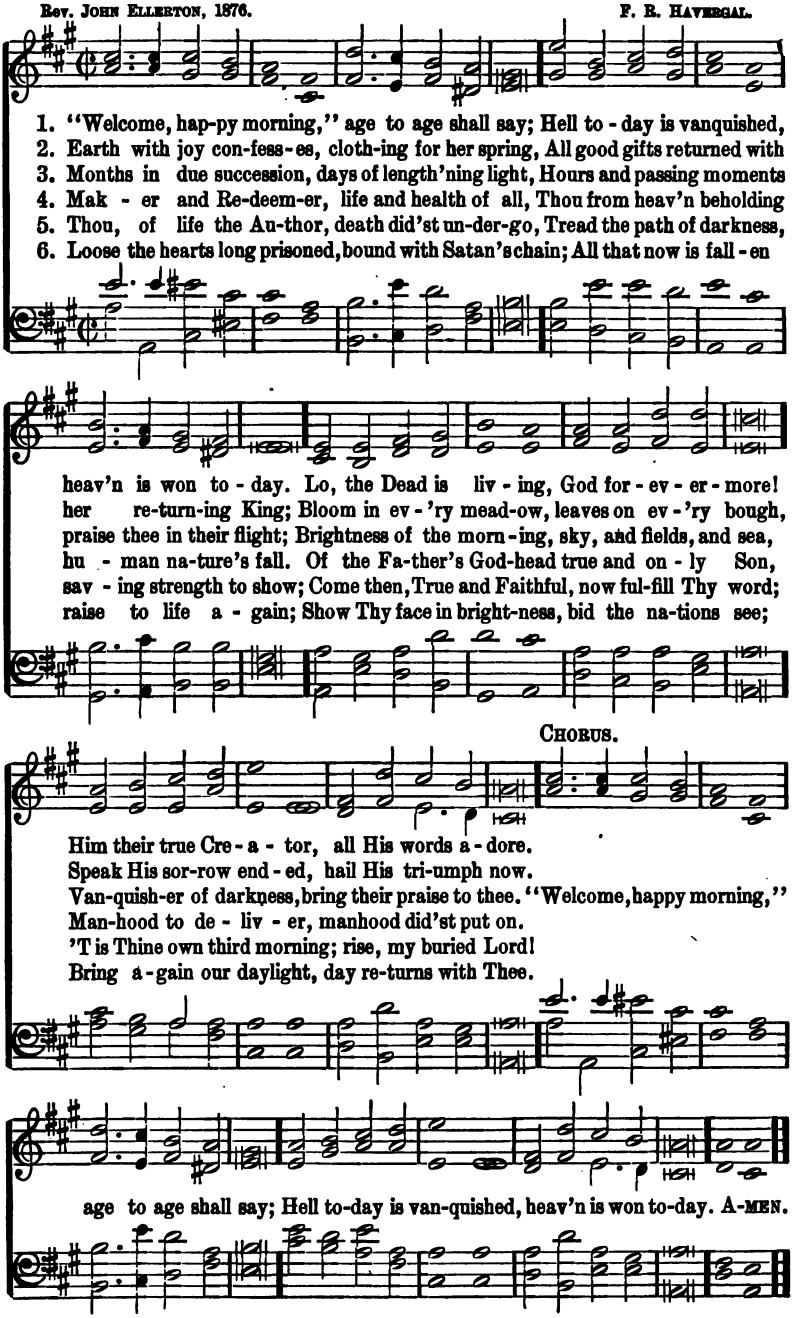
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

313 Hermas. 11s.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1876. F. B. HAVERGAL.


1. "Welcome, hap-py morning," age to age shall say; Hell to - day is vanquished,
2. Earth with joy con-fess - es, cloth-ing for her spring, All good gifts returned with
3. Months in due succession, days of length'ning light, Hours and passing moments
4. Mak - er and Re-deem-er, life and health of all, Thou from heav'n beholding
5. Thou, of life the Au-thor, death did'st un-der-go, Tread the path of darkness,
6. Loose the hearts long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain; All that now is fall - en
heav'n is won to - day. Lo, the Dead is liv - ing, God for - ev - er - more!
her re-turn-ing King; Bloom in ev - 'ry mead-ow, leaves on ev - 'ry bough,
praise thee in their flight; Brightness of the morn - ing, sky, and fields, and sea,
hu - man na-ture's fall. Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on - ly Son,
sav - ing strength to show; Come then, True and Faithful, now ful-fill Thy word;
raise to life a - gain; Show Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see;
CHORUS.
Him their true Cre - a - tor, all His words a - dore.
Speak His sor-row end - ed, hail His tri-umph now.
Van-quish-er of darkness, bring their praise to thee. "Welcome, happy morning,"
Man-hood to de - liv - er, manhood did'st put on.
'T is Thine own third morning; rise, my buried Lord!
Bring a - gain our daylight, day re-turns with Thee.
age to age shall say; Hell to-day is van-quished, heav'n is won to-day. A-MEN.

314 Sudbury. 7s.

T. Clark.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Christ hath broken ev-'ry chain; Hark, an-gel-ic
voi-ces cry, Sing-ing ev-er-more on high, Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord! Amen.

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

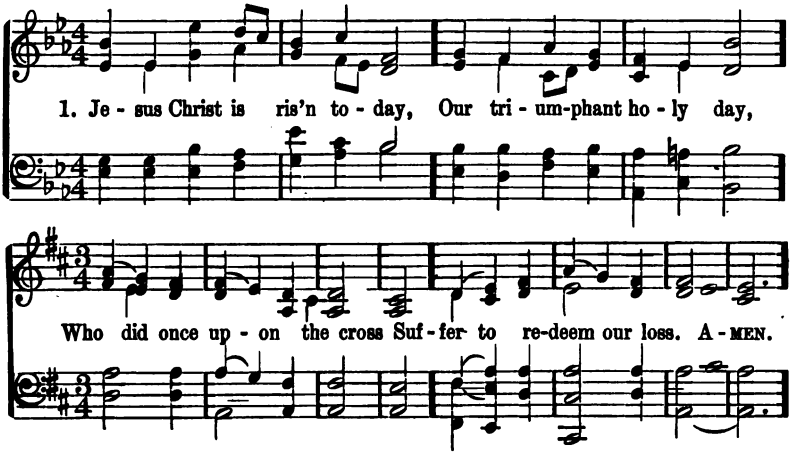
3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Bohemian Easter Hymn, 1831. C. Winkworth, 1858.

315 Theodora. 7s.

G. F. Handel.



2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation has procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son from death upraised,
And the Spirit ever blest:
One true God by all confessed.

Tr. from the Latin of the 15th century.

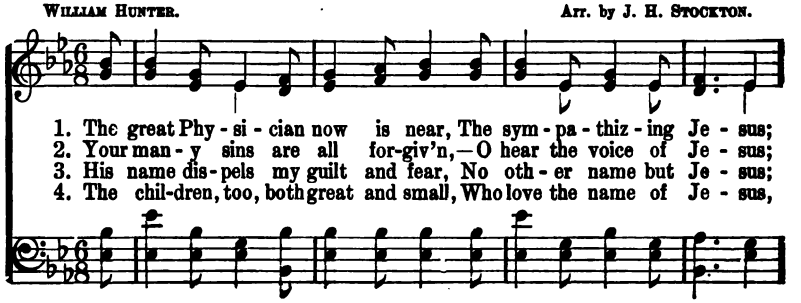
316 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

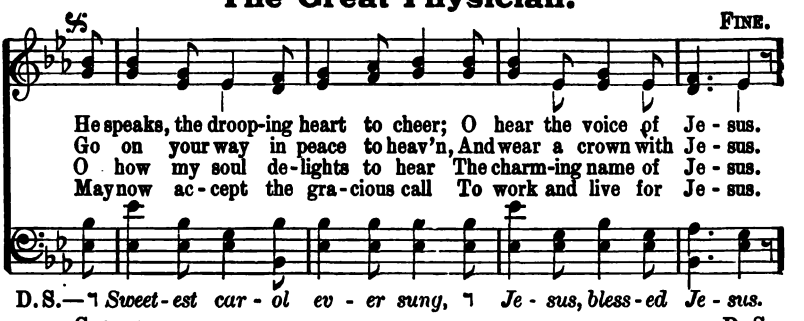
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say, when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"

317 The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.


1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n,—O hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
4. The chil-dren, too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus,

The Great Physician.


FINE.
He speaks, the droop-ing heart to cheer; O hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
O how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.
May now ac-cept the gra-cious call To work and live for Je - sus.
D.S.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

318 I am Coming, Lord!

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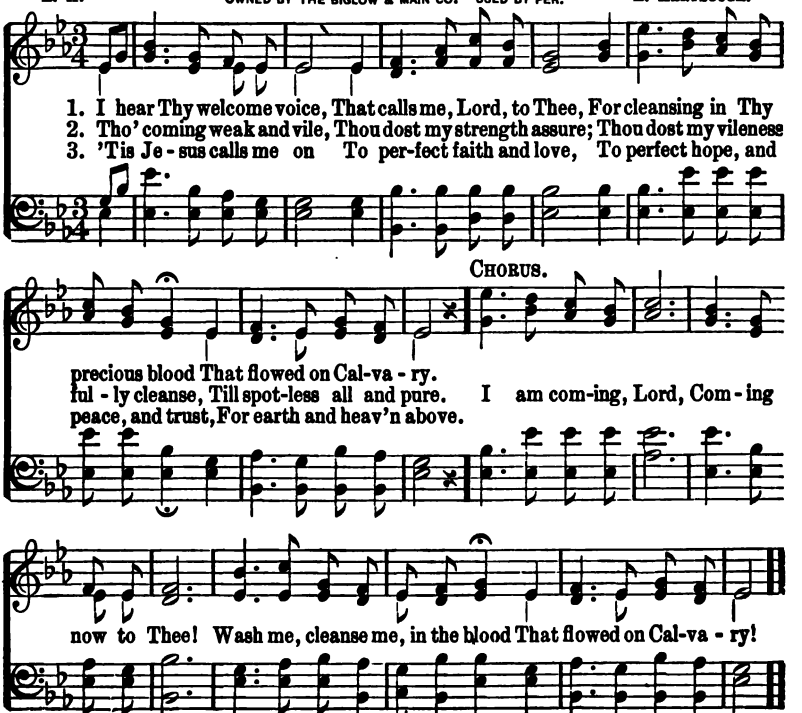
L. H. L. HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To perfect hope, and
CHORUS.
precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord, Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry!

319 Help Me to be Holy!

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY D. B. TOWNER.

ADONIRAM J. GORDON — D. B. TOWNER.

1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa - ther of light; Guilt-burdened and
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Sav - iour di - vine; Why con-quer so
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine; Come, sanc - ti - fy
low - ly, I bow in thy sight; How shall a stained conscience Dare gaze on Thy
slow - ly This na-ture of mine? Stamp deeply Thy like-ness Where Satan's hath
who - ly This tem-ple of Thine; Now cast out each i - dol, Here set up Thy
face, E'en tho' in Thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place?
been; Ex - pel with Thy bright - ness My dark-ness and sin!
throne, Reign, reign with-out ri - val, Su - preme and a - lone!

320 We Praise Thee, O God!

WM. P. MACKAY. — J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love,

We Praise Thee, O God.

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove!
Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - tered our night!
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain!
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove!
CHORUS.
1
2
Hal - le-lu-jah, Thine the glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men! Re-vive us a-gain!

321 Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say: "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll wash my
CHORUS.
watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow!

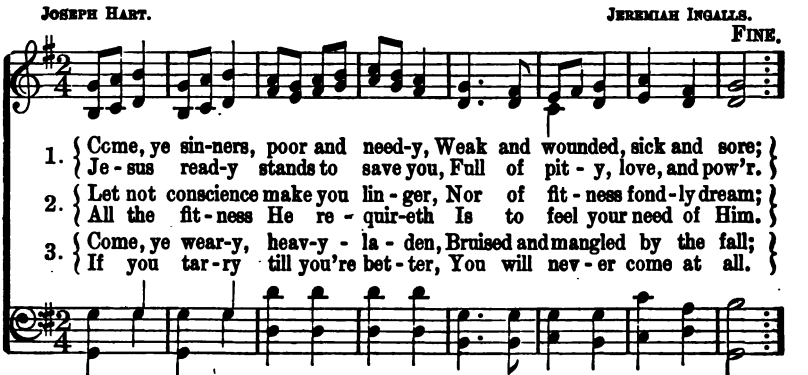
322 How I Love Jesus!

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. American Spiritual.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells of One, whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in each
CHORUS.
mu-sic to mine ear—The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea. O how I love Je-sus,
sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.
O how I love Je-sus, O how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me!

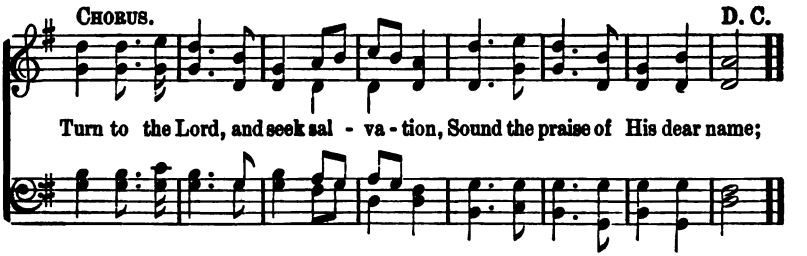
323 Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HART. JEREMIAH INGALLS.

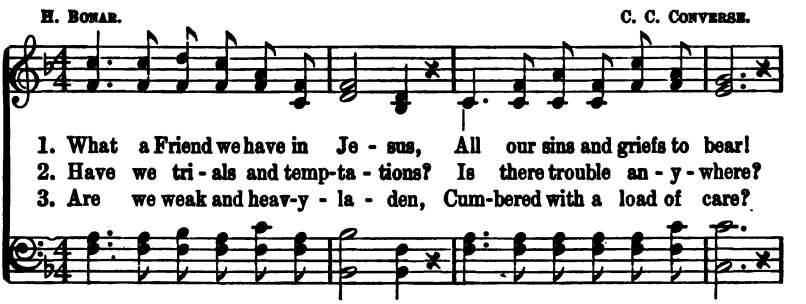

FINE.
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r.
2. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
3. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

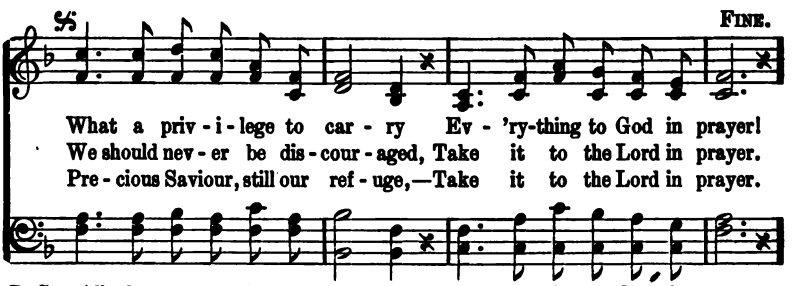
D. C.—*Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.*

Turn to the Lord.

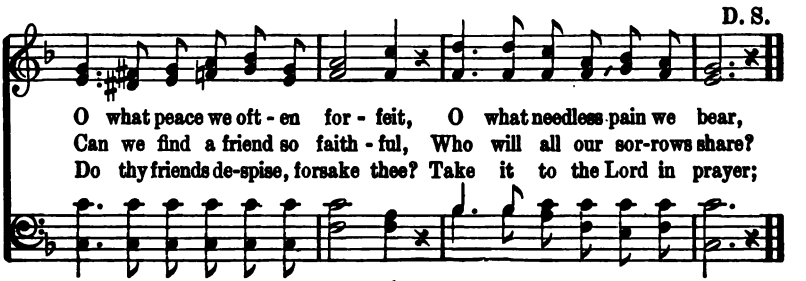


324 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.


H. BONAR.
C. C. CONVERSE.
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?


FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D. S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
D. S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.


D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

325 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go,
3. I would love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,
FINE.
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.
D.S.-*May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord to Thee.*
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

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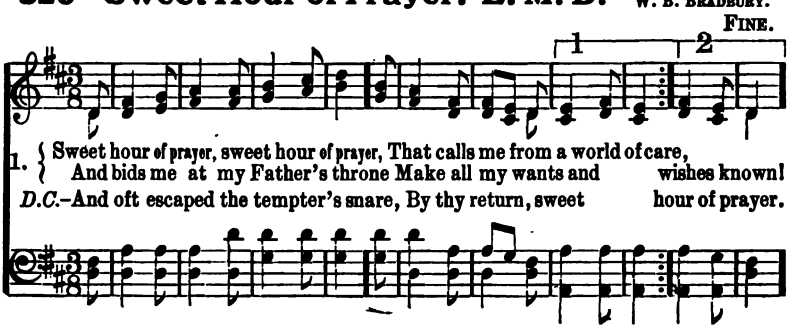
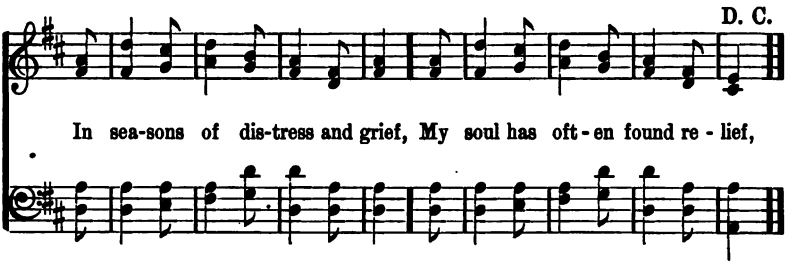
326 Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.


FINE.
1 2
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known!
D.C.-And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I Thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer."

W. W. Walford.

327 Even Me.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
{ Show'rs the thirs-ty soul re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
REFRAIN.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

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2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy rest on me.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!

4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

Elizabeth Codner.

328 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Chorus.
D. S.
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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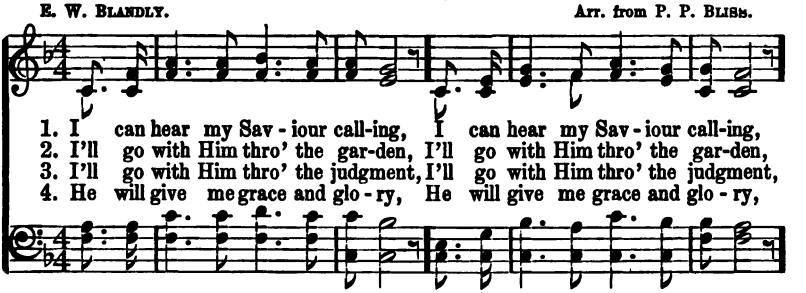
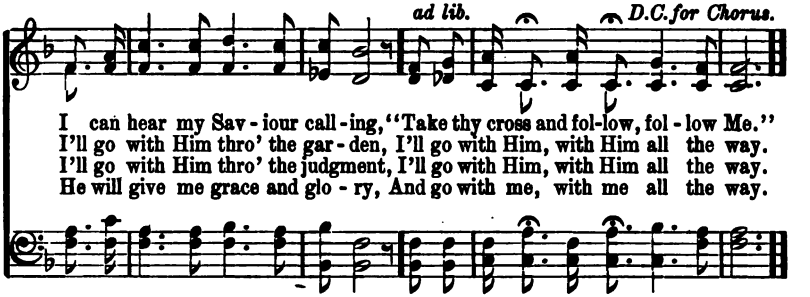
329 The Way of the Cross.

E. W. Blandly. Arr. from P. P. Bliss.


1. I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

The Way of the Cross.


ad lib.
D.C. for Chorus.
I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

330 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me; Whom have
CHORUS.
oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav-iour, Sav - iour,
wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace?
I on earth be - side Thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?
hear my humble cry; While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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331 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Miss Kate Hankey. W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in,— That
won - der-ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the
3. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when
sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and
sto - ry oft - en, For I for-get so soon; The "ear - ly dew" of
that world's glo-ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old
Chorus.
wea - ry And help-less and de - filed.
morning Has passed a-way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the
sto - ry: Christ Jesus makes thee whole.
old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and His love.

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332 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. DR. H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far, Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw His Mas-ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save;
A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They climb'd the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil and pain;
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in His train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train!

333 Rutherford. 7, 6, D.

Mrs. Cousin. D'Urhan.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks;
2. Oh, Christ, He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love!
3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov-ed's mine!
4. The Bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face;
The sum-mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."
I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace.
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There, to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pier - ced hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man - uel's land.
Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man - uel's land.
The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im-man - uel's land. A-MEN.

334 The Comforter Has Come!

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti-dings round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of Kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-bove the vault-ed sky, And
ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less
D. S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings
FINE.
tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort-er has come!
sin, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!
round, Wher-ev-er man is found— The Com-fort-er has come!
CHORUS.
D. S.
The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

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335 Arise, My Soul, Arise!

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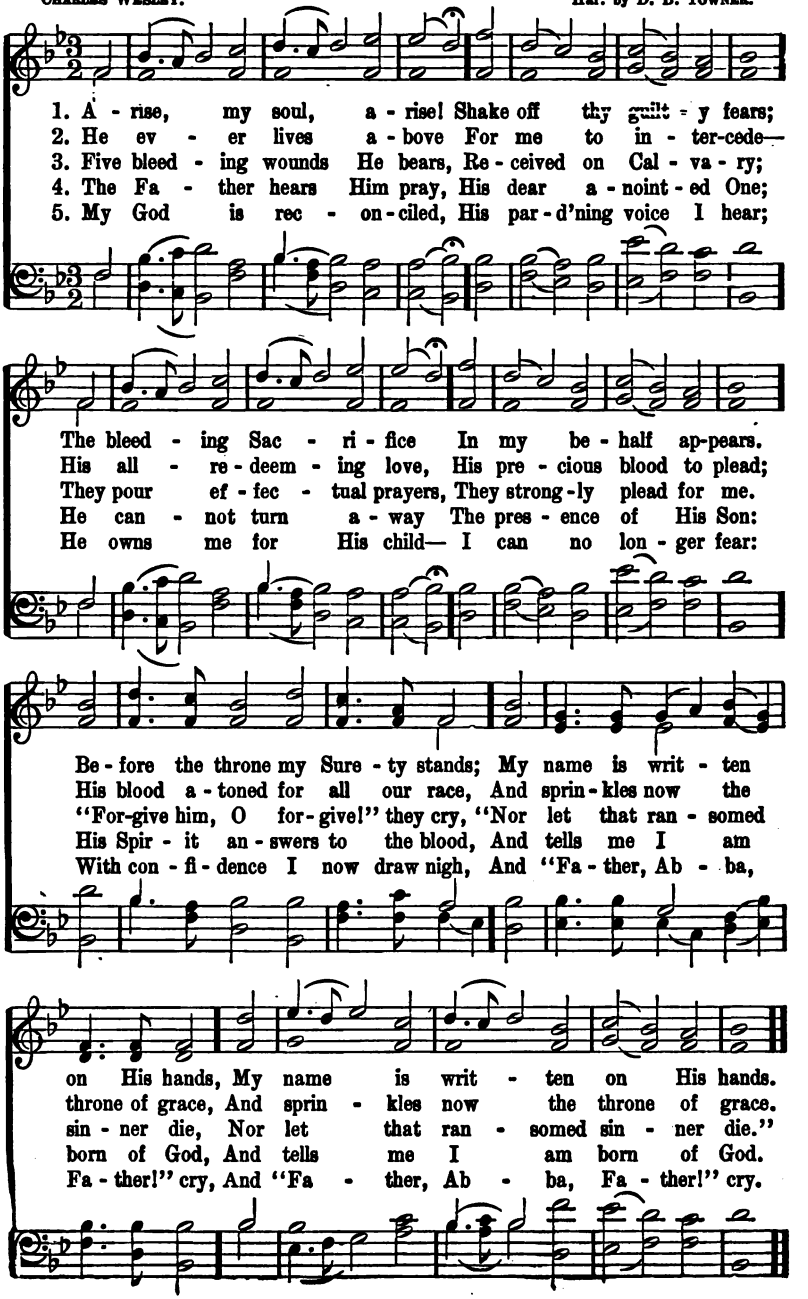
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter-cede—
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on-ciled, His par - d'ning voice I hear;
The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap-pears.
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong-ly plead for me.
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
He owns me for His child— I can no lon - ger fear:
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the
"For-give him, O for-give!" they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba,
on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
Fa - ther!" cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

336 Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,
On - ward, 't is our Lord's com-mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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337 Rescue the Perishing.

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1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.
Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

338 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; May my soul look up with a stead - fast hope
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach
REFRAIN.
And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I commune as friend with friend!
Till I rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me
near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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339 Exalt and Praise His Holy Name.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

Unison Chorus.

1. Praise ye His Ho - ly Name The Lord Je - ho - vah
2. Come to His Courts with joy, Let al - le - lu - ias
3. Here let the an - them ring, Where He is known to
4. Join all the hosts on high Who praise Je - ho - vah
dwell-ing in the light; His won-drous works pro - claim, His
rise to yon-der throne; Your no - blest song em - ploy, To
be the on - ly God; And then pro - claim Him King, O'er
and His name a-dore; And "Ho - ly, Ho - ly" cry, In
CHORUS.
wis - dom and His bound-less might... Praise
make His praise and glo - ry known...
all the wait-ing earth a - broad.... Praise the Lord Je - ho - vah.
sweet ac-cord for-ev - er - more....
Him, Praise the Lord, Je - ho - vah, all the earth shall praise Him,
all the earth shall praise Him, Praise Him,

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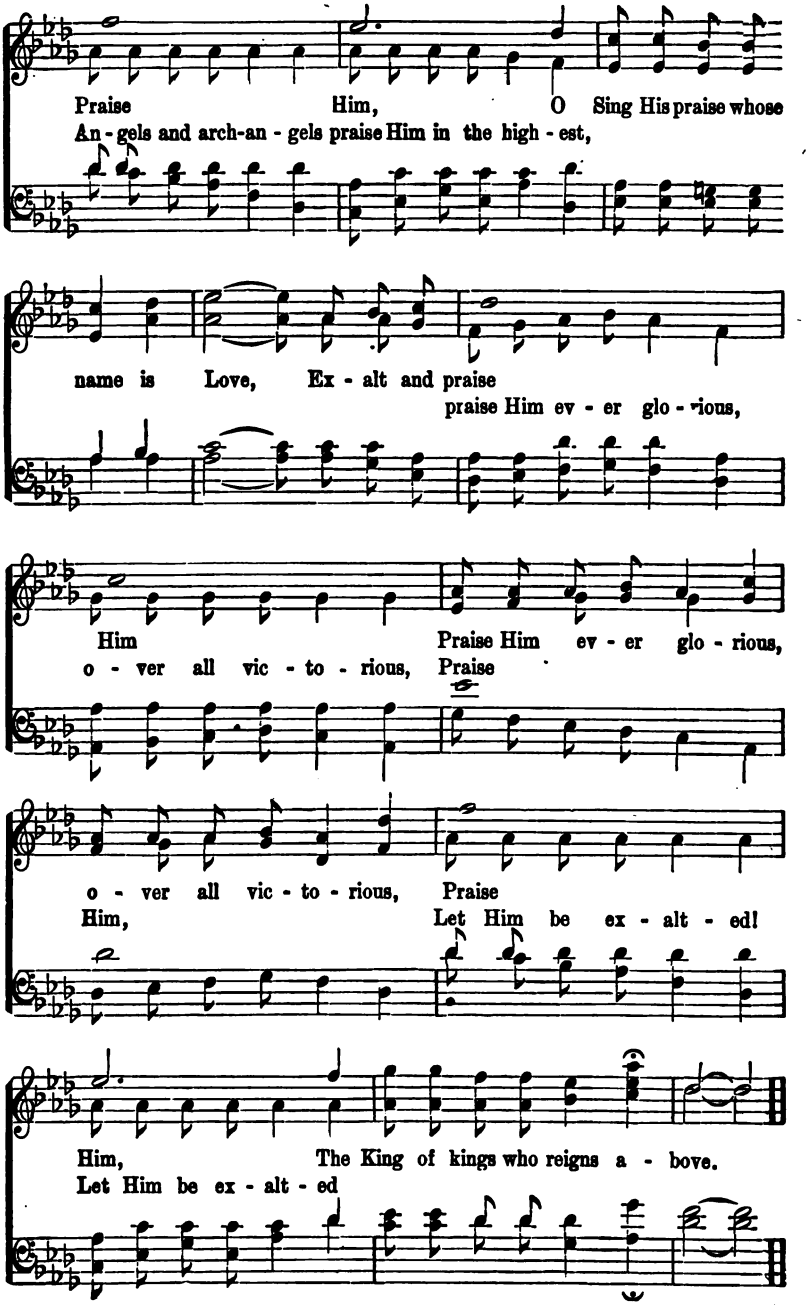
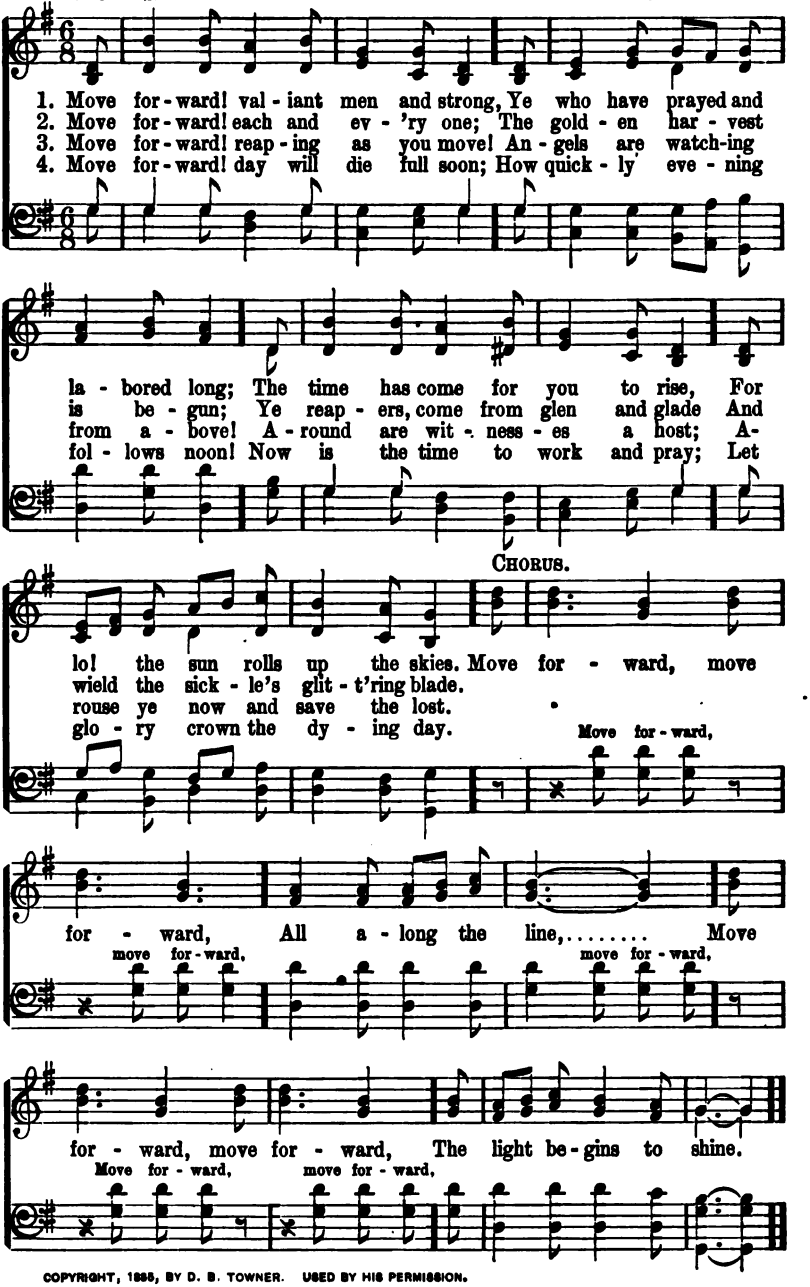
Exalt and Praise His Holy Name.


Praise Him, O Sing His praise whose
An - gels and arch-an - gels praise Him in the high - est,
name is Love, Ex - alt and praise
praise Him ev - er glo - rious,
Him Praise Him ev - er glo - rious,
o - ver all vic - to - rious, Praise
o - ver all vic - to - rious, Praise
Him, Let Him be ex - alt - ed!
Him, The King of kings who reigns a - bove.
Let Him be ex - alt - ed

340 Move Forward!

G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Move for-ward! val-iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and
2. Move for-ward! each and ev-'ry one; The gold-en har-vest
3. Move for-ward! reap-ing as you move! An-gels are watch-ing
4. Move for-ward! day will die full soon; How quick-ly eve-ning
la-bored long; The time has come for you to rise, For
is be-gun; Ye reap-ers, come from glen and glade And
from a-bove! A-round are wit-ness-es a host; A-
fol-lows noon! Now is the time to work and pray; Let
CHORUS.
lo! the sun rolls up the skies. Move for-ward, move
wield the sick-le's glit-t'ring blade.
rouse ye now and save the lost.
glo-ry crown the dy-ing day.
Move for-ward,
for-ward, All a-long the line,..... Move
move for-ward, move for-ward,
for-ward, move for-ward, The light be-gins to shine.
Move for-ward, move for-ward,

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341 Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals,
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-an-gels in
suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and
D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent
FINE.
glo-ry; Strength and honor give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
va-tion, Hail Him! hail him! Jesus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
ever: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming!
greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!
D. S.
Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
o-ver the world victorious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long;

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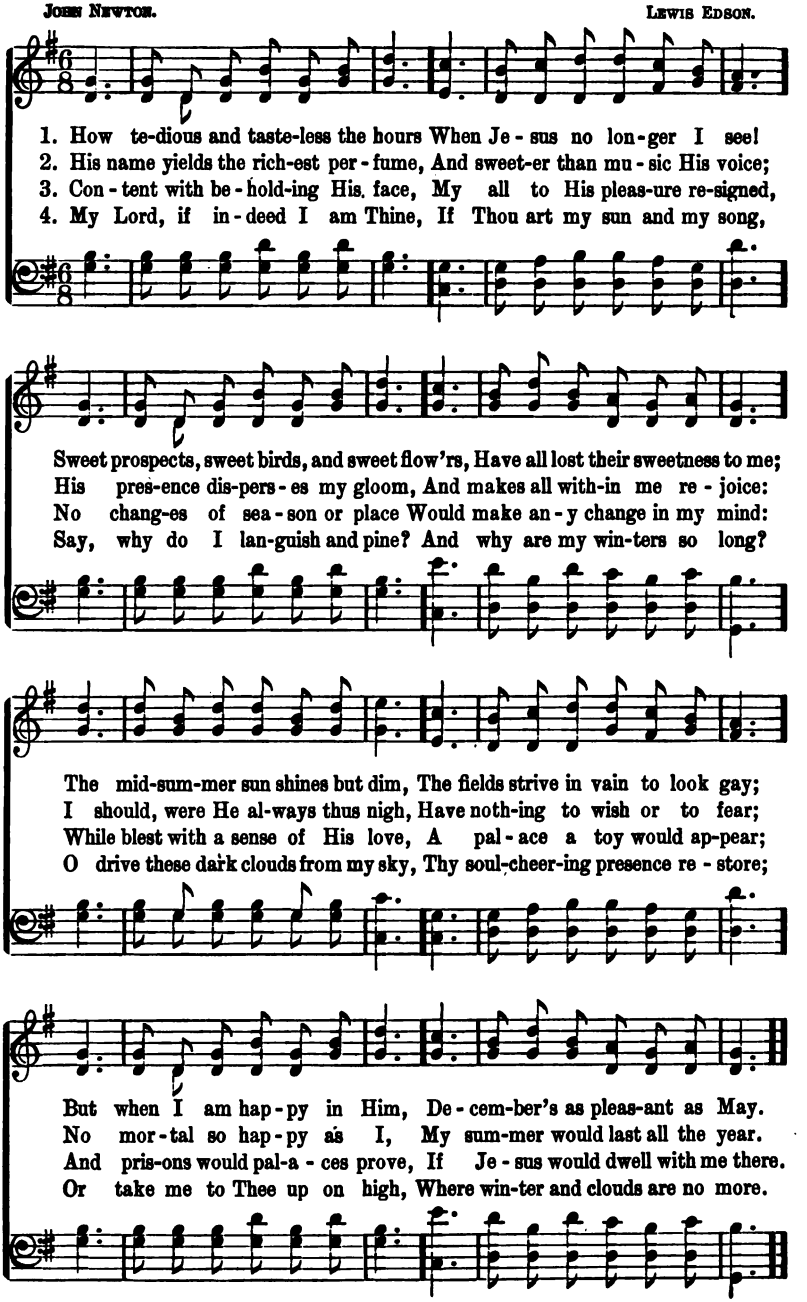
342 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-
2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
3. Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be
The storm may roar with - out me,
fid - ing, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar with - out me,
side me, And nothing can I lack. His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth,
o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been. My hope I can - not meas - ure,
The storm may roar with-out me,
My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-
His sight is nev- er dim, He knows the way He taketh, And I will walk with
My path to life is free, My Saviour has my treas-ure, And He will walk with
a - bout me, And
And can I be dis - mayed?
mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can . . . I be dis-mayed?
Him; He knows the way He taketh, And I . . . will walk with Him.
me; My Saviour has my treasure, And He . . . will walk with me.
can I be dis - mayed? . . . . .

343 Contrast. 8s. D.

JOHN NEWTON. LEWIS EDSON.


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per - fume, And sweet-er than mu - sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be - hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. My Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His pres-ence dis-pers - es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice:
No chang-es of sea - son or place Would make an - y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?
The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap-pear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheer-ing presence re - store;
But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.
And pris-ons would pal-a - ces prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

344 My Prayer.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More strivings with-in;... More patience in
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pur - i - ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from
suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - iour,
glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,
rit.
More sense of His care; More joy in His serv - ice, More pur-pose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More used would I be; More blessed and ho - ly. More, Saviour, like Thee.

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345 *Tune:*—Evan. No. 189.

1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

346 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
FINE.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
D. C. Chorus first four lines.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing, Break on the gold - en shore.

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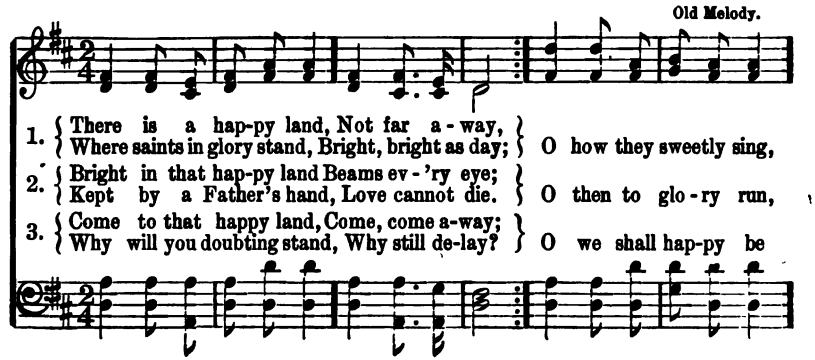
347 Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me; He will stay, Close be - side me all the way,
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him, by and by He will take me home on high.
CHORUS.
1
2
Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me;
Yes, Je-sus loves me, (Omit.).....
The Bi-ble tells me so.

348 Happy Land.

Old Melody.


1. There is a hap-py land, Not far a - way,
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
2. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev - 'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die.
O then to glo - ry run,
3. Come to that happy land, Come, come a-way;
Why will you doubting stand, Why still de-lay?
O we shall hap-py be

Happy Land.

"Worthy is our Saviour King!" Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Be a crown and kingdom won, And, bright above the sun, Reign ev - er-more.
When from sin and sor-row free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

349 The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make His face shine up-
on thee, and be gra - cious un - to thee: And be
gra - cious un - to thee: The Lord lift up His coun - te-nance, His
and give thee peace.....
coun-te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.
dim.....

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350 Hallelujah for the Cross!

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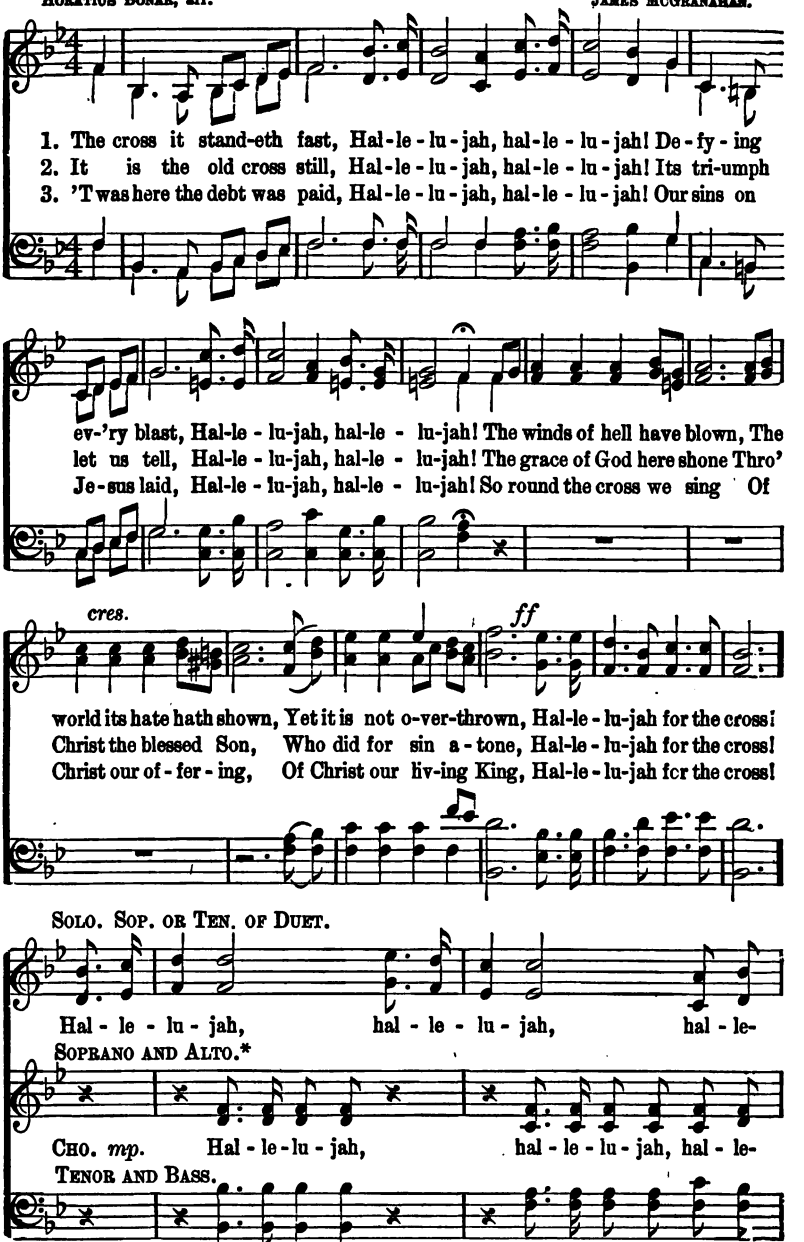
HORATIUS BONAR, ATT. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'T was here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on
ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of
cres.
ff
world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OF DUET.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
SOPRANO AND ALTO.*
CHO. mp. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
TENOR AND BASS.

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, omitting the middle Staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross!

lu - - - jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah,
lu-jah for the cross, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss!
Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss!
f FULL CHORUS.
* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
cres.
ff
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss!

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

351 God be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

SELECTION I.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he arose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

SELECTION II.

The Ten Commandments. Exodus 20:1-17; Matthew 22:37-40.

1 And God spake all these words, saying:

2 I *am* the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3 Thou shalt have not other gods before me.

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of any thing* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth:

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me:

6 And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8 Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the LORD thy God: *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that *is* within thy gates:

11 For *in* six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

12 Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

13 Thou shalt not kill.

14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15 Thou shalt not steal.

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that *is* thy neighbour's.

* * * * * * * *

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

SELECTION III.

Man's Lost Condition. John 3:1-17.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and *of* the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9 Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

10 Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

12 If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you *of* heavenly things?

13 And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, *even* the Son of man which is in heaven.

14 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man he lifted up:

15 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

SELECTION IV.

Christ's Atonement. Isaiah 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, *there is* no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were *our* faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he *was* wounded for our transgressions, *he was* bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace *was* upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither *was any* deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put *him* to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see *his* seed, he shall prolong *his* days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, *and* shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION V.

A Divine Exhortation. Ezek. 18:20-32.

20 The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him.

21 But if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

22 All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him: in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live.

23 Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord GOD: *and* not that he should return from his ways, and live?

24 ¶ But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, *and* doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked *man* doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die.

25 ¶ Yet ye say, The way of the LORD is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel; Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?

26 When a righteous *man* turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and dieth in them; for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die.

27 Again, when the wicked *man* turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

28 Because he considereth, and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

29 Yet saith the house of Israel, The way of the LORD is not equal. O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?

30 Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord GOD. Repent, and turn *yourselves* from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.

31 ¶ Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

32 For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord GOD: wherefore turn *yourselves*, and live ye.

SELECTION VI.

A Divine Warning. Prov. 1:20-33.

20 Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets.

21 She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, *saying*,

22 How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?

23 Turn you at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.

24 Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;

25 But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof:

26 I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh;
27 When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.
28 Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me:
29 For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the LORD:
30 They would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof.
31 Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices.
32 For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.
33 But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

SELECTION VII.

Penitence. Psalm 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of they tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin *is* ever before me.
4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, *and* be clear when thou judgest.
5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
8 Make me to hear joy and gladness: *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice.
9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me *with thy* free Spirit.
13 *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: *and* my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
15 O LORD, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
16 For thou desirest not scarifice; else wuld I give *it;* thou delightest not in burnt offering.
17 The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
19 Then shall thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

SELECTION VIII.

The Divine Invitation. Isaiah 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.
2 Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which is* not bread? and your labour for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which is* good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.
3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, *even* the sure mercies of David.
4 Behold, I have given him *for* a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.
5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation *that* thou knowest not, and nations *that* knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorfied thee.
6 Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:
7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
8 For my thoughts *are* not your thoughts, neither *are* your ways my ways, saith the LORD.
9 For *as* the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.
10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:
11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.
12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap *their* hands.
13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign *that* shall not be cut off.

SELECTION IX.

The Way of Pardon and Peace. Psalm 32.

1 Blessed *is he whose* transgression *is* forgiven, *whose* sin *is* covered.
2 Blessed *is* the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit *there is* no guile.
3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.
4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.
5 I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.
6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.
7 Thou *art* my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.
8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.
9 Be ye not as the horse, *or* as the mule, *which* have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.
10 Many sorrows *shall be* to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.
11 Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all *ye that are* upright in heart.

SELECTION X.

The Means and Message of Salvation. Romans 10:4-15.

4 Christ *is* the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth.
5 For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them.
6 But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down *from above*:)
7 Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)
8 But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach;
9 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.
10 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.
11 For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.
12 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.
13 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.
14 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?
15 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

SELECTION XI.

Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. John 14:15-18; 16:7-15.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.
16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;
17 *Even* the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.
18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.
* * * * * * * *
7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.
8 And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:
9 Of sin, because they believe not on me;
10 Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;
11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.
12 I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.
13 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.
14 He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew *it* unto you.
15 All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew *it* unto you.

SELECTION XII.

Thanksgiving for Mercies. Psalm 116.

1 I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice *and* my supplications.
2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon *him* as long as I live.

3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.
4 Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.
5 Gracious *is* the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God *is* merciful.
6 The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.
7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.
8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, *and* my feet from falling.
9 I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.
10 I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:
11 I said in my haste, All men *are* liars.
12 What shall I render unto the LORD *for* all his benefits toward me?
13 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.
14 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.
15 Precious in the sight of the LORD *is* the death of his saints.
16 O LORD, truly I *am* thy servant; I *am* thy servant, *and* the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.
17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.
18 I will pay my vows unto the LORD, now in the presence of all his people,
19 In the courts of the LORD'S house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION XIII.

Assurance. 1 John 5:1-5; 9-15.

1 Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.
2 By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.
3 For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grevious.
4 For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, *even* our faith.
5 Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?
* * * * * * * *
9 If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.
10 He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.
11 And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.
12 He that hath the Son hath life; *and* he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.
13 These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.
14 And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us:
15 And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.

SELECTION XIV.

The Word of God. Psalm 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.
3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 The law of the LORD *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD *is* sure, making wise the simple.
8 The statutes of the LORD *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.
9 The fear of the LORD *is* clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD *are* true *and* righteous altogether.
10 More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and honeycomb.
11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.
12 Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faults*.
13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION XV.

The Chaff and the Wheat. Jer. 23:16-29.

16 Thus saith the LORD of hosts, Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you; they make you vain: they speak a vision of their own heart, *and* not out of the mouth of the LORD.

17 They say still unto them that despise me, The LORD has said, Ye shall have peace; and they say unto every one that walketh after the imagination of his own heart, No evil shall come upon you.

18 For who hath stood in the counsel of the LORD, and hath perceived and heard his word? who hath marked his word, and heard *it?*

19 Behold, a whirlwind of the LORD is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind: it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked.

20 The anger of the LORD shall not return, until he have executed, and till he have performed the thoughts of his heart: in the latter days ye shall consider it perfectly.

21 I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied.

22 But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings.

23 *Am* I a God at hand, saith the LORD, and not a God afar off?

24 Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the LORD. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the LORD.

25 I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in my name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed.

26 How long shall *this* be in the heart of the prophets that prophesy lies? yea, *they are* prophets of the deceit of their own heart;

27 Which think to cause my people to forget my name by their dreams, which they tell every man to his neighbour, as their fathers have forgotten my name for Baal.

28 The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What *is* the chaff to the wheat? saith the LORD.

29 *Is* not my word like a fire? saith the LORD: and like a hammer *that* breaketh the rock in pieces?

SELECTION XVI.

Prayer and Obedience. Matt. 7:7-11; 21-29.

7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

8 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10 Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

11 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

* * * * * * * *

21 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

22 Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

23 And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

24 Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

28 And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:

29 For he taught them as *one* having authority, and not as the scribes.

SELECTION XVII.

Lessons in Prayer. Jas. 1:5-8; 4:1-4; 5:13-18.

5 If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all *men* liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

6 But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering: for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

7 For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord.

8 A doubleminded man *is* unstable in all his ways.

* * * * * * * *

1 From whence *come* wars and fightings among you? *come they* not hence, *even* of your lusts that war in your members?

2 Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not.

3 Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume *it* upon your lusts.

4 Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.

* * * * * * * *

13 Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms.

14 Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord:

15 And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

16 Confess *your* faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

17 Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months.

18 And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.

SELECTION XVIII.

Union with Christ. John 15:1-11.

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every *branch* that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye *are* the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast *them* into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and *that* your joy may be full.

SELECTION XIX.

Love. 1 Cor. 13:1-13.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have *the gift of* prophesy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor,* and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Bearth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Love never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; whether *they be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these *is* love.

SELECTION XX.

Christian Giving. 2 Cor. 8:9-15; 9:6-11.

9 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

10 And herein I give my advice: for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago.

11 Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have.

12 For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

13 For I mean not that other men be eased, and ye burdened:

14 But by an equality, that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want; that there may be equality:

15 As it is written, He that had gathered much had nothing over; and he that had gathered little had no lack.

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6 But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

7 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

8 And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

9 (As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever.

10 Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown and increase the fruits of your righteousness:)

11 Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

SELECTION XXI.

Personal Evangelism. Acts 8:26-40.

26 And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert.

27 And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship,

28 Was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet.

29 Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

30 And Philip ran thither to *him*, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?

31 And he said, How can I except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.

32 The place of the Scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth:

33 In his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth.

34 And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?

35 Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

36 And as they went on *their* way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, *here is* water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

* * * * * * * *

38 And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.

39 And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.

40 But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cesarea.

SELECTION XXII.

Missions. Rom. 10:8-17.

8 The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

9 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

10 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

11 For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

12 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

13 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

14 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

15 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

16 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

17 So then faith *cometh* by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

SELECTION XXIII.

Service and Reward. Matt. 25:14-30.

14 For *the kingdom of heaven is* as a man travelling into a far country, *who* called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

15 And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

16 Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made *them* other five talents.

17 And likewise he that *had received* two, he also gained other two.

18 But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

19 After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

20 And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

21 His lord said unto him, Well done, *thou* good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

22 He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

23 His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

24 Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed:

25 And I was afraid, and went and hid my talent in the earth: lo, *there* thou hast *that is* thine.

26 His lord answered and said unto him, *Thou* wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gathered where I have not strewed:

27 Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and *then* at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

28 Take therefore the talent from him, and give *it* unto him which hath ten talents.

29 For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

30 And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

SELECTION XXIV.

Trust for Daily Needs. Matt. 6: 19-34.

19 Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

20 But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

22 The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

23 But if thine eye shall be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great *is* that darkness!

24 No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?

31 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day *is* the evil thereof.

SELECTION XXV.

Trust in Face of Trial. Psalm 37:1-9; 23-28.

1 Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the LORD, and do good: *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him; fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

* * * * * * * *

23 The steps of a *good* man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

24 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the LORD upholdeth *him with* his hand.

25 I have been young, and *now* am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

26 *He is* ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed *is* blessed.

27 Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

28 For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are

preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

SELECTION XXVI.

The Providence of God. Psalm 139:1-14; 17, 18, 23, 24.

1 O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known *me*.
2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.
3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted *with* all my ways.
4 For *there is* not a word in my tongue, *but*, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.
5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.
6 *Such* knowledge *is* too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot *attain* unto it.
7 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou *art* there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou *art there*.
9 *If* I take the wings of the morning *and* dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
10 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.
11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.
12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light *are* both alike *to thee*.
13 For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
14 I will praise thee; for I am fearfully *and* wonderfully made: marvellous *are* thy works; and *that* my soul knoweth right well.
* * * * * * *
17 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!
18 *If* I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.
* * * * * * * *
23 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:
24 And see if *there be any* wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION XXVII.

The Second Coming of Christ. John 14:1-3; I Thess. 4:13-18; 5:1-11.

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.
2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if *it were* not *so*, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.
3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.
* * * * * * * *
13 But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.
14 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.
15 For this we say unto you by the word of the LORD, that we which are alive *and* remain unto the coming of the LORD shall not prevent them which are asleep.
16 For the LORD himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:
17 Then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the LORD in the air: and so shall we ever be with the LORD.
18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.
* * * * * * * *
1 But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you.
2 For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.
3 For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape.
4 But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.
5 Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness.
6 Therefore let us not sleep, as *do* others; but let us watch and be sober.
7 For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.
8 But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.
9 For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.
10 Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.
11 Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.

SELECTION XXVIII.

Heaven. Rev. 7:9-17.

9 After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;
10 And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.
11 And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,
12 Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving,

and honour, and power, and might, *be* unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

13 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

14 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

15 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

17 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

SELECTION XXIX.

Christ's Future Reign. Psalm 72:1-19.

1 Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

4 He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers *that* water the earth.

7 In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

8 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

12 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and *him* that hath no helper.

13 He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

15 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; *and* daily shall he be praised.

16 There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and *they* of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

17 His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and *men* shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

18 Blessed *be* the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

19 And blessed *be* his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled *with* his glory. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION XXX.

National Holidays. Deut. 8.

1 All the commandments which I command thee this day shall ye observe to do, that ye may live, and multiply, and go in and possess the land which the LORD sware unto your fathers.

2 And thou shalt remember all the way which the LORD thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, *and* to prove thee, to know what *was* in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no.

3 And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every *word* that proceedeth out of the mouth of the LORD doth man live.

4 Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years.

5 Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, *so* the LORD thy God chasteneth thee.

6 Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the LORD thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

7 For the LORD thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;

8 A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey;

9 A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any *thing* in it; a land whose stones *are* iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

10 When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the LORD thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

11 Beware that thou forget not the LORD thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day:

12 Lest *when* thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt *therein;*

13 And *when* thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy

gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied.

14 Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the LORD thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage;

15 Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, *wherein were* fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where *there was* no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint;

16 Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end;

17 And thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of *mine* hand hath gotten me this wealth.

18 But thou shalt remember the LORD thy God: for *it is* he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as *it is* this day.

19 And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the LORD thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day that ye shall surely perish.

20 As the nations which the LORD destroyeth before your face, so shall ye perish; because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the LORD your God.

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239 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
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125 I fear no night however dark
19 I know that my Saviour is calling
79 I need not ask what time will bring
6 I trust in God however dark
353 In heavenly love abiding
153 Jesus, I am resting, resting
287 Jesus, I my cross have taken
61 Jesus is all the world to me
57 Just lean upon the arms of Jesus
109 Lord for tomorrow and its needs
36 My faith temptation cannot move
59 O taste and see the Lord is good
87 O words of comfort granted
35 Only a sinner humble and low
129 Peace, perfect peace
29 Safe in Jehovah's keeping
346 Safe in the arms of Jesus
85 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus
146 When we walk with the Lord
105 Yes, for me, for me He careth
(See also REFUGE.)

VICTORY.

5 Can you now my brother say
4 The burden of my fear and sin
134 The Victor's crown
124 There's a glad song rings
146 When we walk with the Lord

WARFARE.

140 Arm for the conflict
173 Faith of our fathers
134 Gird thy sword
1 Go forward Christian soldiers
39 May God depend on you
278 My soul be on thy guard
76 Onward Christian soldiers
111 Sleep not, soldier of the cross
80-277 Stand up, stand up for Jesus
154 The fight is on
332 The Son of God goes forth to war
(See also SERVICE.)
WORK (See Service).

WORSHIP.

169-156 All hail the power of Jesus' name
157 All people that on earth do dwell
310 Begin my tongue some heavenly
165 Come we, who love the Lord
159 Glory be to the Father
175 Hail to the Lord's anointed
164 Holy, holy, holy
153 Jesus, I am resting, resting
170 Jesus invites His saints
155 Jesus Thou joy of loving hearts
171 Jesus, we thus obey
12 Lift up your heads, ye gates eternal
303 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious
161 My song shall evermore
167 O day of rest and gladness
160 O for a thousand tongues
163 O worship the King
70 O worthy is the Lamb
166 Safely through another week
232 The heavens declare Thy glory
99 The Lord Jehovah reigns
162 Ye servants of God
(See ADORATION AND PRAISE.)

Printed in the United States July 15th, 1913.